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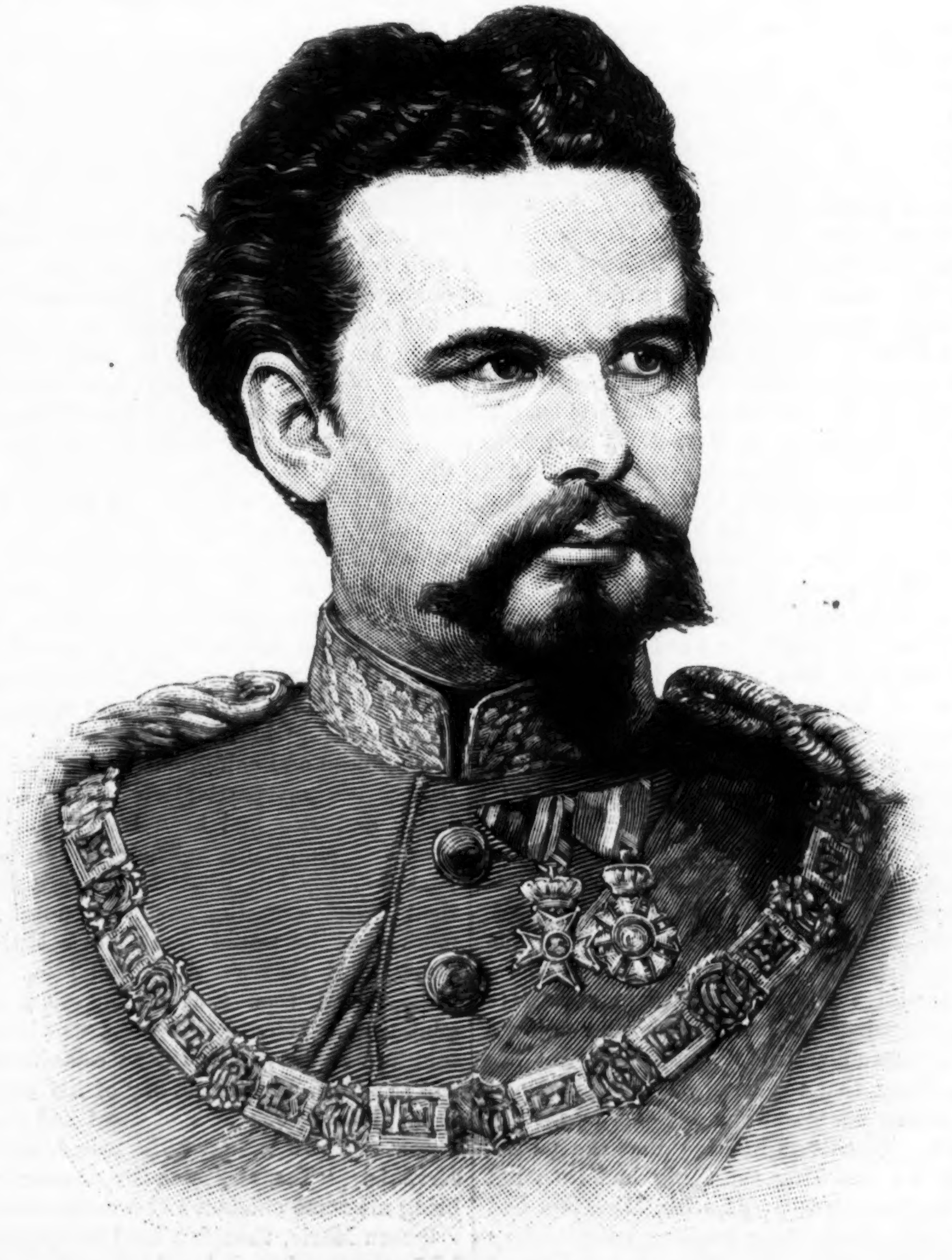
THE TRAGIC CLOSE OF A STRANGE REIGN.

It will be well to relate the life of the late King of Bavaria while the materials for a truthful biography are available. In a very little time most of the facts concerning Louis II. will have become overlaid by a mass of popular legendry. The mysteries of the King's life and the dramatic circumstances of his sudden deposition and suicide have naturally impressed the public imagination in Germany very deeply; indeed, the suicide by which King Louis's insanity was conclusively demonstrated to those who reason after the practical manner of a coroner's jury has had quite the contrary effect on many German minds, and has raised a doubt as to whether the King ought ever to have been declared mad. Already doctors have begun to dispute on this point; some maintaining that the determined way in which the King destroyed himself was incompatible with that particular form of mental disease (softening of the brain) with which other doctors certified him to have been afflicted. The truth is that the trustworthy witnesses as to Louis II.'s life are very few. The King's relations and Ministers were those who knew him least. The high court officials who approached him were by profession discreet, and spoke little. Those who did speak — subordinate officials and discharged servants for the most part—often exaggerated; and their fables assumed ludicrous proportions in passing from mouth to mouth. In Germany the private lives of kings are not pried into by the Press. While Louis II. lived, no newspaper either in Germany or Austria would have dared to report, and still less to criticise, his acts too freely. All the stories which circulated about him thus came from gossip. So lately as last January the Bavarian Ministry caused it to be denied in the Press that the King was in the least degree mentally incapacitated from ruling. It was said in this *communiqué* that



THE LATE LOUIS II., KING OF BAVARIA.

His Majesty generally corresponded with his Ministers by letter, but that his notes were always lucid and shrewd. It was also mentioned at about the same time that the Government, having wished to prosecute a journalist who had the hardihood to attack the Recluse of Hohenschwangau, the King had forbidden the prosecution, saying: "Let him write what he likes so long as I live as I please."

Nevertheless there came a time when the King could no longer be allowed to live as he pleased. Ministers grew afraid of the responsibilities which they were incurring toward the Opposition and the country by carrying on the Government in the King's name without any certain control or co-operation from the King himself; and from the moment when it was settled, between the Bavarian Prime Minister, Baron de Lutz, and Prince Bismarck, that this situation must cease, all men's tongues were suddenly loosed. During the few days while it was being officially demonstrated as a state necessity that a Regency must be established, every man who could adduce evidence as to the King's unfitness to reign had his say. The newspapers of Munich, Berlin and Vienna teemed with revelations; and from the most obviously veracious of these—that is, from the accounts of persons whose position enabled and whose duty compelled them to speak the truth—it is possible to trace out the story of Louis II.'s strange life with substantial completeness.

The exact measure of his character and genius will not be known until a selection is published of the hundreds of letters which he wrote to Richard Wagner. In these he laid his mind bare as a friend speaking to a friend. Enough is already before the world, however, to support the conclusions that if Louis II. was in his later years incompetent to reign, his intellectual vagaries never exceeded that which has been regarded as mere eccentricity in many poets, authors and artists. If he had not been a King he might have lived a life like Byron's. He was certainly less hypochondriacal than Tasso, than Cervantes, than Rousseau, than Goldsmith, Cowper, Chatterton or Alfred de Musset. Proportions being considered, he was not more extravagant than Lamartine or the late Alexandre Dumas. The former ruined himself to go on a tour to the East in a wondrous steam-yacht fitted up like a boating-palace, and his debts had to be paid by means of public lotteries. The latter squandered more than $600,000 in building his "Villa Monte Cristo," in which he lived less than two years; and he eventually died without leaving a franc that could be called his own, though he had earned more money than any French author before him.

But even if we merely examined Louis II.'s fitness for the high part which he was cast to play in life, it may be questioned whether he would not have discharged his kingly duties fairly well to the end had he not been surrounded with men who were too complacent toward his whims at the outset of his reign. One firm, self-respecting Minister could have kept him to his duties by declining to serve him unless he did what his station required. But successive Bavarian politicians appear to have found it convenient to let their master enjoy a liberty which left them uncontrolled. From all that has transpired it is evident that the King was five years ago acting in a way which conscientious advisers ought not to have permitted. It matters nothing that the parliamentary necessity for checking the King had then not yet arisen. When this necessity did arise, Ministers had to undertake a task which their too-long subserviency had rendered impracticable. The King had hardened himself in his waywardness, and was no longer to be advised or coerced.

Louis II. was born at Nymphenburg on the 25th August, 1845, during the reign of his grandfather, the frivolous and eccentric Louis I. His birthday falling on the festival of St. Louis was considered a very auspicious circumstance by the autocratic King and by the Clerical party in Bavaria—the more so as Louis I. had himself been born on the 25th August. Good royalists saw in this coincidence a presage that the child would live to rule according to the strictest traditions of Divine Right, and the fact is said to have had some influence in determining the subsequent conversion of his mother, Princess Marie of Prussia, from the Lutheran to the Roman Catholic religion. On the other hand, the royal child's birthday, the extravagant religious odes that were published in his honor, the Jordan water used at his baptism, and the presents ostentatiously sent to him by the Count de Chambord, Don Carlos, and Emperor Ferdinand of Austria and Czar Nicholas, served to mark out Louis II. in his cradle as an object of aversion to German Liberals. Prince Maximilian, the heir-apparent to the throne, lost much of his popularity through the reactionary character imparted to the festivities for his boy's christening, and he had not yet quite re-established himself in the good graces of the Bavarian people when the Revolution of 1848 broke out.

Louis I. was compelled to abdicate, and the crown passed to Maximilian II., who made an excellent constitutional King. The foreign idea of constitutionalism does not require that the sovereign shall be a passive instrument in the hands of his Ministers for the time being, and this King Max never was. He did not stand by with his arms folded while rival politicians pelted one another with fragments of the Constitution. He had the moral courage to interfere when parliamentary intriguers would have sacrificed national interests to party schemes; and since he was not afraid to brave those occasional outbursts of grumbling which beset every person, King or man, who does his duty, he earned the grateful respect of his people whenever events proved him to have been in the right. The royal prerogative also suffered no diminution in his hands, but was rather fortified and consolidated; so that after sixteen years' reign King Maximilian left the kingdom in a flourishing and loyal condition to his son. His sudden death after a day's illness on the 10th March, 1864, was mourned as a national calamity; but the fairest hopes attended the accession of Louis II., who inherited his father's popularity, and was believed to have been trained to appreciate the value of so precious an heritage.

An honest and enlightened King, Maximilian II. was in private life not particularly genial, and both his sons, Louis and Otto, had been brought up with great strictness and simplicity. Their father allowed them no pocket-money but what they earned by good marks at their lessons—on the modest scale of one pfennig per mark—and he would fine them a thaler without compunction if they were reported idle. Their table was more frugal than that of the sons of most country gentlemen. When Louis attained his majority at eighteen, he was provided with an establishment of his own, and sat down on the first day of his emancipation to his usual dinner—one dish of meat and some cheese: "Am I now my own master?" he asked, with a smile, of his servants. "Yes, sir," was the answer. "Then you may bring me some chicken and a *mehlspeisen* (pudding)."

Queen Marie, though a fond mother and much beloved by her sons, shared her husband's masculine opinions about the education of boys. It had been a custom in the Prussian Royal family for the last ninety years that all the young princes shall be taught the rudiments of some manual trade. Prince Otto, by his mother's desire, learnt carpentering and turning; but Prince Louis, who very early evinced a taste for architecture, chose to be a mason. He had then just entered his teens, and during a fortnight he worked for a couple of hours every day with the masons who were building a new coach-house at the Palace of Nymphenburg. At the end of that time he announced to his mother that he had finished his apprenticeship, for that he could lay a brick as neatly as any workman. "But could you earn your living at the trade?" asked the doubting Queen. "I could make my fortune at it," replied the boy, with a laugh, which showed that he did not see much practical utility in his recent occupation; "why, surely, if I offered myself as a bricklayer any master-mason would be glad to take me into partnership; my name would bring him more business than my hands could do."

On another occasion, seeing his brother busy at a lathe, Louis remarked, demurely: "There is Otto taking his precautions for when the world shall be turned upside down. When princes become turners, I suppose Fritz the carpenter will be a king."

Maximilian II. chose his sons' tutors with the best judgment, and the boys were apt pupils when they had learned to like their masters; but in this respect Louis was much more difficult to please than Otto. Up to his fourteenth year the boy was so nervous with strangers, and so impressionable as regards physiognomies, that if a face excited any repulsion in him, he manifested positive terror. The King, wishing to cure his son of this nonsense, as he called it, long insisted that the boy should retain in his service two or three servants whose features he loathed. But when Prince Louis met these men he would tremble and shut his eyes, or else turn away with his face to the wall. It was not ugliness or deformity which kindled the boy's antipathy, but an intuition that the person he saw was not what the French call *sympathique*. In a land where "spiritual affinities" are so much believed in that romantic young students take to themselves "spiritual brothers," this faculty for making friends or foes at first sight is better understood than it would be in a country where a close friend goes by no higher name than that of "chum." With uncongenial tutors, Prince Louis would sit dumb and stupid; and this fact coming to be plainly recognized by his mother as a bar to his education, she prevailed on the King to let the boy's fancy be humored within reason. Obnoxious servants were removed; tutors were engaged only on probation; and this indulgence soon produced good results, for the Prince outgrew much of his nervousness, and learned to control his emotion at the sight of disagreeable faces. In after life, however, he always remained a firm believer in the science of Lavater, as he did in phrenology and in systems for reading character by the shape of the hand or handwriting.*

The famous Dr. Döllinger was one of the tutors who exercised the happiest influence on Prince Louis. Giving a general direction to his pupil's studies, the learned and able churchman acted on the principle that the future King ought to know a little of everything, and to choose for himself the one or two subjects which he would like to study thoroughly. He has often said, however, that he was disconcerted by the ardor with which the Prince applied himself to every branch of study except political economy and mathematics. Quick at learning languages, ancient or modern; passionately fond of history; deeply interested in theology, and intelligent in his comprehension of books relating to the science of war; Prince Louis was equally assiduous in his music and drawing lessons, and in all corporeal exercises. He learned to drill smartly; became a graceful fencer and a bold rider. But the sensitiveness of his character was shown by the deep mortification he experienced whenever he met with any mishap in his athletics, which exposed him to ridicule—and the dread of this ridicule caused him to go to the riding-school or the gymnastic-room with a much more serious face than he wore when sitting down to his books. In this, as in many other things, he was the opposite of ordinary young men. Once, when he had rolled off his horse into the sawdust of the riding-school, his military tutor, Colonel Heckel, laughed. Prince Louis turned to him with a white face, and said: "Pray teach me, colonel, to fall in a way that shall not be comical. There ought to be nothing laughable in an accident which might happen even to a good rider before a hundred thousand men."

Another day, fencing with one of his occasional companions, young Count d'Orff, he showed great impatience at being touched several times on the arm and shoulder. At last his adversary made a straight lunge and struck the spot over his heart: "There is nothing ridiculous in that," observed the Prince, good-humoredly. "If we had been fighting in earnest the thrust would have killed me."

For dancing the Prince never felt much predilection, but he learnt to dance—generally with one of the Queen's ladies-in-waiting for a partner. He hated polkas and waltzes to quick time, but could enjoy a waltz to slow time or a stately quadrille; and after his first appearance at a court ball, when he was eighteen, he spoke to the Grand Master of the Ceremonies about reviving the minuet. His impression of this first ball does not seem to have been favorable, for he described it years after, in a letter to Wagner, as "all confusion, gasping, and stamping of feet."

Until he had attained his majority Prince Louis was scarcely ever seen in public except in the royal box at the Munich Theatre. He and his brother were allowed to attend occasional performances of tragedy and opera, but they never figured in court ceremonies and very seldom at the court dinner-table. They were also debarred, somewhat injudiciously, from taking walks with their tutors through the streets of Munich or any other town near which they happened to be residing. If they went to visit a museum they drove there in a close carriage, and very early on a Summer morning before the shops were opened; so that in this way they grew up unaccustomed to the sight of the workaday world and to the hum of men's voices. A great deal of the King's passion for solitude in after life must be attributed to this early training.

Residing always amidst enchanting scenery, Louis learned to love the silence of forest paths, and the beautiful prospect of hills, valleys and lakes. He could

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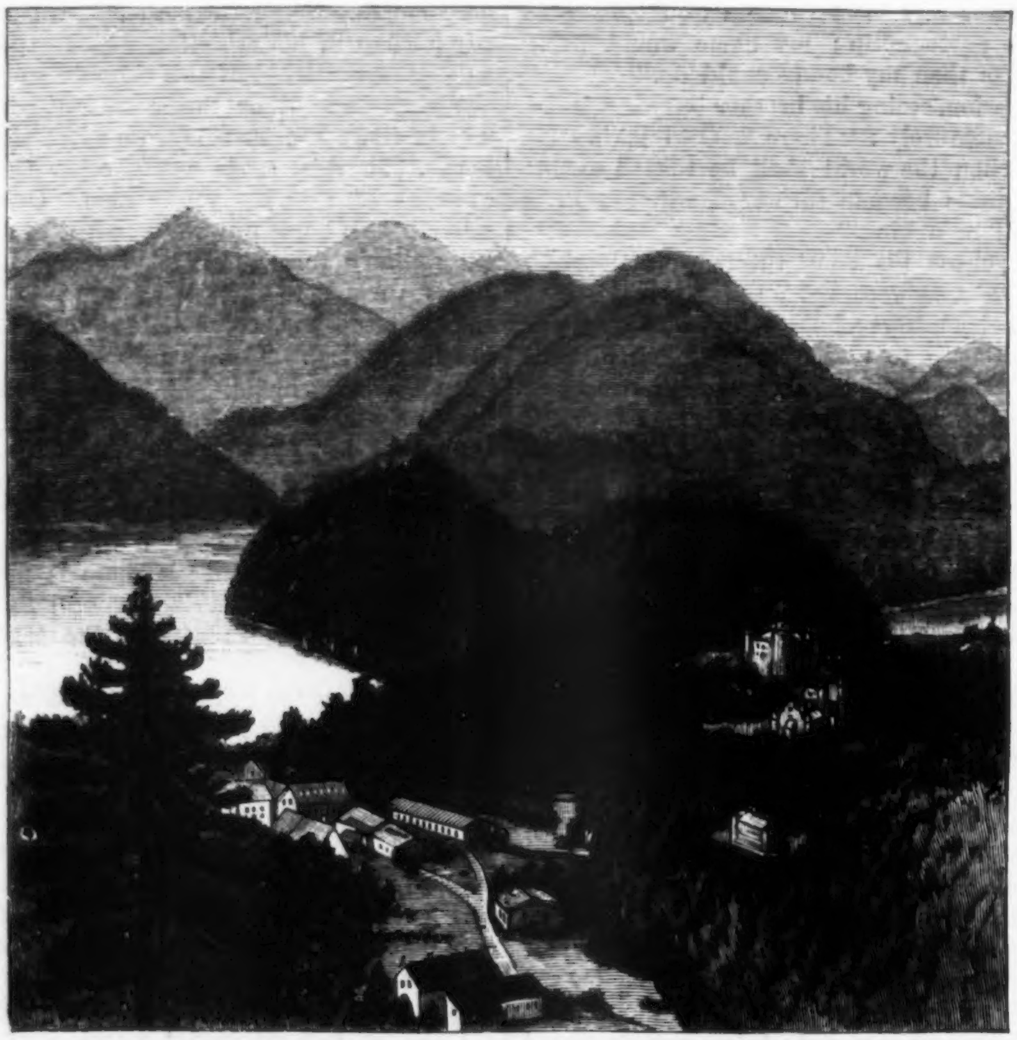
* He once quoted to Count Charles d'Holstein the following anecdote about Lavater. The Swiss philosopher was giving a lecture at Zurich, when a stranger, who had been listening attentively to him, left the room. Lavater broke off in his lecture and said: "Gentlemen, my theories are of course fallible, but judging by them I should say that the person who has just left the room has his conscience loaded with some great crime, and from his features I should say that this crime was murder." It was subsequently ascertained that the person in question was Lilliehorn, one of the officers who had joined in the conspiracy for assassinating Gustavus III. of Sweden. He was living in Zurich under an assumed name, and Lavater had no acquaintanceship with him.

XUM

sit for hours gazing at a landscape; or, like the youth in Gray's Elegy, stretch himself at noontide under a tree,

"And pore upon the brook that bubbled by."

One of his favorite walks was along the shores of that Lake Starnberg where he was to find death. Here he often sauntered with Dr. Döllinger, who discoursed with him about the glorious future that seemed to be awaiting him in this life; but without ever succeeding in getting him to define his aspirations. As Prince Louis was eclectic in his tastes and studies, so was he without precise aim in his ambition. That his ambition had strong pinions and would soar high was the only thing clear, and Döllinger inclined to think that his pupil had the cravings if not the genius of a great commander. The Prince loved to put on the bright blue uniform of the Bavarian Army, to talk of "grand legions, fields of glittering bayonets, fluttering banners, and charging squadrons." Military marches in which there was much blaring of trumpets and clashing of cymbals made him thrill and start to his feet. Still he would not or could not shape into words the visions that haunted him. His ambition was like that red spot which dances before the eyes of those who have been staring at the sun.

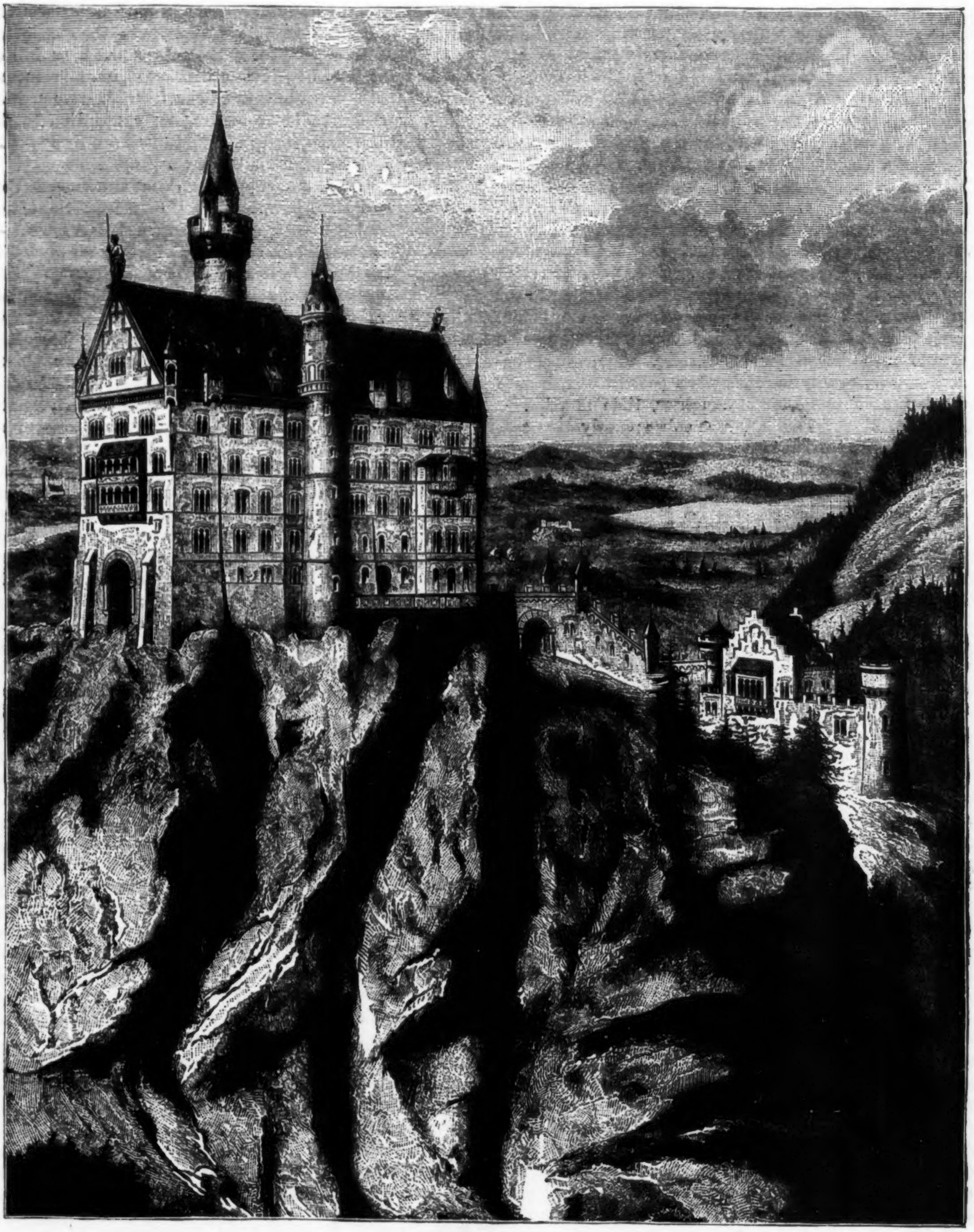


THE ABANDONED CASTLE OF THE LATE LOUIS II. AT HOHENSCHWANGAU.

Called to the throne by the sudden death of his father at less than a day's notice, Louis II. had served no political apprenticeship whatever; he had little experience of men, none of the world, and he was almost a stranger to his subjects. But few young sovereigns ever had so prepossessing an appearance or excited so much popular enthusiasm on their accession. Herr Edward Mantner, a well-known Austrian author, thus writes of his presentation to the young King in 1864: "A little more than eighteen years of age, he presented a most striking appearance—he was, indeed, the most idealistic youth whom I have ever seen. His figure, tall, slight and graceful, had perfect symmetry of form; his luxuriant hair slightly curled, together with the first light flush of beard upon his cheek, gave his head a resemblance to those magnificent works of ancient art in which we find the first manifestation of the Hellenic idea of manly strength. Even had he been a beggar he could not have failed to attract my attention; and nobody, old or young, man or woman, rich or poor, could resist the fascination of his presence. His voice had a pleasant, sympathetic tone; the questions which he put were clear and definite; his subjects were judiciously chosen and full of spirit withal. His mode of expression was wise, easy, natural, and at the same time select—while his vivacious countenance intensified every new impression produced by his words. The charm which his appearance created has never been destroyed in me; on the contrary, it has been heightened, and the picture of the youthful monarch is still impressed in indelible colors upon my mind."

Abundance of testimony similar to this leaves no doubt that there was the making of an able ruler in Louis II. Unfortunately, the Ministers in office at this time were a prosy set of men, who failed to develop in him any interest in his kingly duties. By way of teaching him to be a constitutional sovereign they instructed him carefully as to all the things which a modern sovereign must *not* do—and under this head were included all those spontaneous acts of grace and generosity which a youthful, kind, and chivalrous nature loves to perform. Louis II. granted pardons, pensions and promotions with a profusion as startling to the recipients of these favors as it was to the Ministers who had to ratify them; but, by dint of remonstrances, politicians made him weary of well-doing. They reached their climax when the King allowed himself to be accosted in the street by a woman who threw herself upon her knees, and obtained his promise of pardon for her husband, who had just been sentenced to a long term of imprisonment for fraud. Too high-minded to let his word be broken either in the spirit or the letter, the King ordered the man's release, in spite of Ministerial protests and threats of resignation; but at the same time he had the candor to own that he had been wrong; and after this the Queen Mother persuaded him to leave the business of governing to his Ministers until he had grown a little older. She trusted that when he reached manhood a happy marriage might bring him under the influence of some good and sagacious princess; an untoward fate, however, so willed it that at this juncture the young King was already falling under the baleful power of Richard Wagner.

Whatever may be thought of Wagner as a musical genius, he was not, by his character or discretion, fitted to be the mentor of a king young enough to be his son. The fanatics who see in his most cacophonious compositions the proofs of his sublimity are often also the idolatrous apologists of his egregious vanity, his puerile affectations and his disorderly private life. Wagner was living at Vienna in a style above his means, and sorely worried by creditors, when King Louis, who knew his "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin" before ascending the throne, summoned him to Munich to bring out his new opera, the "Phantom Ship." This was in 1864, and in that same year Wagner's "Rienzi" was performed with success at Cologne. There is not much to be said for "Rienzi," and the "Phantom Ship" is a far worse composition; but the young King—who had already studied the two



CASTLE AT NEW SCHWANSTEIN.

pamphlets in which the composer expounded his so-called principles, railing at all that is antique in art—was disposed to admire with his ears shut. He bestowed on Wagner an annual pension and a court appointment; gave him rooms in his palace, a seat at his table, and became his disciple.

Wagner used his good fortune with so little tact, spoiling his royal patron with flattery, putting extravagant projects into his head, and encouraging him to give arrogant answers to all who opposed him — that the King's family and Ministers took alarm, and public opinion grew uneasy. Wagner wanted to have a new opera-house built in Munich, for the performance of his own works chiefly, if not exclusively. The architect, Godfried Semper, prepared the plans of a grandiose theatre according to his designs; and the site which the composer chose was the eminence which closes the Maximilianstrasse, and on which the Maximilianeum was then in process of erection. The City of Munich very properly refused the site; and public feeling in the country ran high against the composer for his impudent request that the late King's foundation should be cleared away to make room for his theatre. Among the enthusiasts who noisily took Wagner's part in this dispute was Cosima, Franz Lizst's daughter, then married to Hans von Bülow. This lady was subsequently divorced, and became Wagner's second wife; but at this time she was not his wife, and stories were brought to the King which offended the young sovereign's high sense of morality. With a heavy heart Louis II. consented that Wagner should be ordered to leave Munich, and the composer's departure was officially announced on the 6th of December, 1865, by a proclamation in which the King was made to assure his people that "their love and confidence were to him of the highest importance."

This forced parting with Wagner was the first great grief of the King's life. He felt it more than he had felt the death of his father, who had never been his confidant, and before long the separation proved intolerable. Letters took the place of personal intercourse, and among the treasures stored up at Wahnfried is a voluminous correspondence filling several boxes, which the Bavarian Monarch addressed to the poet composer. On leaving Munich, Wagner went to Geneva, and here he remained throughout the year 1866, during which time the King found no means of paying him a private visit, as he much wished to do.

It was the year of the war between Prussia and Austria. Louis II. had little to do with maintaining the traditional policy of Bavaria, which kept that kingdom to the side of Austria; but his own personal sympathies were strongly on the Austrian side. He was too young to command the Bavarian armies. This duty was intrusted to Prince Luitpold (now Regent); but in six weeks the great war was over, and Prussia, victorious at Sadowa, had become the leading state in Germany, and destroyed Austria's hegemony altogether. It has been said that Louis II. felt a deep disgust at the ignominious termination of the war, and lost all pride in his army thenceforth. This is not true; but the victories which the Prussians had won by their needle-rifles certainly produced in him a woful disenchantment as regards the capabilities of personal bravery in modern warfare. He often spoke bitterly of the time when some nation would invent a steam or electrical cannon that would mow down so many regiments per minute; and when Russia proposed the assembling of an international convention at Geneva to prevent the use of the explosive bullets invented by the Frenchman Pertuiset, he said: "*Cui bono?* If battles are to be fought with machines, let us all do our worst against each other, till we get sick of carnage and come back to the time when nations will settle their differences by choosing each their champions, who will fight hand to hand."

It may be added that Louis II. had a general abhorrence of firearms, even for sporting purposes. Receiving a splendid bear's skin as a present from the Czarevitch (now Czar), he inquired how the animal had been killed, and learning it had been slain with a cutlass, he returned to the donor a beautiful hunting-dirk with a golden hilt, and a damaskened blade bearing an inscription to the effect that the weapon was worthy to be worn by a sportsman who would despise all other arms.

In the year after Sadowa, it was announced that Louis II. had been betrothed to the Princess Sophia of Bavaria, younger sister of the Empress of Austria. A few months later the match was broken off, and the princess has since become Duchess d'Alençon. Marriages between cousins being most unsafe in families where there is any predisposition to mental derangement, this particular alliance was not the best that could have been suggested; but it is impossible to acquit Richard Wagner of having prevented the young King from entering into some engagement that would have been more suitable. The supreme egotist who knew how to cloak his worldly designs under pretense of an all-absorbing passion for Art, had doubtless no wish that a wife should interpose her influence between himself and his crowned patron; and he never seems to have exerted his influence to provide for the King domestic happiness. He might have done so easily enough, for Louis in his infatuation accepted his words as those of an oracle. Leaving Geneva, Wagner had gone to Lucerne, and from the beginning of 1867, the King took to visiting him constantly. Riding on horseback and attended only by a groom, Louis II. would dash over the Swiss frontier in the night, dismount at the composer's door, and sometimes stay a whole week with him. Remembering that Wagner was at this time more than fifty-five years old, and a pretty shrewd man of business where his own interests were concerned, it cannot be supposed that he was unaware of the mischief he was doing to the King, by encouraging these clandestine visits which withdrew the young sovereign more and more from state affairs. Nor can it be imagined that he acted without a set and selfish purpose in monopolizing for æsthetic disquisitions time, thought and talents, some portion of which, at least, were due to serious matters. One cannot repel the suspicion that the elderly Wagner must have laughed yawning in his sleeve, after those long interviews in which his adroit flatteries were answered by ardent, boyish vows of music-culture and celibacy—the purity of the single life being one of the maxims which the composer most fervently preached without practicing. Wagner could afford to laugh, for the King gave him more than words—decorations, diamonds, money without stint, and whole-hearted worship.

Yet Louis was not insensible to feminine charms. In his twenty-second year he became deeply attached, it is said, to a perfectly beautiful peasant girl, the daughter of a small innkeeper in the Bavarian Alps. The King met her and fell in love with her in one of his adventurous excursions amid the wild beauties of the Bavarian Highlands. Her name was Rose, and she became known as the "Rose of Lindenhof." For a time it seems that she was unaware of her royal lover's rank; when she learned the truth, vanity turned her head, her ambition flew too high, and she was dismissed with a handsome dower.

The King next formed a platonic *liaison* with a lovely opera singer, on whom he bestowed a profusion of jewels; but what he liked in her was her voice, and when she began to abuse the power which she believed herself to possess in order to inveigle the King into a morganatic marriage, the connection came to an end. She was deeply grieved at this, and exhaled her sorrow in a short poem which contained lines that may be thus translated:

> "Slender as a young fir, Boy with the sparkling eyes and virginal face—You look as if a woman could lead you with a silken thread—But strong as an oak and cold as the king of forests in Winter—No chains of steel or bands of iron would hold you."

Meanwhile the King's relatives had not given up hopes of seeing him marry, and several match-making princesses endeavored to put their attractive daughters in his way. One who succeeded in such a scheme by intruding upon the King's privacy whilst he was walking in a garden, had occasion to regret her temerity, for the King flew into a violent rage, and the same day informed his mother that he intended never to marry. After this an estrangement arose between Queen Marie and her son. It came on gradually, and was chiefly caused by the Queen's attempts to win away the King from Wagner's society.

Wagner returned to Munich in 1868. The public feeling against him had subsided, for his clandestine relations with the King during his exile were a matter of secrecy. He was summoned to superintend the rehearsals of his "Meistersinger," the first performance of which took place on the 21st November, 1868. Wagnerians from all parts of Germany had come to Munich for this performance, and at the end of the first act loud calls were raised for the composer. To the general surprise, he appeared in the royal box standing by the King's side, and remained there for the rest of the evening, bowing his acknowledgments by the King's desire whenever his name was acclaimed. Courtiers shivered at this breach in royal etiquette; but from this time it became evident that there was no severing the unlucky and unseemly bond between the King and the composer, and the bond grew; in fact, stronger than ever.

It mattered the less so far as Louis II.'s popularity was concerned, for he was soon to give proof of a spirit which won him the approval of all the Liberals in the kingdom. On the summoning of the Œcumenical Council he energetically supported Dr. Döllinger in resisting the dogma of Infallibility; and in 1870, on the declaration of war by France against Prussia, he promptly took the initiative of promising to King William the support of Bavaria. In both these cases Louis II. acted in opposition to the wishes of the Ultramontane party, who had a majority in the Chambers; but he had a large party with him, as he had later, when he proposed that the Imperial Crown of Germany should be conferred upon King William; and again in 1871, when he not only permitted, but patronized, the assembling of the Old Catholic Congress in Munich.

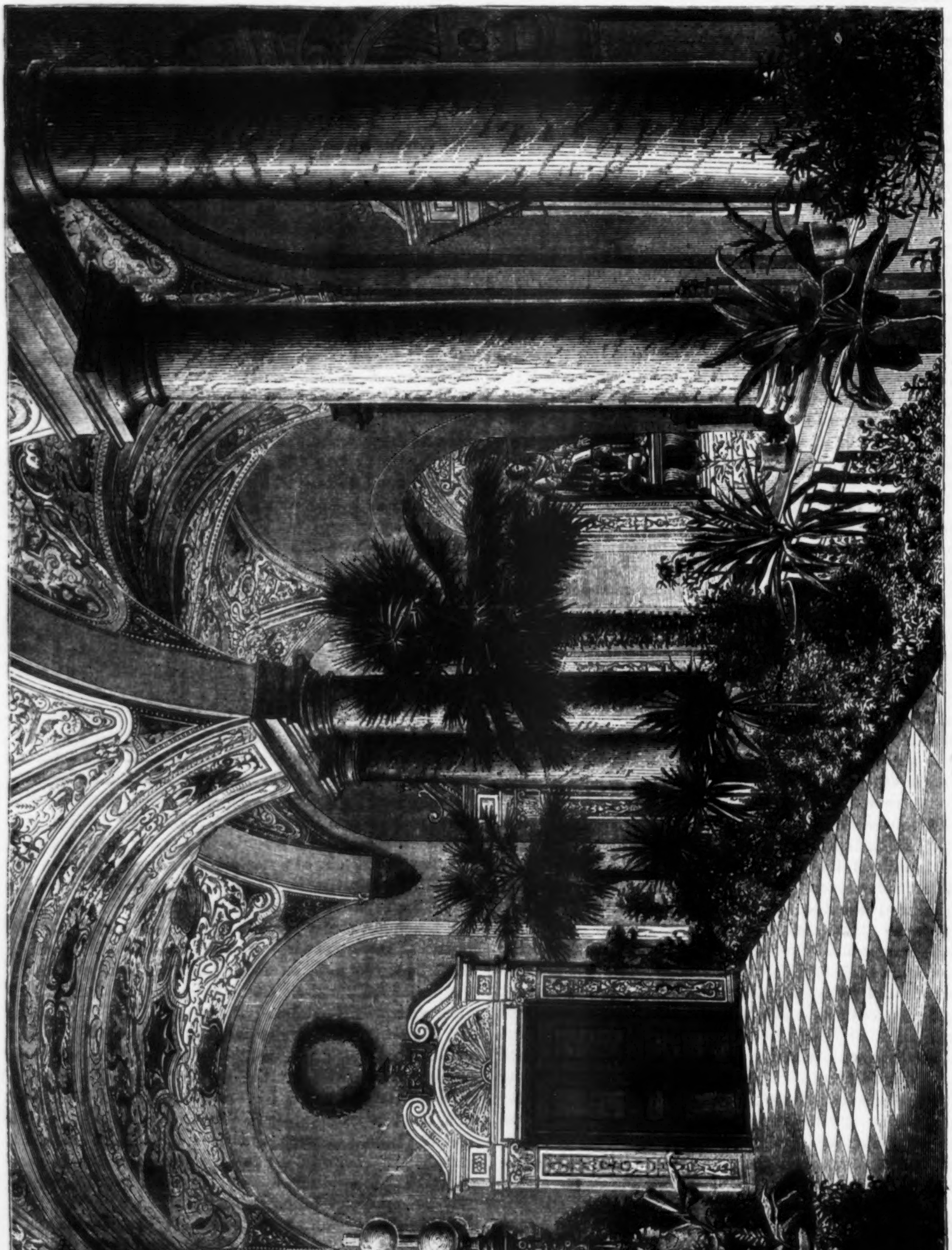
This was the happiest period of Louis II.'s reign. He had endeared himself to the Bavarian people, and to the whole German Vaterland. His subjects, reassured as to his capacity for asserting himself on great occasions, placed a full confidence in him, and politicians understood thenceforth that his personal authority must be reckoned with. As a consequence, the murmurs against his manner of living died out. Court festivities were given by Prince Luitpold and other members of the royal family, whom the King amply supplied with funds for this purpose, so that there should be no grumbling about dull times among Munich tradesmen; and occasional acts of mercy, charity and generosity on Louis II.'s part were enough to remind the people that their monarch still lived, thought and felt for them in their troubles, although he was not often seen in their midst. From this time, indeed, the King began to travel a great deal. While at Versailles, during the siege of Paris, he had been profoundly impressed by Louis XIV.'s palace; and he made several secret excursions into France to behold this wonder again; not to mention the semi-public visit which he paid to Versailles in 1875, when the fountains were set playing in his honor. He also made several flying trips to Italy, Austria and Hungary, always with a view to visiting the most renowned palaces and castles; and it was in the course of these excursions that he matured his plans for building—not a multitude of castles and villas, as public gossip had erroneously alleged—but one single palace of surpassing splendor, which should survive as a perpetual monument of his reign.

The King's mania for building has been considerably exaggerated. The palaces of Lindenhof, Hohenschwangau and Berg, which he most often inhabited, were not built by him; but enlarged and refurnished with admirable good taste. The money spent on these dwellings has not been wasted, for all of them will remain available as princely residences. On the other hand, the building of the castle on Lake Chiemsee was a royal folly, just like the building of the Pyramids, and the creation of St. Petersburg in the midst of a swamp. If the Pyramids had been left half finished, if the creation of St. Petersburg had been abandoned because of floods and sinking foundations, people would have wagged their heads at the ruins as they will at those of the Chiemsee Palace, the which, if completed, would have been admired and boasted of to all time. It must be remembered, however, that the debts which the King contracted for this enterprise did not exceed $2,000,000—a sum which a few years of economy would have enabled him to pay off. Remembering what sums were lavished on Versailles, the Trianon and Marly—how taxes were wrung from a starving people to pay for these palaces, and how thousands of wretched crown serfs had to rear them by *corvées*, that is, forced, unpaid labor—Louis II.'s "folie" compared advantageously with Louis XIV.'s.

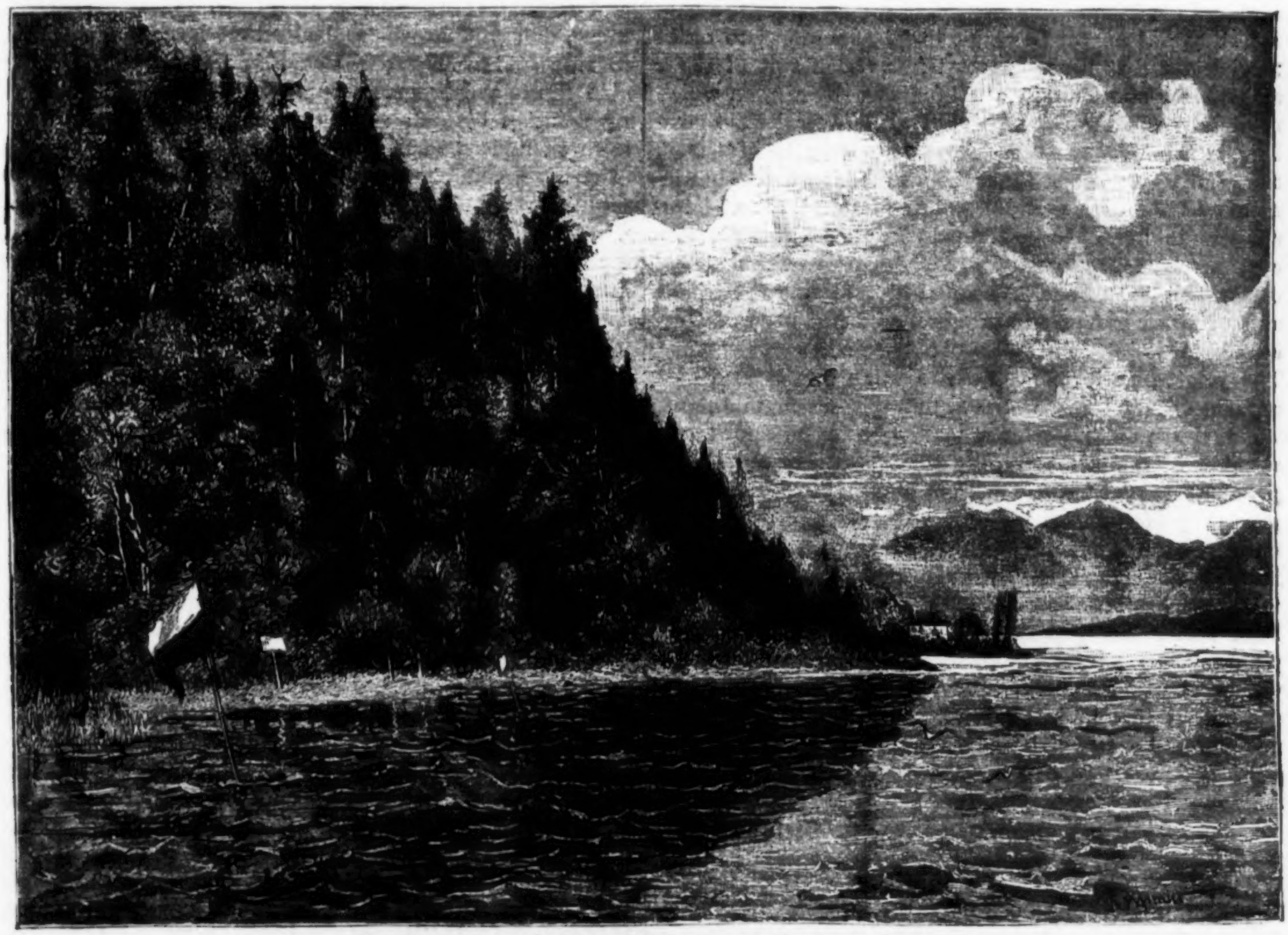
A much greater folly was the building of that huge theatre at Bayreuth for Wagner's glorification. Here, in 1876, the tiresome tetratology of the "Nibelungen Ring" was performed for the first time, before the German Emperor and a brilliant but not overjoyed audience. The cost of these performances, without reckoning the building of the theatre, exceeded $100,000, only a quarter of which was recouped by the sale of tickets. The rest of the expense was borne by the King, who by this time took it quite as a matter of course that the composer should dip continually, and with both hands, into his purse. Wagner required satin costumes to give him inspiration while he was composing—now scarlet, now gray, now peacock-blue. Nothing would serve him but that his singers and songstresses on the stage should wear real jewels, sport armor of sterling silver, and drink out of precious Renaissance goblets. Unfortunately, while the King thus ministered to his foolish fancies, Wagner's music did not improve. He never composed anything to equal the "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin"; and royal patronage may be said to have been as deleterious to his genius as it was hurtful to the doting young King who bestowed it.

Most of the King's acts of prodigality were owing in

XUM



CORRIDOR IN THE SCHLOSS BERG ON LAKE STARNBERG.



SPOT IN LAKE STARNBERG WHERE KING LOUIS WAS DROWNED.

RECOVERING THE BODY OF THE KING.

XUM

some way to Wagner. Identifying himself with the character of *Lohengrin*, Louis II. loved sometimes to enact the part of that hero. Attired in a sheen suit of silver armor, and standing in a skiff drawn by a swan which moved by clockwork, he would glide over Lake Starnberg in the night while a *prima donna* sang to him from the shore. At other times he would sit on the battlements of the Castle of Berg, and watch the tenor Nachauer singing *Lohengrin's* part in the skiff. All this cost money, for tenors and *prime donne* never went away empty-handed. Nachauer ended by receiving the King's suit of silver armor, and thousands of pounds were disbursed for jewelry and works of art given to songstresses.* The private performances of Wagner's operas also cost immense sums. These always began at about midnight, when the public performances were over, and every member of the company, including the lowest callboy, got a substantial fee. It was not often that the King had private performances of any works except Wagner's; but once the company of the Vienna Hofburg being in Munich, the King ordered a representation of Schiller's "Don Carlos" for himself, and the eminent tragedienne Frau Volter has published an account of what took place: "The King's presence," she says, "was not revealed to us in any way. The clink of an electric bell announced that he had entered the house, but we knew not where he sat, and we played under the strangest sensations to rows of empty stalls and boxes plunged in gloom."

The private performances became more frequent, and the King's hankering for solitude increased after insanity had declared itself in his brother. He and Prince Otto had lived on the most affectionate terms. Otto lived after the usual manner of rich young princes, and seemed fitted to enjoy long and robust life. The rapid decay of his intellectual faculties, which followed the first symptoms of his mental malady, seems to have frightened the King, who from this time often fell into a brooding melancholy, and shunned intercourse with strangers. He still went through the ceremony of receiving foreign Ministers accredited to his Court, but he had to nerve himself to these interviews by drinking champagne. There is no doubt that he drank more than was good for him without ever getting tipsy. His favorite beverage was a mixture of white wine and champagne, covered with fresh violets or rose-leaves. He occasionally smoked cigarettes, but more commonly a *narghilé*, and for a while he tried opium-smoking.

If Wagner had been the King's true friend, now would have been the time for him to act with all his might against the melancholy which was taking possession of his master's mind. It is pitiful to think of the sycophantic old man superintending the construction of the huge tank which the King caused to be erected on the roof of the Palace in Munich for repetitions of that eternal "Lohengrin" performance. The King wanted the water to be blue, and a quantity of copper vitriol was thrown into it for this purpose. The vitriol, however, corroded the zinc of the tank, which one day burst and deluged the apartments below, causing immense damage.

It was soon after this affair—that is, about six years ago—that the King met with an accident, which nearly cost him his life. He had begun to turn night into day, and in one of his nocturnal gallops on a mettlesome horse, he was thrown so badly that he was never able to ride again. The effect of this was that he lost his slim figure and became corpulent. He also had to give up many of his wandering excursions on foot. At Kuffstein there is a small inn which he had been very fond of visiting, and where he had often spent two or three nights at a time, nobody daring to disturb his *incognito*. There is likewise a dairy-farm at Schacken, where he made occasional sojourns. The farmer pretended not to know who he was, and took care that nobody should accost him as King. If by chance some visitor fell in with His Majesty and spoke to him as an equal, the King would enter into conversation pleasantly enough, but if any sign of recognition were made, he would turn away in ill-humor and seek fresh quarters at once. His sociability, when he was not pestered with obsequiousness, goes far to disprove the idea that he was a misanthropist.

Obliged to forego riding, the King did not lose his nerve for rapid motion. On Summer nights he took long and furiously fast drives in a barouche drawn by four horses, and on Winter nights in a four-horse sledge. The correspondent of a Viennese paper, who last Winter met the King in one of these night-drives, wrote of it thus: "Hundreds of laborers are employed daily in keeping in order all the roads in the surrounding district, removing undue accumulations of snow or obstacles of any kind. The sudden appearance of the royal sledge at night in some unexpected quarter seems like a scene out of a fairy tale. As it approaches it looks like a golden swan with wings displayed; within, one may see the pale-faced King reclining on the richly embroidered blue velvet cushions. The interior is lit up by a soft but brilliant electric light, which illuminates everything around to a considerable distance. It flashes by the wondering spectator, who has scarcely time to notice the agraffe of brilliants which adorns the artist's hat of the King, or the uniform of the young aide-de-camp who sits by his side."

The death of Richard Wagner, in 1883, threw the King into paroxysms of grief which lasted for weeks; but without unsettling his reason, as some have pretended. On the contrary, during the twelvemonth that followed his bereavement, Louis II. isolated himself less than before. He gave more frequent audience to his Ministers, and applied some attention to state affairs. He is said to have discussed very seriously the advisability of extending to Bavaria the anti-socialist legislation which Prince Bismarck was inaugurating in Prussia. His own inclinations were adverse to repressive laws, but he entertained great admiration for Prince Bismarck as the restorer of German hegemony on the Continent, and ended by formulating an opinion in writing that Bavaria had better act as the Chancellor desired.* After this, however, Louis gradually relapsed into his old ways, and, as though to banish haunting thoughts, gave himself up more and more to his fantastic drives and to his colossal scheme of palace-building. He would no longer hear music in his own palaces, for it reminded him too painfully of the friend he had lost. All the pianos on which Wagner had played in his hearing were locked up and covered with crape.

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* A disagreeable adventure happened to one of these ladies who was singing to the King in a boat. Seeing His Majesty much moved by her lay, she ventured to pass her hand through his hair. Indignant at this familiarity, which destroyed his illusion, the King gave her a shove which threw her into the lake, and Wagner had to fish her out of the water with a boat-hook.

* Louis II. had conceived a great antipathy toward the Crown Prince of Germany who, as Inspector-general of the Armies in Germany, visited Bavaria every year. The King would never receive him on these occasions, though he ordered that every hospitality should be shown him, and placed palaces at his disposal. Jealousy has been assigned as the motive of this aversion, but it is more probable that the Crown Prince having expressed some blunt opinion about Louis's mode of life, a whisperer had carried the matter to the sensitive King, and given him mortal offense.

As it has been already said, Louis II. was, during the last years of his life, manifestly unfit to reign, but whether he became actually insane is another question. If he could have been simply deposed, as the eccentric Duke of Brunswick was in 1830, and sent to live out of the country where and how he pleased, he would probably by this time have betaken himself to China or India—countries which he longed to visit, and where he sometimes said he should like to set up new kingdoms under laws of his own. This yearning after fresh realms, and dusky, uncivilized subjects, appears to have struck the Bavarian mad doctors as a very insane ambition, for they have gravely cited it as a proof of the King's dementia. With such gentlemen the hero of Locksley Hall would not have escaped uncertified. Other proofs adduced of the King's insanity have been his irritable use of a riding-whip upon a servant who had displeased him (just as if the Great Frederick and his sire had never laid their canes on German shoulders); his having caused the death of a man by ordering him to try experiments with a flying-machine (here, perhaps, the Icarus was madder than his master); and finally, of course, that gold-absorbing palace on Lake Chiemsee—a monstrosity to doctors who cannot admit that a king of these times should have the same tastes as a Kubla Khan.

"In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
  A stately pleasure dome decree,
Where Alph the sacred river ran
  Through caverns measureless to man
    Down to a sunless sea."

The fact remains that when it was found inexpedient to depose the King, and impossible to let him continue reigning, doctors were made to enter his service under the disguise of footmen and private soldiers, and so watched him for six weeks. It does not generally take so long to discover whether a man is mad. However, the certificate was signed, and Louis II. had no time to escape when, at the eleventh hour, some faithful servants warned him that his person was about to be seized.

His liberty once taken from him, the King's imagination must have quickly revealed all the horror of the years that awaited him. That he should have preferred death to this fate may have been a proof of madness, but it is not a self-evident proof. Nor is it altogether proven that the King did with premeditation destroy himself. It has been suggested that he may have intended to escape into the Tyrol by crossing Lake Starnberg in an open boat, for there was a boat moored a few yards from the spot where the King's body and that of Dr. Gudden were found in shallow water. It may be, therefore, that the fierce struggle between the King and the doctor on the water's edge, in the water and under water, was a struggle for liberty, and that the death of both was accidental.

Dr. G., of Edinburgh, was distinguished alike for his gallantry and good-humor. One evening, at a ball in the city, a certain lady of mature age had the misfortune to receive some slight mishap to the profuse drapery on her train. "Ah, doctor," she exclaimed, in referring to the incident afterward, "it was extremely vexing to lose part of my train; I am afraid I appeared very awkward." "Madam," he responded, "by no means—though you did lose a portion of the train, believe me you still retain your own elegant carriage."

AN IDYL.

By Clifford Kitchin.

She hangs above the swift mill-race—
  Her girlish tresses backward thrown,
  Lips sweet as roses meadow-grown,
Blue eyes that light with Saxon grace—
  And ponders on the frothing moan
Tossed by the river in its chase.

Vain bubbles! Leaping to the sky
  And whirling in your flashing whirl,
  And striving ever higher each pearl,
That fleecy urge your breath and sigh
  And wreathe in alway idle curl,
And reach her only when you die.

And, loitering throstle, foolish peal
  Of plaintive voices questioning,
  Be sure it were a wicked thing
For thee to dare her kisses steal;
  An empty song, and wantoning
For lips that poorer hearts might heal.

And chanting softly till they call
  Back schoolday dreams of hours from old,
  About her head the breezes fold;
Or gay laburnum-blossoms fall
  To print their faces to the mold
And ease their spirit of her thrall.

Cease, envy, cease my heart to fray!
  Nor breeze nor blossom can remain:
  Go, zephyr, join thy tardy train,
And wither, golden flower, away!
    And we, too, for our deeper pain
May win no freedom if we stay.

AN AMERICAN LADY ARTIST'S ADVENTURE AT PERA.

By Oscanyan.

In 1881, the all-absorbing topic of the day, as gathered from private letters and public local journals, among a large class of the inhabitants of Stamboul, and that, too, by no means the least influential, was the sad condition of the famine-stricken people of Armenia.

The most heart-rending accounts reached the metropolis daily, but were kept from the public. The national—that is, the Armenian—newspapers of the city, dared not publish all they heard and learned, for fear of offending the authorities, and the Turkish or Mussulman papers did not care to give any publicity to events occurring in the country that tended to bring discredit to the Government in the sight of civilization. Indeed, they chuckled inwardly, aware, as they were, that any event that tended to diminish, or even destroy, the Christian element in the country, subserved the policy of the Government, which it was studiously seeking to attain. Hence all appeals of the Armenians through their official representative, the Patriarch, were regularly bagged, or pigeon-holed, with a consolatory promise of accustomed diplomacy, *Backaruz*, "We'll look into it."

As to the various other journals published there in different foreign languages, which enjoyed a degree of immunity on account of their limited circulation and incomprehensible jargon to the mass, even they were obliged to exercise prudence and act cautiously, for fear of suspension or total suppression. Under the circumstances, the people of every class, creed and nationality had united and formed committees to devise ways and means for the relief of the suffering Armenians. Accordingly, balls, musical entertainments, theatrical benefits, raffles and exhibitions of many different kinds were the order of the day.

Among these, the exhibition of oil-paintings displayed at the rooms of Messrs. Abdullah Brothers, the well-known photographers in Pera, was remarkable because of its intrinsic merit, and of the accidental romantic incident connected therewith.

The collection on exhibition contained two paintings from Ayvazovsky, the renowned Armenian artist of St. Petersburg, whose productions always and everywhere engage the attention of lovers of fine Art. Artistically speaking, they were of a very high order of merit—rich and tender in color, admirably drawn, and painted with a firm and yet delicate brush.

THE TRAGIC CLOSE OF A STRANGE REIGN.—THE ROYAL CATAFALQUE.—SEE PAGE 385.

The one representing a marine subject, in which specialty Ayvazovsky is particularly successful, was a specimen of his happiest efforts. A sun setting over a stormy sea; grand rocky headlands rise abruptly from the shore on the left hand; a vessel driven into a narrow cleft, soon to become a wreck, the water pouring from the deck; a dead body thrown upon a boulder, and a half-drowned man creeping from the fringes of the surf, are most artistically combined, and effectively show the violence and fury of the gale. The spirited drawing of the small figures is most remarkable.

But the principal merit of the picture lies in the exquisite coloring and glow of the sunlight, which radiates from the centre of the canvas with a pure intensity almost equal in effect to the celebrated sunset of Rubens in the gallery of the Louvre. It touches the purple and violet headlands with a dreamy flash of exquisite beauty, and streams across the wind-tossed waters, bathing in a golden haze a ship which is rounding the furthermost point of land.

The action of the wind upon the waves is exquisitely rendered—a task attempted, but seldom accomplished—perfectly representing the poetry of motion. You seem to see the flattening of their foamy crests as the gale sweeps across the stream of quivering light, and the troubled flight of the seabirds helps the illusion.

The other painting, the smaller of the two, was of the mediæval school, representing, "Our Saviour Walking on the Waters."

In the near foreground the prow of a rude boat comes out of the right-hand corner of the picture. It is crowded with the Disciples, who are eagerly leaning forward, gazing with wonder at the figure of the Saviour advancing over the waves and slightly bending toward St. Peter, who has his hands thrown out as if in the act of sinking.

The principal figure, painted with a delicacy of finish, appears as a spirit, from whom the whole light of the picture radiates and streams across the sea. One brilliant star, high up in the clear darkness of the sky above the head of Christ, carries the line of light completely through; but this is balanced by the heavy, sombre mass of the boat and fishermen, and by the idle oar floating negligently in a slanting line across.

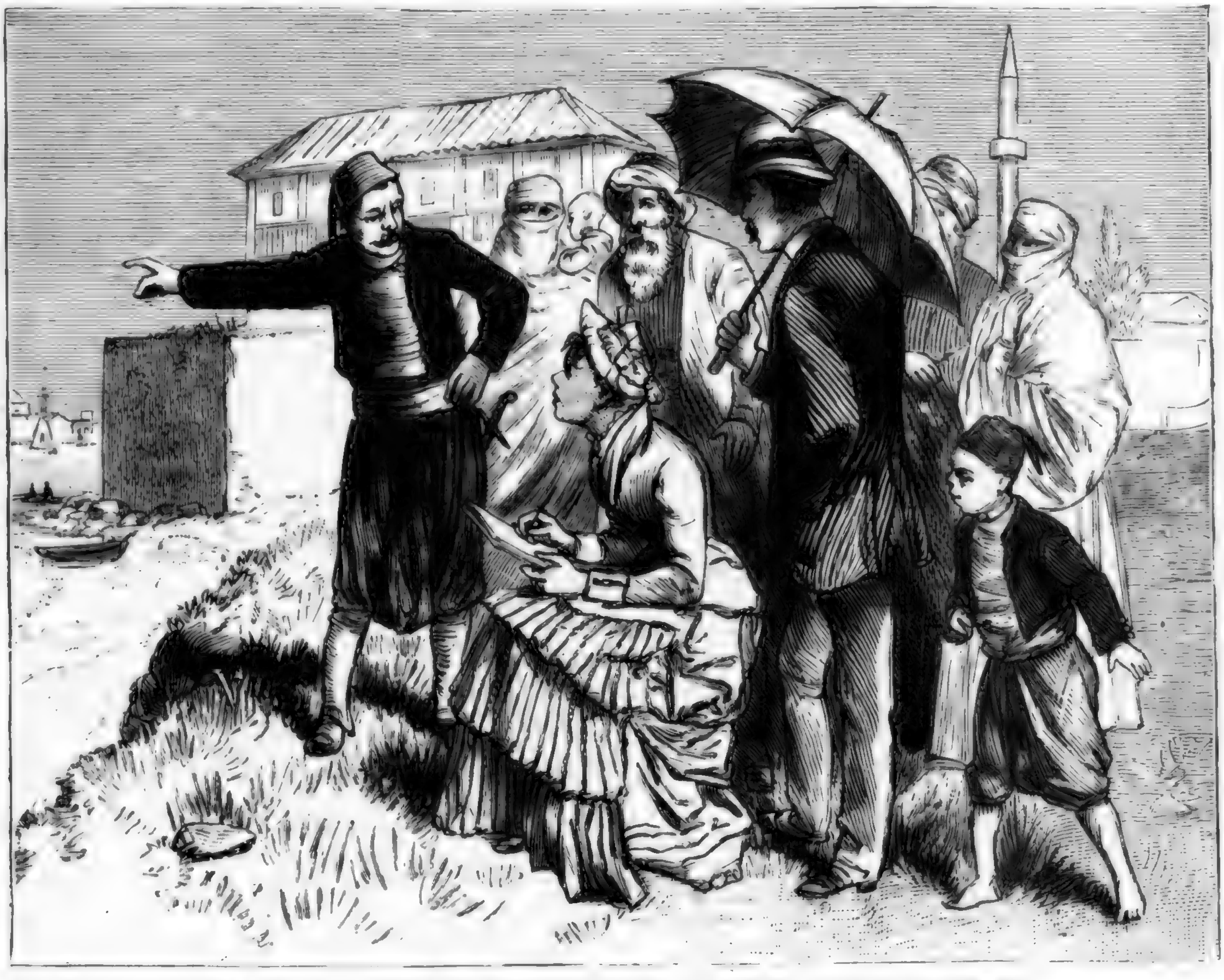
Apart from these two contributions of Ayvazovsky, which the people flocked to see and admire, there was also a sketch of "Seraglio Point," by a Miss Lowry, of New York. Although a mere *ébauche*, yet it proved to be an object of interest to the visitors, owing to the romantic incident connected therewith. We will elucidate the circumstance for the delectation of those who enjoy comedy and for the special benefit of playwrights, who are ever on the lookout for a subject for a farce or an *opéra bouffe*.

Whether incited by a spirit of emulation—for it is said that Miss Lowry, though an amateur artist, is gifted with considerable talent—or whether prompted by that female instinct, a feeling of sympathy for a sufferer, Miss Lowry had determined to add also her mite to the collection, and with that view she had, on a fine day, and in company with a gentleman to the manner born, repaired to Scutari to sketch.

At a particular point already in her predilection and commanding a full view of the city, the tripod-cane was loosened and adjusted, and Miss Lowry was seated thereon. The portfolio was produced, her head shaded with an umbrella by her gallant attendant, the services of the pencil were soon availed of, and the rubber duly called into requisition.

The work was fairly under way, when, to the surprise of the fair artist, a motley crowd of women and children had gathered around her, assailing her Anglo-Saxon ears with unintelligible jargon, which ran somewhat in the following style:

"Look at it, Ayshé Hannum, how cleverly she has transferred the Mosque of St. Sophia on to that paper!"



"THE OFFICER, ACCOSTING THE ARTIST, INQUIRED IF SHE POSSESSED THE NECESSARY PERMIT."

This was addressed by a youthful damsel, evidently yet in her teens, but holding an infant in her arms, to a matronly lady by her side, who promptly replied:

"*Evet, kizzum!*" (Yes, my daughter), and, scanning the features of the artist, added, with a significant shake of the head, expressive of admiration, "*Keor blossujah!*" (literally, damn her eyes! but idiomatically used as an endearing term to signify "Dear me!" or, "Upon my word!" or, "Yes, indeed!")

"These Giaour girls are a wonder! How is it our girls can't do those things?"

"They are *chock sheytan!*" (the very devil is in them) was the consolatory rejoinder.

During these marginal notes, a lad, deeply interested in the progress of the work, put in an exclamation:

"Oh, look, mother—look here! How the dogs are fighting! How can she see them so far off?"

These observations had, of course, reference to a whim of the fair artist who, to delight her juvenile admirer, had supplemented the sketch with the adjuncts prevalent in the streets of Constantinople.

"*Evet jannum*" (Yes, my darling), "I see them. She ought to be ashamed of herself to set the poor animals by the ears."

"But how can she see them so far off?"

"Look at her eyes, my son. How dark and piercing! They are capable of penetrating the very walls of the mosque itself!"

These interesting *têtes-à-tête* were, however, interrupted by an individual who had elbowed himself through the crowd and gained the centre of attraction.

He proved to be no less a personage than a police-officer, and desired to know the cause of the gathering.

When informed that a "Giaour woman" was sketching, the officer, accosting the artist, inquired if she possessed the requisite *teskéré*, or permit.

"Permit!" exclaimed, of course, Miss Lowry, in utter amazement. "Who ever heard of such a thing?"

"True,!" was the stoic rejoinder; "but I cannot let you proceed, unless you can procure a *teskéré*."

Nettled at the interference of the officer, Miss Lowry retorted in a curt reply, "Very well," and began to pack up, determined to get rid of the fellow.

As she was about to walk off, the officer remarked:

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"Now you will please to accompany me to headquarters."

"Headquarters!" ejaculated the astonished lady. "What for?"

"Because I will have to report you, and I should want your corroborative testimony."

Seeing that there was no way of getting clear of this officious fellow, and considering the proposition as an amusing incident, Miss Lowry consented to accompany him to headquarters.

She was ushered into the presence of a young officer in Turkish military uniform, who, having heard the report of the police-agent, showed signs of perplexity, and sank into a deep reverie, nervously twirling his mustachios all the while, as if trying to solve an intricate problem. At last, as if waking from a dream, he turned his head toward the perplexed lady before him, and with a contented smile, indicative of a happy thought, said:

"Mademoiselle, I shall have to send you to the *Medjless* (the Grand Council). They may act as they please in the premises."

The comical feature of the circumstances having assumed a serious character, Miss Lowry, half alarmed, pleaded, with unconscious irony, that she was not aware that she had committed a state offense, and begged to be released.

"All right, my lady," observed the ostentatious functionary, "I believe you; but I will not assume the responsibility to discharge you;" and, with an air of supercilious authority, added: "Officer, take the lady to the *Medjliss!*" Tableau! Curtain!

The second act of this melodrama opens with the apartment of that august conclave yclept the *Medjliss*, discovering a number of individuals seated around a long centre-table, the person at the one end acting as president, and Miss Lowry, with her companion in distress, acting as interpreter, at the other. The president, having heard the case as reported by the officer, turned his head to one of the functionaries and said:

"Now, Ahmed Effendi, please note down whatever this lady deposes in her own behalf."

The functionary thus addressed, being the regular secretary of the council, took up a reed which is used for Turkish writing, examined its point, and placing a slip of paper, highly glossed, upon the palm of his left hand, which serves for a desk, glanced at his superior, intimating that he was ready.

The president, with an air of self-importance almost equaling that of the "middle man" in a negro-minstrel company, addressed Miss Lowry:

"Now, mademoiselle, please state your nationality."

"American," was the prompt reply, accompanied with a proud toss of the head.

"Very well, mademoiselle. What brings you here to Constantinople?'

"A simple desire to see the famous city, sir."

"But you are reported, mademoiselle, to be engaged in sketching the city, and here is the proof." So saying, he took up the sketch furnished him by the police-officer, and after minutely scrutinizing it, exclaimed, with deep admiration: "It is wonderfully exact and admirably executed. Look at it, Hassan Effendi," and handed it to the person addressed, who, in turn, after close inspection, passed it on to his next neighbor, until it went the round, every one exclaiming, "*Mash Allah!*" (Praise be to God!) "*Adjayib!*" (Wonderful!) "Now, do tell us, mademoiselle, what is the object of this minute sketch?"

"Since your Excellency is pleased to evince a degree of curiosity in the matter," put in Miss Lowry, with a sweet smile, "I take pleasure in stating that there is now a collection of works of art on exhibition in Pera, for the benefit of the famine-stricken people of Armenia. Wishing to contribute my mite toward it, I undertook to sketch the city from a favorite spot, which I thought would show it off to advantage."

"Pray, mademoiselle, do you come all the way from America to help these Armenians?"

"No, sir. I happened to be here, and, hearing daily of the distressed condition of that unfortunate country, it was natural to feel sympathy for suffering humanity. We Americans are a sympathetic people."

"Do you hear that, Hassan Effendi?" exclaimed the president, addressing one of the members of the council. "It was not enough for us to be perplexed and tormented with Bulgarian, Serbian, Montenegrin and Greek questions, but we are to be vexed and troubled with these American Giaours. Really, there seems to be no end of foreign interference in behalf of our subjects under some pretext or other;" and, turning around to Miss Lowry—"Mademoiselle, circumstances induce me to send you to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, to have this matter thoroughly investigated; but seeing that it is late in the day (for by the time you will reach the Porte there will be no one there, and the officers who have you in charge will be compelled to place you in custody of the *Imam* (the parish priest) for the night—I know you would not like that)—and since you say you live at the same hotel where the American Minister resides, I will let you off on your own recognizance, and send the report of the incident to His Excellency the Minister of Foreign Affairs, who will look into it, and send for you if necessary, or explain the affair to your Minister."

Whilst the president was thus delivering himself with becoming dignity, the fugitive observations and commentaries put in as marginal notes by some of the other members of the council were not only edifying but quite characteristic.

"Look at her, Aali Bey; so young and pretty, too!" whispered one to his neighbor.

"Yes, by Allah! quite charming! I wonder if she would marry me if I proposed to her?"

"I would advise you, Bey Effendi, not to dream of it. These Giaour girls are queer creatures. They are not as docile as ours—indeed, they are quite strong-minded. When Hassan Effendi returned from America, he brought an American wife with him; but, to his utter dismay, he found that she had, soon after their arrival, deserted him, because she discovered that there were two other wives in the house."

"How preposterous!" was the unsophisticated ejaculation which escaped the lips of the exquisite Bey Effendi.

But to return to our heroine.

Miss Lowry could not but be at first quite amused, regarding the whole affair as altogether Pickwickian; but when the possibility of being confined in the parish priest's house for the night was set before her, she became terrified.

Accordingly, the prospect held forth by the president of immediate release was soothing in the extreme, and she acknowledged her gratitude with a graceful bow, and asked for her portfolio.

"Portfolio!" exclaimed the president. "Oh, no, mademoiselle! We'll have to send that along with our report to the Porte, whence, after due and careful investigation of the affair, it will be remitted to you officially through the American Minister."

Seeing there was no help for her, and glad to get clear of these most officious functionaries, Miss Lowry left her portfolio behind—and would in all probability and under the circumstances, have left, too, the splendid Cashmere shawl which adorned her graceful shoulders if that were the price of her ransom—and walked off.

Sure enough, in a few days, the portfolio reached her through General Longstreet, the actual United States Minister at Constantinople, who, one evening after dinner was over, accosted her with his wonted urbanity and with a quizzical smile:

"Here, Miss Lowry, I have the pleasure of returning to you an article which was taken away from you, and which I am confident you will be pleased to recover."

The whole affair having by this time been bruited abroad, and Pera society highly amused at the comical incident, Miss Lowry became at once a heroine, and her sketch an object of curiosity.

Hence the milk in the cocoanut!

Who will say that the Turks are wanting in patriotism or devoid of vigilance over the interests of their country? *Vive la Turque!*

HOW NEWPORT, R. I., LOST ITS OLD GREATNESS.

Besides the current versions of the incidents of the British occupation of Newport and the conduct of the German soldiers during their stay, given in Bancroft's and Arnold's and other histories, there are some unprinted papers that throw light from the other side. The manuscript journal of Fleet Green, a resident, covers the period from June 7th, 1777, to October 25th, 1779, and gives a very vivid description of the discomfort of living in a town occupied by a foreign garrison and in a state of siege. The Germans, of course, were obliged to enforce strict martial law; arrests were frequent; many of the inhabitants were sent, and more allowed to go, to the mainland, and the houses and other property of these absentees were used by the soldiers. All the churches except Trinity, the State House, the Redwood Library and many public and private buildings, were used for hospitals and other military purposes. Great destruction was done in the siege and in both defense and attack. The markets were put under martial law; the citizens were obliged to work on the fortifications and were punished for refusing to work on Sundays; houses were plundered under pretense of inspection, and appeals to the military authorities were scarcely entertained. The people as well as the soldiers suffered from the severe Winter and the small supplies of food and fuel—bread was made out of oatmeal and rye ground, houses and wharves torn down to supply firewood, and every rumor of success or defeat from afar received alternately with dismay by the Loyalists and joy by the Patriots. At last, in October, 1779, the town was evacuated, and when at last an account was taken of the losses sustained, it was shown that poor Newport had lost a large trade,—which gave it its importance—and many of its foremost merchants, as well as a great sum in the destruction of property. This could be replaced, and the State of Rhode Island and many other States, notably South Carolina, helped it in its hour of need. The arrival of the French fleet and army brought back a temporary show of prosperity; but when peace came at last Newport found itself stripped of all its old greatness, and naturally attributed much of its loss largely to the German soldiers, part of its garrison during the weary years of the British occupation, the siege and the war.

BEES.

We find frequent mention of the bee as far back in the world's history as any written record can carry us. In the book of Judges we read how Samson found a swarm of bees and honey in the carcass of a lion, which he had slain some days before; we may suppose that birds and beasts of prey had feasted on the flesh, and that the bees had used the skeleton as a hive. If this was so in the land which was said to flow with milk and honey, it may help to explain the general opinion of the ancients that bees were produced from the dead bodies of cattle; a fable of which Virgil gives us a poetic version in his fourth Georgic, from which we gather the belief then prevalent, that after nine days the bodies of bulls or heifers that have been duly slain

> "Are all filled
> With buzzing bees, which through their broken sides
> Rise up and form a spacious floating cloud."

It is safe to say that this little insect has been regarded from very early times as worthy of especial notice. Pliny tells us that Aristomachus was so excessively attached to bees that he spent fifty-eight years of his life in the study of their habits. Among ancient Egyptians bees were held in such high esteem that they were used as an emblem of the power of kings; their honey symbolized the rewards of merit, while their stings indicated the punishment in store for evil deeds. Butler, in "Hudibras," refers to this:

> "As the Egyptians used by bees
> To express their ancient Ptolemies."

POETRY UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

The following clever verse, though not exactly answering the purpose of the puzzle for which it was devised, we give as an example of the wide range of language which can be commanded even under an extreme restriction. It will be observed that it contains but one vowel throughout:

> "Eve, Eden's Empress, needs defended be
> The serpent greets her when she seeks the tree;
> Serene she sees the speckled tempter creep;
> Gentle he seems—perverted schemer deep,
> Yet endless pretexts, ever fresh, prefers,
> Perverts her senses, revels when she errs,
> Sneers when she weeps—regrets, repents she fell,
> Then, deep revenged, reseeks the nether hell."

A NEW "NOM DE PLUME."

A French author, finding his reputation impeded by the hostility of the critics, resolved to adopt a little stratagem to assist him in gaining fame and money in spite of his enemies. He dressed himself in workman's attire, and repaired to a distant province, where he took lodgings at a farrier's shop, in which he did a little work every day at the forge and anvil. But the greater part of his time was secretly devoted to the composition of three large volumes of poetry and essays, which he published as the works of a journeyman blacksmith. The trick succeeded—all France was in amazement; the poems of this "child of nature," this "untutored genius," this "inspired son of Vulcan," as he was now called, were immediately praised by the critics, and were soon purchased by everybody. The harmless deceit filled the pockets of the poor poet, who laughed to see the critics writing incessant praises of an author whose every former effort they made a point of abusing.

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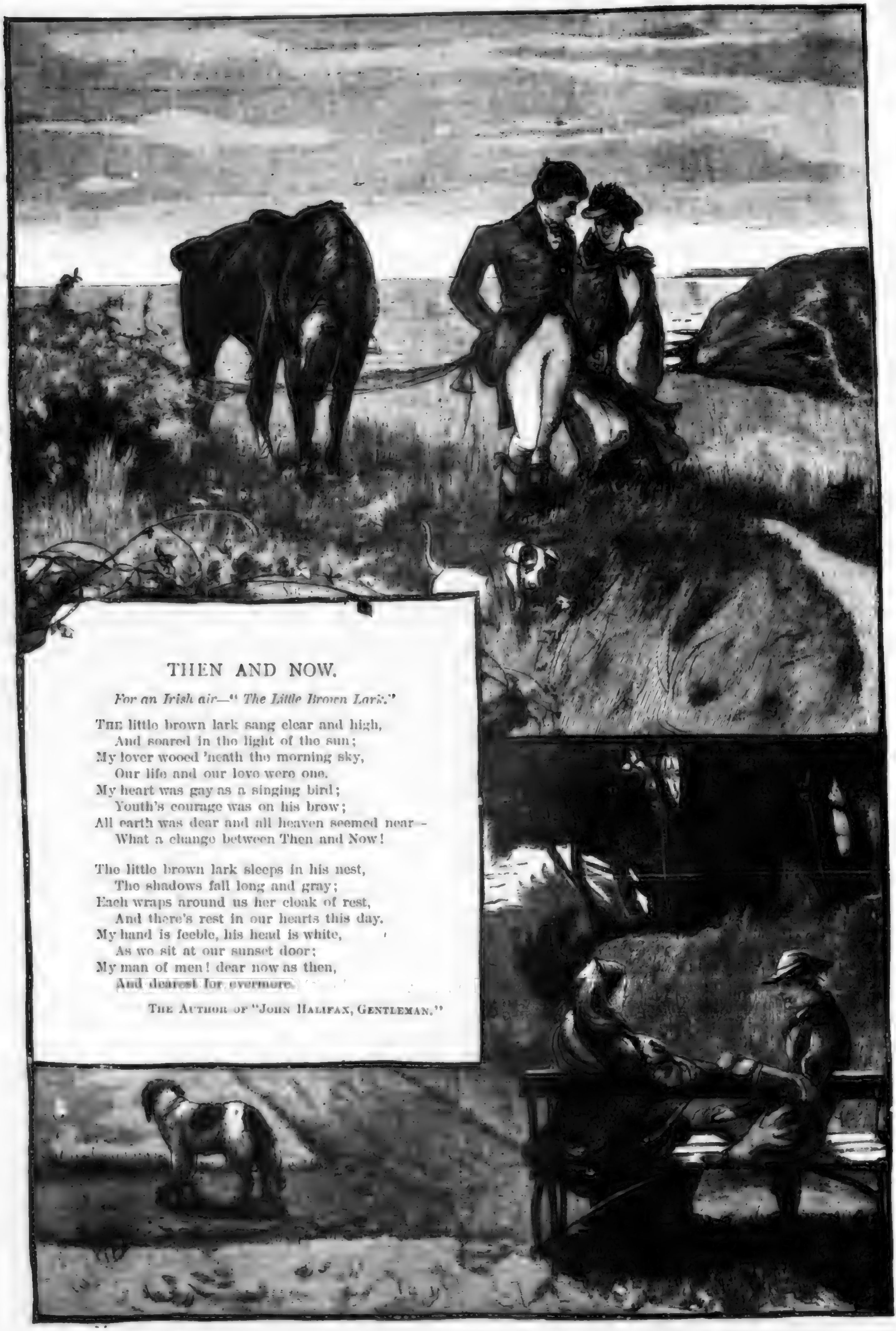


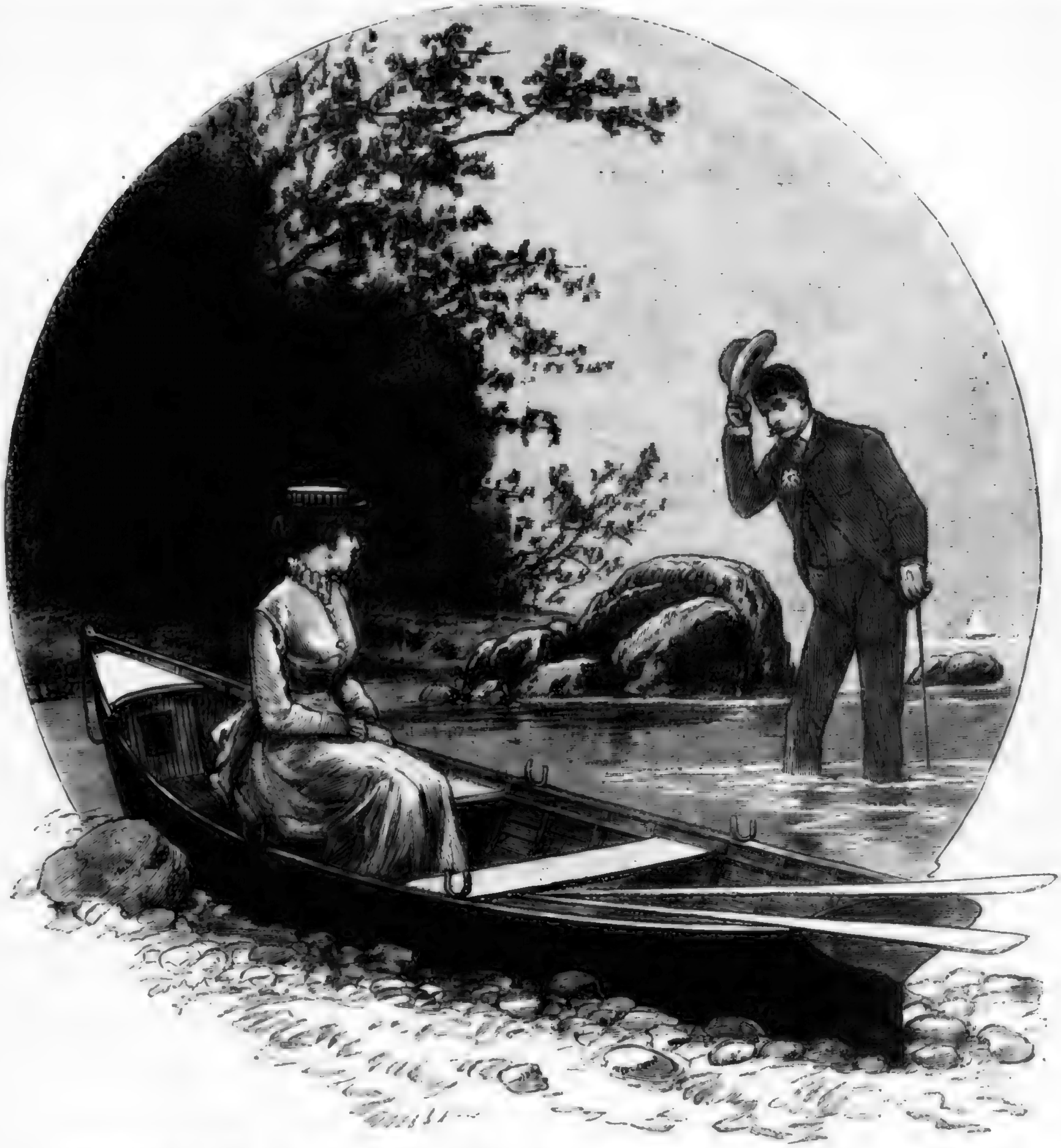
THEN AND NOW.

For an Irish air—"The Little Brown Lark."

The little brown lark sang clear and high,
And soared in the light of the sun;
My lover wooed 'neath the morning sky,
Our life and our love were one.
My heart was gay as a singing bird;
Youth's courage was on his brow;
All earth was dear and all heaven seemed near—
What a change between Then and Now!

The little brown lark sleeps in his nest,
The shadows fall long and gray;
Each wraps around us her cloak of rest,
And there's rest in our hearts this day.
My hand is feeble, his head is white,
As we sit at our sunset door;
My man of men! dear now as then,
And dearest for evermore.

The Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman."



A YACHTING ADVENTURE.—"HE STEPPED DELIBERATELY INTO THE WATER, AND WADED TOWARD HER. 'CAN I BE OF ANY USE, MISS ALLANDALE?'"

A YACHTING ADVENTURE.

By Margaret Malvern.

Two pretty girls were seated upon one of the lower steps of the staircase in the Hall—or Fish Pond, as it is facetiously called—at Rodich's Hotel, Bar Harbor. One, the younger, was looking rather disconsolately about her.

"The old days are gone for ever," she sighed.

"The present ones are good enough for me," responded her companion, a tall, elegant-looking girl, dressed very much, and with a fine figure, spoiled by a waist too small by several inches.

"Oh, of course," said the first speaker, pettishly. "You like the crowd and the dressing, and all the other things that I *hate*. You have no idea how jolly it was when one wore a blue flannel gown from morning till night, and never thought of changing it, even for a dance. And now one has to be fine or look like a dowdy," and she glanced at her fresh but simple dress. "Fancy everything having changed so in three years! I wish we had not come. I would have begged papa to let me go to the Adirondacks if I had known about *this* sort of thing!"

"Don't be silly, Vi."

"It is all very well for you," continued Vi, crossly. "You are engaged, and are satisfied to sit on the piazza under a great sunshade and read Beresford's letters, or a novel, until it is time to put on another gown and go out for a round of fashionable visits. It is a shame to desecrate this dear old island by having afternoon teas and dinner parties, Evelyn"—suddenly changing the subject. "Just look at this object coming in the door, is he not too absurd?"

"Hush," whispered Evelyn, hastily, "that is Mr. Vesey, who owns the *Lalla Rookh*!"

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"And you call him a yachtsman !" said Vi, in subbued, though contemptuous, tone. "A man dressed as if he were going to walk down Broadway, with a rose in his buttonhole and a silver knobbed cane !"

"Would you have him go about smelling of tar, and with a sailor's hat on the back of his head ?" said Evelyn, impatiently. "Do have a little more sense, Vi, and give up your antiquated notions of how one should dress and act at Mount Desert."

"But it really *pains* me," Vi persisted, pathetically, "to see a yachtsman arrayed so gorgeously, when he would look far more interesting in flannels or knickerbockers, or something a little unconventional. And if he was a nice sort of fellow, how jolly it would be to go on his yacht. But that man," indicating by a backward nod of her pretty head whom she meant, "is simply hopeless !"

At this moment a tall, rather stout and very fashionable-looking woman came up to where the girls where seated. She had on a *pince-nez*, and held a card within two inches of her nose, scrutinizing it closely but with a puzzled expression.

"Evelyn, my dear," she said, "I have just had this card brought me, and I can't at all make out who it is. I am sure I never heard the name before. It must be a mistake."

"Who is it, aunt ?" Evelyn asked, as she put out her hand for the card. "Mr. Winthrop Vesey," she read aloud. "We were just speaking of him. He owns the *Lalla Rookh*."

"And pray what is the *Lalla Rookh*, and what has that to do with the fact of a stranger's card having been sent to me ?"

"Nothing, of course, aunt; but the *Lalla Rookh* is such a lovely yacht. How pleasant it would be if you chanced to know the owner."

"There is evidently some mistake," the elder woman repeated. "Are you sure he asked for Mrs. Allandale ?" she continued, turning to the hall-boy, who had followed her.

"Yes-m ; Mrs. Allandale of New York."

"Perhaps he has a letter of introduction," quickly suggested Vi.

"Then why did he not send it with his card ?" demanded Mrs. Allandale.

"I am sure I don't know," said Vi, meekly. "He probably forgot it. With so much grand dressing to do no wonder he can't remember any but his own imperial highness."

"Why not see him, aunt, and let him explain if there is any mistake," said Evelyn.

"Perhaps that would be best," Mrs. Allandale acknowledged, though rather doubtfully still. "Tell the gentleman I will see him," she said to the boy. "Show him here."

"Here !" cried the two girls in one breath. "Why, aunt, you can't receive him seated on the stairs !"

"Nonsense ; of course not," said Mrs. Allandale, with dignity, and she looked about her for a chair. But there was not an empty chair to be seen, and after ascertaining this fact, and realizing the impossibility of securing a seat in such a crowd, she started toward the drawing-room. "You can tell him where to find me," she said to her nieces as she left them.

"Now, is not that like aunt," exclaimed Evelyn. "Fancy our having to accost a strange man and enter into an explanation as to why he does not find Mrs. Allandale where he was told to seek her."

"I will tell him," Vi said, airily. "I am sure I don't mind speaking to him, even though he be arrayed in all the glory of Solomon."

By this time Mr. Winthrop Vesey had steered his way through the groups of people and reached the staircase.

"Are you looking for Mrs. Allandale ?" Vi said, sweetly, as soon as he was near enough to hear when she spoke.

"Oh, thank you," Mr. Vesey said, looking surprised. "Yes, I am. Can you—er——"

"Tell you where to find her ? Certainly. She begs you will follow her to the drawing-room."

"But how shall I recognize her there ?" asked Mr. Vesey, gazing uncertainly about him.

"She has on a plum-colored cashmere dress, and wears a little Valenciennes lace cap trimmed with lilac ribbon," said Vi, innocently.

"Violet !" murmured Evelyn, reproachfully, too dignified to utter more of a rebuke at her cousin's levity before a stranger. Then rising, she continued : "As the hall-boy seems to have left you to find your way about alone, if you will come with me I will show you to my aunt."

"Thank you a thousand times," Mr. Vesey said, in a tone of relief. "I have a letter of introduction from Mrs. Allandale's son, but I unfortunately forgot to bring it with me."

"Indeed ! From my cousin Beresford ?" said Evelyn, as they made their way toward the drawing-room. "You saw him at Newport, I suppose ?"

"Yes ; I was with him a good deal. We were old classmates at Harvard, and it was a great pleasure to meet him again. I have the honor of speaking to Miss Allandale, have I not ?"

"No ; Miss Floyd."

"I beg your pardon," Vesey said, quickly and with some embarrassment. "I understood Miss Allandale was here with her aunt."

"My cousin Violet Allandale and I are both under our aunt's care," Evelyn explained.

By this time they had reached the drawing-room, and Mrs. Allandale met them near the door. Evelyn left them together, after a word of introduction, and presently rejoined Violet on the staircase.

"Well ?" said Vi, interrogatively.

"There is nothing to tell," Evelyn answered, quietly ; "except that he is a classmate of Beresford's, and brought a letter of introduction from him."

"Oh," said Violet ; and then, after a moment, looking laughingly at her cousin : "Did he say when Beresford was coming ?"

"He said nothing about it."

"Perhaps he has found some other attraction at Newport ?"

"Very likely ; it is a matter of perfect indifference to me."

"Oh, of course. Tell me, though, did his highness ask us aboard the *Lalla Rookh ?*"

"He certainly did *not*," replied Evelyn, with emphasis.

"How mean !" said Vi. "I would have forgiven him his silver knobbed cane if he had asked us to go for a sail. As it is, I shall have to go for a row to console myself. Will you come ?"

"No, thank you. Remember, Violet, aunt does not like you to go out in a boat alone."

"I can't help it," Violet exclaimed, impatiently, as she walked off. "I must find some amusement. We scarcely know a soul in this Bedlam of a hotel, and I certainly do not intend to waste this perfect day in the house. It is high tide, so I'll row up the bay as far as the Fletchers', and stop with the girls for a game of tennis, if they are at home."

Evelyn made no further objections, and Violet sauntered down the steps and out upon the gay and busy street.

The day was indeed perfect, and the blue of the bay as vivid as if an Italian sky was reflected therein.

It was an animated scene, the sidewalks thronged with people in brilliant Summer *toilettes;* talking in groups; hurrying down to the wharves; shopping at "Bee's"; girls with sailor-hats and collars; men with Tam o'Shanters and knickerbockers; every variety of face and figure and form; every variety of vehicle, from a three-seated buckboard to a small Victoria; village carts crowded with children, laughing and shouting and urging on their safe and stolid ponies; riding-parties jostling one another as they made their way through the crowd, and picnic parties starting on a long day's pleasuring in noisy, merry mood.

Violet, paying little attention to what was going on about her, walked down the hill to Connor's Wharf. She glanced critically at the boats for hire, and, selecting one that looked trim and neat, she stepped lightly in and bade the boatman push off. She used her oars skillfully, and was soon out in open water pulling easily for the bar.

Lovely the prospect!—the green, rocky islands, the distant Goldsborough Hills! Violet looked with loving eyes, and exulted in the beauty. She kept near the shore where the reflection of trees and rocks darkened the water. The tide was with her, and it was an easy row to the Fletchers'.

They were playing tennis on the lawn, and a number of young people were seated in a rustic shelter-house waiting their turn to play. Violet fastened her boat to the little dock and joined them. She did not care particularly for the game, but she liked to be outdoors, and felt very much at home with the Fletchers, who were natural, jolly, good-natured girls.

The morning passed quickly, and it was one o'clock before she bethought herself of the possibility of her aunt's uneasiness at her long absence. She found her boat grounded on the beach, the tide going down, but as the bar was still under water there seemed no doubt but what she could get across. At any rate, she would make the attempt, as otherwise she must row around Bar Island, an undertaking she did not feel at all inclined for.

She was rowing with all her might, noticing somewhat uneasily how shallow the water was getting, when a sudden grating noise warned her that she was aground. After a few vain efforts to pull off, she gave it up and looked dismally about her. The boat was in six inches of water and she must either wade ashore or wait for the tide to recede still further. A contemplation of a pair of pretty little feet clad in black silk stockings and low shoes determined her to wait with what patience she might. The predicament, though very annoying, was not dangerous, and Violet would have found some amusement in the adventure if she had not the dread of Mrs. Allandale's alarm and displeasure before her. She looked about her to see if there was any one she could call upon for help, but there was no rowboat in sight.

A gentleman was walking leisurely along the shore, apparently in search of a short cut to the harbor. He stood for a moment and glanced in her direction, as if he thought the boat and its occupant a pretty picture in the landscape. Violet recognized the cutaway coat with a flower in the buttonhole. It was Mr. Vesey, and very out of place he looked, she thought. He started to walk on, hesitated, and then, to her dismay, stepped deliberately into the water and waded toward her, as if a matter of course.

"He looked too absurd," she confided afterward to Evelyn, "with his long, gray trousers and Derby hat. If he had only been dressed in flannels the effect would really have been picturesque."

But there he was, lifting his hat and saying, "Can I be of any use, Miss Allandale?"

Violet said, "Oh, thank you, but I don't know what there is to do but wait."

"I could carry you ashore if you would allow me."

"Oh, no," cried Violet, hastily.

He tugged at the boat a moment to see if he could move it, but it had settled down into the bed of sand and mussel shells, and refused obstinately to budge an inch.

"I have an idea," he said, suddenly, and turned back to the shore.

There, on the edge of some ragged turf, was a canoe—a rather dilapidated, cranky looking one to be sure—evidently the property of some of the Indians whose camp was near by, but still a canoe that could be paddled safely in three inches of water.

Mr. Vesey dragged it to the water's edge, and stepping in pushed it easily to where Violet sat in her boat.

"If you will get in at once, Miss Allandale, "I can paddle over the bar without any difficulty. There is plenty of water between those two rocks. I know the way very well."

"But the boat," meekly protested Violet, as she prepared to obey.

"I will send one of Connor's men for it. Give me your hand, please. Steady yourself by my shoulder."

No one knew better than Violet how to get into a canoe, and she was seated in a moment.

Mr. Vesey steered with skill, and in a comparatively few minutes Violet was landed at the wharf.

"I don't know how to thank you," she said, putting out her hand. "I hope you won't take cold," and she looked anxiously at his wet feet.

All the glory of the gray trousers and polished boots had departed, and they presented a very unfashionable and disreputable appearance.

Mr. Vesey laughed, and said there was no danger of that. "I am only sorry I cannot walk to the hotel with you, Miss Allandale. I will call this evening if you will allow me."

Violet murmured, "with pleasure," as if she were accepting an invitation to waltz, and watched Mr. Vesey call a boatman and row away to his yacht with a feeling of self-reproach at the unkind things she had said of his fine clothes.

"You see he evidently did not regard them himself," she explained to Evelyn, "and waded into the water as coolly as if he had been in bathing dress."

A very friendly and pleasant acquaintance with the owner of the *Lalla Rookh* was the result of Violet's adventure, and almost every day they went with little parties for a sail on the yacht, lunching on board, and exploring all the islands and coves in Frenchman's Bay.

The Summer sped along, as Summers will at Mount Desert, days and weeks slipping by, till one suddenly finds a big wood fire is a very comfortable thing, and the mountains in their Autumn coloring beautiful to look upon, but rather chilly for picnics.

Beresford Allandale had been unable to join his mother and *fiancée* in August, as some business in New York

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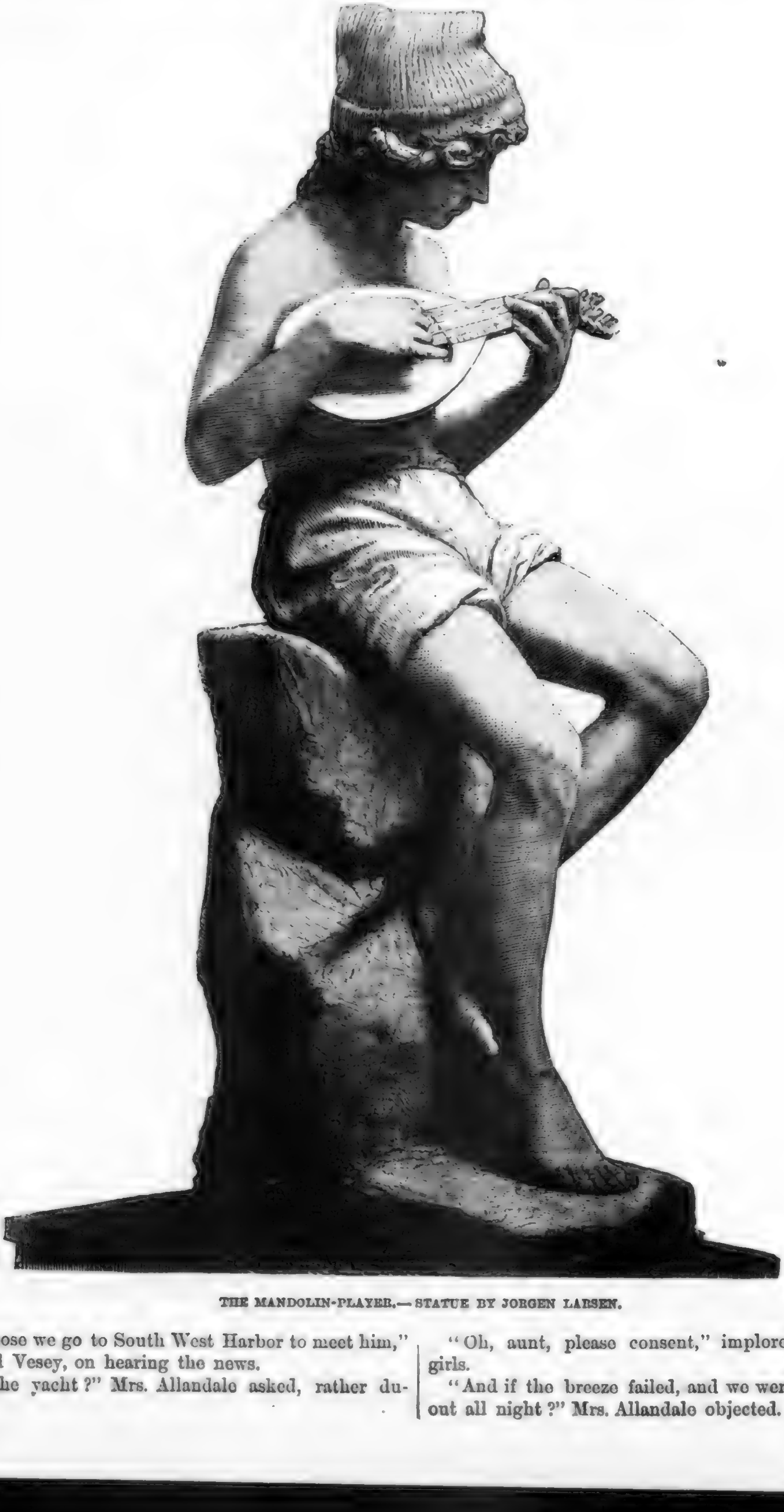
detained him; but he finally wrote that they could expect him early in September, and he would remain a week and accompany them on their journey home.

"Of course," said Vesey; "if we have a good sailing breeze nothing would be simpler. We have been as far as that very often."



THE MANDOLIN-PLAYER.—STATUE BY JORGEN LARSEN.

"Suppose we go to South West Harbor to meet him," suggested Vesey, on hearing the news.

"On the yacht?" Mrs. Allandale asked, rather dubiously.

"Oh, aunt, please consent," implored both of the girls.

"And if the breeze failed, and we were obliged to be out all night?" Mrs. Allandale objected.

"I could make you perfectly comfortable on board," said Vesey, "or, if you preferred, you could stop over at South West Harbor."

After a little further discussion it was so arranged, though Mrs. Allandale secretly thought it very imprudent, for sailing in Frenchman's Bay was quite another thing to the open sea. But a bright sun and fine breeze greeted them the morning they were to go, and they started in capital spirits.

The girls were both good sailors, and Mrs. Allandale could also be depended upon unless it was very rough. She rather prided herself upon her endurance, and spoke with condescending pity of women of her own age who were less fortunate.

The *Lalla Rookh* was a small schooner yacht, pretty and stanch, and was as trim and bright as the loving hands of her crew could make her. The deck was spacious enough for a limited promenade, and there were lounging-chairs, and rugs and awnings in abundance. The little cabin was a very picture of luxury and coziness, and the two good-sized staterooms were filled with all the comforts that yachtsmen so well know how to surround themselves with.

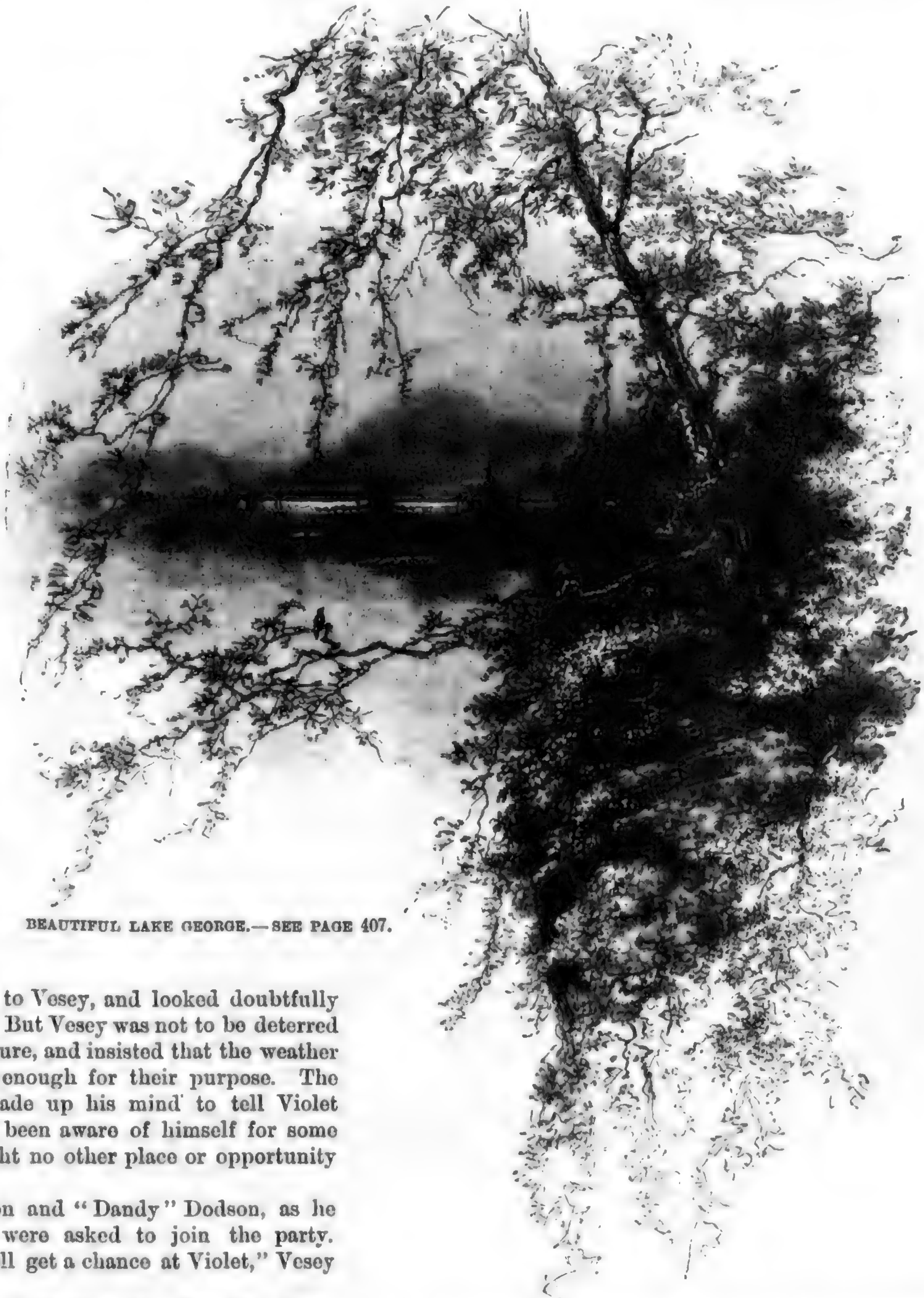
The day was unspeakably lovely, the breeze plentiful but soft—a "weather breeder," the Yankee sailing-master called it to Vesey, and looked doubtfully at the tender blue sky. But Vesey was not to be deterred from his promised pleasure, and insisted that the weather would hold good long enough for their purpose. The fact is, he had fully made up his mind to tell Violet something that he had been aware of himself for some time past, and he thought no other place or opportunity as appropriate.

Two men, Mr. Claxton and "Dandy" Dodson, as he was familiarly called, were asked to join the party. "Otherwise I never shall get a chance at Violet," Vesey thought.

Mr. Claxton was a middle-aged beau, very well satisfied to sit by Mrs. Allandale and tell her all the latest news and gossip, besides raking up many an old story with a racy little bit of scandal in it, of which he had an unlimited supply.

Dandy Dodson knew very well that he was expected to amuse Evelyn, and as he thought her "awfully stunning," and was too impecunious to have any serious views for himself, he was quite as willing to devote himself to an engaged girl as to any one else.

So Vesey leaned on the brass railing beside Violet, and they looked at the wooded and rocky shores as they glided by, and said which cottages they preferred; and thought how jolly it would be to have a sea house on "Thrumbcap"; and exclaimed at the grandeur of Great Head; and wondered which was Anemone Cave; and, in short, did and said what everybody else does under the same circumstances.



BEAUTIFUL LAKE GEORGE.—SEE PAGE 407.

It is, under favorable conditions, about a four hours' sail to South West Harbor. The Portland boat would be there at two, so the *Lalla Rookh* sailed at nine o'clock promptly in order that they might have ample time.

Vesey felt a little nervous as the morning passed, and he had not yet been able to say what was on his heart. Violet eluded him every time he began to speak with any earnestness, and persisted in talking nonsense and turning everything into a joke. But at last he grew desperate and told her very positively that he had something he wished to say which he begged she would listen to seriously.

Violet looked a little frightened, but stood motionless with eyes cast down while he told her with somewhat faltering eloquence that he loved her.

"I am sorry," she murmured.

"Don't say that, Violet. Surely you will not refuse me? Why, I came to Mount Desert on purpose to see you. Beresford told me so much about you that I loved you before I saw you."

Violet tried to laugh at this almost boyish outburst.

"Of course that's nonsense," she said.

"It is not nonsense," Vesey persisted; "I swear it is the truth. And when I saw you there, on the staircase at Roderick's, before I knew who you were, I thought how pretty you were. And then I was awfully afraid you were Miss Floyd, and you can't tell how glad I was when I found I was wrong."

Violet could not help thinking that if Beresford should hear him, he would expect the skies to fall.

"But I don't like you well enough," she said, in a low voice; "I know I do not. Please say no more, Mr. Vesey. You make me very unhappy, and besides, I am so afraid aunt will notice something."

She felt like crying and glanced uneasily around at the unconscious couples who were seated under an awning chatting gayly.

Vesey leaned over the railing, and with gloomy eyes looked down into the water.

"Well, I suppose I must give it up," he said, at last, "and bear it as well as I can. Don't imagine I will annoy you again, Violet. It is over and done with."

And then he asked her if she would like to sit down, and brought her a parasol and arranged a rug about her, and tried in every way to be kind and natural as usual.

They reached Southwest Harbor in due time, and shortly afterward the Portland steamer came in. Vesey had gone ashore in a rowboat with a couple of sailors and returned with Beresford, who was surprised and enchanted at finding his friends awaiting him.

It was a very cozy-looking little circle that gathered in the *Lalla Rookh's* cabin at luncheon as they sailed away from Southwest Harbor. No one could have imgined that two of the party were sad at heart and ill at ease. Vesey behaved exceedingly well, and was the same hospitable and attentive host they had always known him. But Violet was very quiet and was wondering if she had not made a mistake which she would spend a life in regretting.

The day had gradually darkened, not with heavy clouds or fog, but with a hazy, dazzling mist that shifted uneasily and seemed to follow a long line of white light upon the sea. The wind, too, was beginning to blow very hard and from the northeast. The yacht was making great headway and flew like a bird over the water, pitching occasionally in a way which made Mrs. Allandale feel rather uncomfortable.

"Aren't we getting it a little too fresh?" asked Mr. Claxton, who did not like the pitching any better than Mrs. Allandale.

"We are going splendidly," said Dodson, who considered himself an authority. "This breeze will take us into the harbor in a couple of hours."

"Suppose we go on deck for awhile," suggested Beresford.

Evelyn was ready to go anywhere with Beresford as a companion, and Violet was glad to follow. So all but Mrs. Allandale went up on deck, and the men made the girls as safe and snug as possible, tucking shawls and wraps about them.

The sea was almost black, with here and there patches of dark-green or purple. The mist seemed to sparkle as if with electricity, and the surf, as it rushed and climbed upon the rocks and shore looked like the snarling, angry teeth of some great animal.

"What a beautiful sight," Violet could not help exclaiming, for there was something strangely fascinating in the scene to her.

They were nearing Otter Cliffs, and the melancholy sound of the bell-buoy could be plainly heard.

Vesey walked the deck aside in earnest converse with the sailing-master.

"Keep well out," he was saying. "I don't like the look of this at all."

"It's an ugly blow," the man answered, "but we'll make the harbor all right."

They were sailing with closely reefed sails, and yet the yacht sped along as if driven by a whirlwind. She kept pretty steady, except for an occasional lurch, and to inexperienced eyes there seemed no danger. But the men were beginning to give uneasy glances about them, and to whisper together when unobserved by Evelyn and Violet. The wind, now and again, roared behind them with an almost deafening noise, and the waves, rising suddenly, would leap upon the flying yacht as if they meant to overwhelm her.

The dusk was gathering rapidly as they finally entered the harbor. Only a few vessels were at anchor there, and they were tossing and straining in the gale. The *Lalla Rookh's* sails were lowered and came rattling down, flapping and snapping viciously. But it was in vain that they tried to anchor. The sails had steadied the vessel somewhat and now she pitched frightfully, and in spite of every effort was driven upon the bar.

Vesey had very firmly insisted upon the girls going below with Mrs. Allandale. They behaved well and bravely, and the three women sat close together in the cabin holding one another's hands, but uttering no sound.

There had been some discussion as to whether a boat could be launched from the yacht; the water was shallow and it seemed as if they might safely get to land, but the sailing-master opposed the plan and thought no boat could live in such a sea. The tide had turned, and the breakers were rushing in with cruel rapidity over the bar.

Already men were beginning to gather upon the shore, and to them, in the darkening gloom, it looked as if the stanch little yacht must go to pieces. She was swept on and off the bar with tremendous force, and it seemed, indeed, as if she could not long hold together.

It was a wild night. The roaring of wind and breakers was incessant, and the men could scarcely hear one another speak. They realized that they were in peril, and Vesey at last made up his mind that a boat must be launched at all hazards. As he was giving an authoritative order to the sailing-master, a cry came from one of the sailors, "We are drifting over the bar!" It was true, and in a marvelously short time the yacht was in deep water. A reefed sail was hoisted, and they made an effort to steer her into the open bay, but they now found that the fury of the gale was such that they had little or no control over her. She was carried by the waves nearer and nearer the rocks, and played with as if she had been a floating spar, and then, with a final rush, was dashed upon the shore close under a wooded embankment.

Men from the village had collected in crowds, and with lanterns and reflectors threw a white, glaring light upon the yacht. Every mast and rope could be plainly seen as she rolled heavily, and all around was the weird darkness strangely illuminated by the electrical mist.

Vesey had gone down into the cabin, and had spoken cheerfully to the ladies, telling them that although they were in a most uncomfortable position, he considered that all danger was over.

"There are plenty to help us," he said, "and we can get you ashore without much difficulty. I can never forgive myself," he continued, somewhat huskily, "for giving you such a painful experience. You will never be willing to trust yourselves with me again."

"I will," said Violet, aloud, and very decidedly.

He turned to her with a surprised, grateful look. He was so handsome and manly as he stood in the little cabin. His very expression had changed, and the eager eyes and firm mouth gave a character to his features which heretofore they had lacked. Violet could not now have found fault with his dress, the unstudied "picturesqueness" was what, in a quieter moment, she would have heartily approved. Big rubber boots reached above his knee, a sailor's rough tarpaulin coat and hat, drenched with the salt water, covered him. He might have been a sturdy fisherman fresh from "the banks." And when Violet had time to think it all over afterward she acknowledged that at last he had proved himself worthy of "Old Mount Desert," and had expiated the flower in his buttonhole and silver knobbed cane.

But little remains to tell. The *Lalla Rookh* was secured by ropes thrown ashore and lashed to the trees, and the ladies were safely landed.

That morning at Rodich's the yachting party was in great demand, and Mr. Claxton and Dandy Dodson found themselves suddenly amazingly popular, and were called upon repeatedly to tell the story of their adventure.

Mrs. Allandale naturally retired, exhausted by fright and excitement, to her own room and the care of her maid. Evelyn and Beresford preferred to hide away from the rest of the world, and found a secluded corner in the drawing-room, where they were perfectly happy in each other's society.

Violet allowed herself to be questioned and pitied and caressed by all the girls of her acquaintance; but she was nervously watching the door all the time, and when Vesey's tall figure appeared, she started up at once and went to him.

How his eyes lighted when he saw her! He drew her out on the piazza, which so late in the season was quite deserted.

"Oh, Violet, did you mean what you said?" he asked, imploringly.

"What did I say?" innocently asked Violet.

"That you would trust yourself with me again."

"Yes, I meant it," said Violet, firmly.

"For life?" he whispered."

"For life," she answered.

A NEW LANGUAGE.

The arrangement of a language for universal usage has received the attention of a great many famous polyglot students, but owing to the many difficulties encountered in the various projects, it was not until quite recently that the new method of intercommunication between alien nations was brought into practical use.

Volapuk is the name of the new language, arranged by a Frenchman, and steps are now being taken to introduce it among all the commercial nations of the globe. There are already a dozen professors employed by the Volapuk Association, and at a recent examination of the pupils there were 128 who passed with all honors.

The Rouen Industrial Society has taken up the matter with great enthusiasm; and in an invitation to the Paris press for its representatives to assist at a civic banquet in that large commercial centre the bill of fare was given in Volapuk, with a French translation. The most remarkable dishes were jupalot ko fotavat, magabagoks, pelotol and peillils flifik, or, in plain language, leg of mutton with venison sauce, roast peafowl and early green peas. The words appear to be of somewhat too barbaric character to please the modern linguists, who would rather seek the universal language in a Latin origin. Then again, it will require the adhesion and support of the leading nations to insure its success; but as certain as music can be interpreted successfully in all lands, despite the nationality of the artists, there will come a time when a common tongue will interpret our meaning among educated classes all the world over.

SUMMER SAUNTERINGS ALONG LAKE GEORGE.

By Emily Pierce.

Of all the elements of scenery, water is the most various in its character, and capable of the greatest diversity of effect. Think but a moment, and how rapidly examples proving this assertion rise to memory—the long swell of the Pacific; the blue waves of the Mediterranean; the clear expanse of the St. Lawrence; the surf-rolling Mississippi; the dark trout-stream shaded under the American forest; the Scotch "burn stealing under the long yellow broom"; the fountains at Versailles; the huge welling springs of Texas and Mexico; the cypress-skirted Lake of the Dismal Swamp; the sunny borders of Como; cold, desolate, fir-encircled Superior.

There is nothing more replete with associations of every character, bright or sombre, traditional, historical or mythical.

Powerful influences they prove, impressing with force not only the refined nature of poet and painter, but strongly marking the rude and superstitious minds of common humanity.

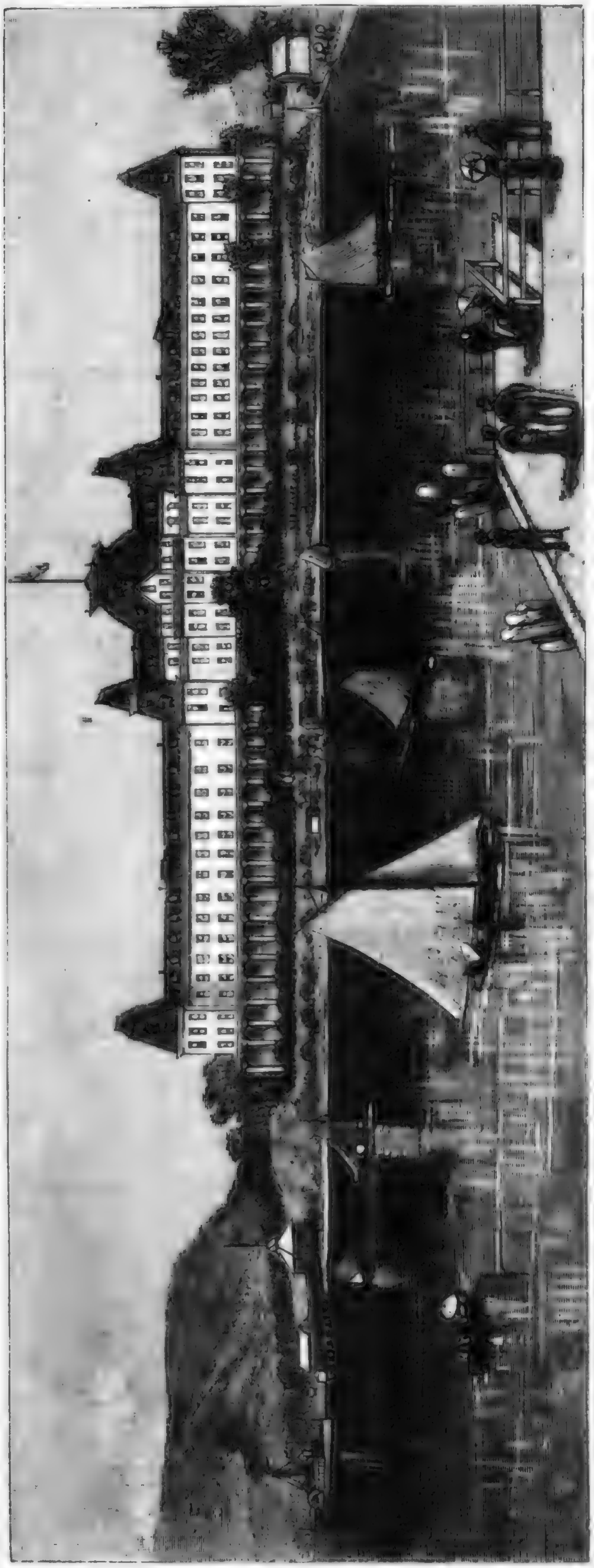
The invisible boundaries of seas, the sources of unexplored rivers, the depths of unfathomed lakes—all are fields in which the robust native imagination of man finds pleasant room to wander, and whence it brings hosts of vague, fantastic forms.

The depths of the sea were peopled with naiads. Across the sullen Avernus was the path to Hades. The renowned Domdaniel, seminary for all evil magicians, was under the waters of the Red Sea.

The northern mind saw the mermaid haunting the shores of Orkney—the kelpies rising from the twilight pool. O'Donoghue emerges on moonlight nights to sweep over the Lakes of Killarney.

From the cold and forbidding lake on Mount Pilatus the troubled shade of the unjust Governor of Judea rises to spread cloud and chill over the country around. Holy wells and sacred rivers are found from the shores of the Western Ocean to the mountains of India.

XUM



FORT WILLIAM HENRY HOTEL.

America, however, has never been peopled by fairies, save in the active brain of childhood. No elfin stories nor hobgoblin superstitions are associated with her localities.

Through translation into our Anglo-Saxon tongue, we have even lost most of the romance that clings around the traditional legends of our red predecessors on this soil. Still our land abounds in scenery, picturesque and beautiful; is flooded with historic memories, and our northern borders teem with reminiscences of the exploits and experiences of those early fathers whose lives of peril and self-abnegation needed not the touch of a magic wand, like the pen of Francis Parkman, to make the ground whereon they trod seem almost like holy ground, and to throw over the lakes of the North an interest that time serves to deepen, and research to enhance.

For all our land, so flooded with broad rivers, inland seas and mighty cataracts, there is no body of water more beautiful, richer in historic interest, or abundant in nineteenth century attraction for tourist and scholar, artist or lounger, than that bright green sheet of water, thirty-four miles long, hidden among flanking mountains in the upper portion of the State of New York.

Andia-to-roc-te of the Indian, *St. Sacrament* of the French, Horicon of Romance, Lake George of the conquering Briton and of to-day.

"Pure Horicon! lake of the cloud and the shadow!
Soft shimmer your moonlight and dimple your rain!
And the hearts far away—if by seaside or meadow—
Still think of your blue, with a lingering pain!

"Among the far islands that glitter in heaven—
On the dim, undiscovered, and beautiful shore,
Some glimpse of a lovelier sea may be given
To the eyes of the perfect—but never before!"

All the same, the poetic name of "Horicon" is no longer used save for a wayside pavilion, or for the swift little steamboat that puffs up and down the lake, carrying its loads of Summer excursionists with a patience that seemed unfailing, until one bright day last August, when it broke beneath the load and went aground. Horicon, "The Silvery Water," was simply a fancy of Cooper's, who, when questioned as to "the wherefore and the why," said, "the French name was too complicated, the American too commonplace, and the Indian too unpronounceable for either to be used familiarly in a work of fiction."

The past of Lake George is as teeming with interest as its present is teeming with people, for to write it down as the favorite Summer resort is "drawing it mild," indeed. During the months of July and August it is overcrowded; there seems no breathing-space, no rest, no room.

Every prominent point along its banks, every retired nook near its shores, are alive with restless humanity, and upon the green surface of its waters every kind of craft that can be rowed, towed, steamed or paddled, are seen in never-ceasing motion. There are to be found every grade of hotel, boarding-house, pavilion and caravansary, varying in size, comfort and price, from the canvas tent to that Queen Anne Castle known as "The Sagamore," the present pride of Bolton.

The ingenuity of man has been taxed in invention of names suitable to points alongshore, and they vary all the way from "Paradise Bay" to "Antony's Nose," which last we almost graze in passing, and the facetious passenger on our left declares to be a "Rum 'un."

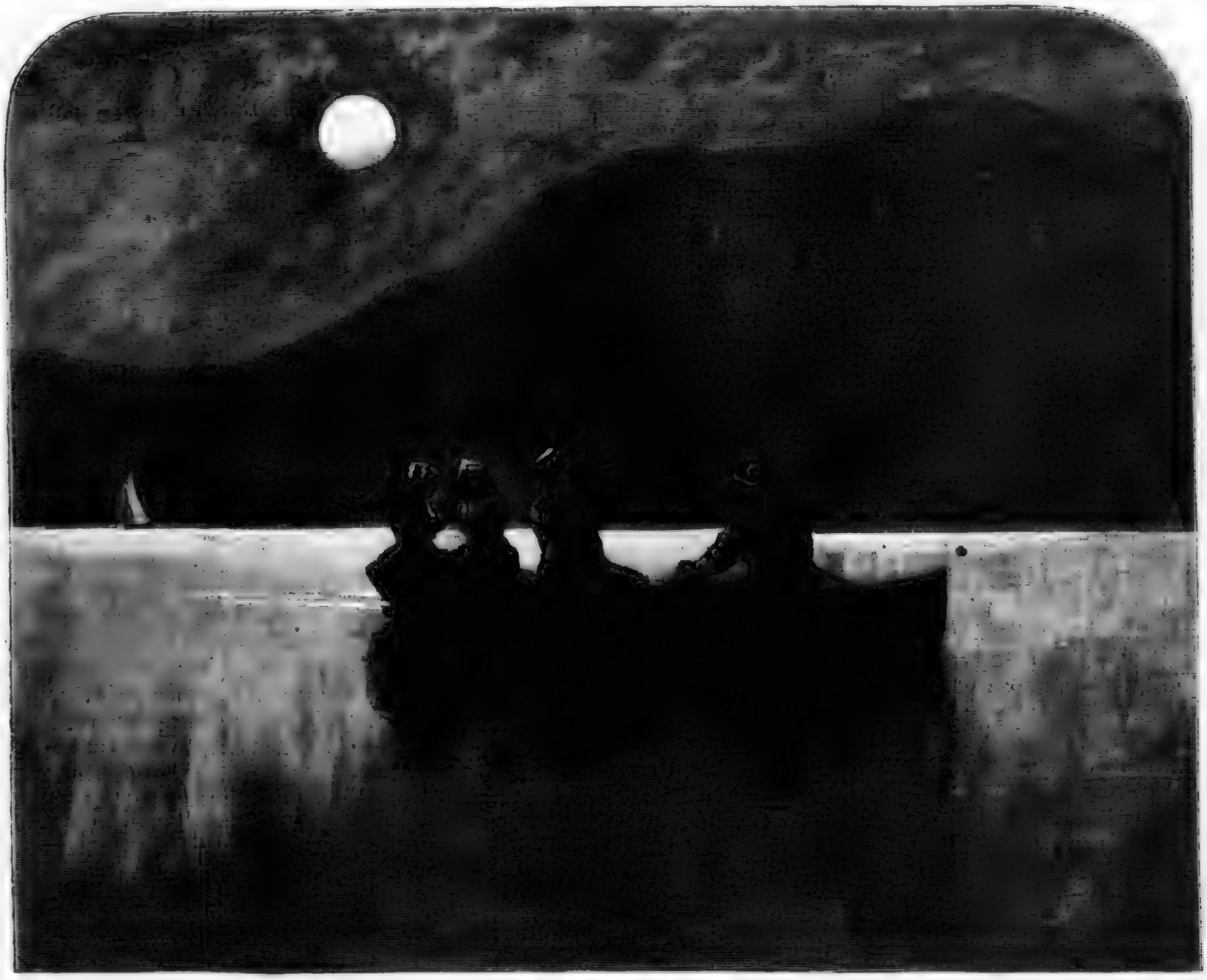
The surface of the lake is broken by innumerable little islands, and happy seem the owners thereof, who have built Summer homes, some not much larger than dove-cotes, where they play the "Alexander Selkirk business" to their own satisfaction.

Many of these enchanting islands are but a few feet in diameter, and look as though they merely floated on the water. We are told by the boatman who rows one about that the islands number 365, just one for every day in the year. We didn't dispute him.

In 1883 there was a law enacted prohibiting the further sale of these same islands, which lend so great a charm to the landscape, and the office of Forester was established, under whose protection they were placed, and under whose careful eye the tourist of investigating turn of mind may land his craft upon the "beautiful isle," but from which, under severe penalty, he may not even bear away as much as a walking-stick.

The famous "Canoe Islands," about three miles down the lake, are widely known, being a favorite camping-ground of the small army of canoe cranks who hold yearly meets here—or, rather, such was their habit in the near past; but Lake George has become over-peopled, and our enthusiast in this line has packed up the tin cup and black coffee-pot, and quietly paddled away to deeper wildernesses, whose solitary shores he consents to brighten by the added picturesqueness of the gay-colored peaked cap, for which pleasure he pays at the cost of total loss of complexion.

During the months of July and August Lake George teems with nomadic life in all its various phases, and vagrant communities appear and disappear as though by magic; white tents gleam among the dark-green foliage; lonely islands are astir with busy throngs; rocks are flecked with blue and gray; the tree-tops blush with bunting; shores put on a flannelly hue, and shadowy points blossom out in duck and dimity.



THE ECHO ON THE LAKE.

Tennis-courts are marked out, sketch-books brought into requisition, fishing-tackle carefully inspected, and young America of both sexes proceed to enjoy themselves "just as hard as they can."

Among the most notable of the 365 might be placed "Dome Island," the Gibraltar of Lake George, being a huge black rock overgrown with trees, inaccessible by any kind of landing, standing defiantly among its companions, its beetling brows adding picturesque effect to the "Como of the Wilderness."

Tea Island is numbered among the "fortunate isles," for it possesses a tradition. Said tradition declares that Abercrombie buried gold and other valuables here, and a goodly share of the surface has been dug over at different times by the treasure-seeker, who always murmurs "fish-worms" when discovered in the act.

Elizabeth Island gains fame by being the Summer camping-place of the widely known Manhattan Club, composed of graduates of New York College, while along the shore, on the east, about a mile from Caldwell (the little village known in the postal department as "Lake George"), we find St. Mary's of the Lake. This quiet retreat, built in a grove of young trees, is the Summer place of the Paulist Fathers, who are the only society of the kind in America.

Their convent is in New York, presided over by its founder, Father Hecker. Their work is chiefly that of missionaries. They come here in the Summer after the severe labors of their calling, for the sake of rest and seclusion. The wise forethought that suggested this Summer convent emanated from the fertile brain of the late Charles O'Conor, of New York, who presented to the society the land upon which the convent is built. At the opposite end of the lake, as though to keep the proper theological balance, Rev. Joe Cook, Boston's celebrated but somewhat erratic divine, has built a summer-house, which perches like a pulpit upon a prominent point His birthplace was just over the other side, known as "Front Brook Valley," and here Mr. Cook spends many of his Summer days.

Of all points and places in this enchanting region, Bolton is the most attractive. The Sagamore is artistic and impressive among the old trees. The rustic bridge across an arm of the lake adds its three arches to the picture, while it suggests moonlighted walks and lovers' talks, and that sort of thing, while the Bolton Church, with spire like a New England academy, and bell-tower like a dovecote, even the Daisy Miller of the boat declared "lovely."

The time when all this region puts on its brightest garb, when the water seems greener, the sky bluer, the air most invigorating, is in the perfect October days that come tardily along, offering their latest and best gifts to the few who linger by the lakeside after hotels are closed, tents struck and steamboats drawn into Winter port.

I was so fortunate as to make the last steamboat trip across in October. The picture is carefully framed and put away in the choicest niche of the gallery of memory. To describe it is impossible, to reproduce it would savor of gairish exaggeration.

No lurid chromo sported such colors as dye these islands and paints these mountain-sides. The brilliant forest hue of Autumn in this lake region is beyond imagination. The trees seem like inverted paint-brushes stolen from the palette of a titanic Turner, while the burning bush of Moses has undergone miraculous multiplication here upon the threshold of the north woods, and the wonderful blending and assortment of color upon the tiny islands surpasses the art of man.

With enthusiasm, fanned by ardent desire to possess and preserve a treasure of these autumnal beauties, great branches aflame with color, I longed to fly through the forest armed with a tailor's goose in each hand, and press enough to fill several homes with sufficient light and color to satisfy the most zealous household art decorator.

At the head of the lake the fashionable hostelry, "The Fort William Henry," marks the spot once occupied by the actual fort, where were enacted so many bloody scenes in the dramatic history of our country.

Here, the savage nations of the North and of the South met, and with wily stratagem and relentless fury struggled for the mastery. Here, great armies under the Lilies of France and the Red Cross of St. George fought for the grand prize of a continent.

The existence of Lake George was first made known to Europeans through the writings of Samuel de Champlain, who visited the region in 1609, accompanying a war party of Northern Indians against their hereditary foes of the South.

Two years before this time Isaac Jogues was born at Orleans. He was a child of bright promise, and became a member of the Jesuit Society at Rouen; was ordained a priest in 1636, and the same year was sent as a missionary to the Hurons on the Ottawa River, in Canada. In 1643 he was captured with his party by a band of Iroquois, who had ventured far into their enemies' country, and was carried across Lake George to the Mohawk River—the first white man ever known to have passed this way.

Escaping by the aid of the Dutch at Fort Orange, he returned to France, then again to Canada and south to his old masters, a missionary and an ambassador from the French nation to the Mohawks. He arrived at the north end of the lake, May 29th, 1646, and it being the vigil of the festival of Corpus Christi, he blessed the water and christened it *Lac du St. Sacrament* (Lake of the Blessed Sacrament).

The waters of the Holy Lake were deemed too pure for anything but the Holy Sacrament of Baptism, and specimens were carefully preserved and carried to France to be used for that purpose.

The French encouraged their Indian allies to commit depredations along the English frontiers, and in 1731 built Fort Frédéric at Crown Point.

General Johnson with his army arrived at the south end of the lake, August 28th, 1755, where he encamped and rechristened the limpid waters with the name of the British King. While he waited, the Baron Dieskau, with 1,400 French and Indians, advanced from Ticonderoga to attack Fort Edward, thinking to cut off Johnson's supplies. Changing his plan, however, when near that place, he turned toward Lake George, and, in the pass west of French Mountain, ambushed a force of 1,200 men, who were marching to the relief of Fort Edward, under Colonel Williams. At the first fire Colonel Williams was killed, the English were thrown into confusion and retreated; the retreat became a panic, and the victorious French pursued even unto the entrenched camp at the head of the lake. Here the fight raged for nearly four hours, when the French desisted, and the English, gaining confidence, became in turn the aggressors, and drove back over the battle-ground the victors of the morning.

At sunset of the same day a remnant of the French gathered around the dark-looking little circular pond, near the southern extremity of the lake, when they were surprised by a detachment of English, shot down, and their bodies cast into the water, which became reddened with gore, and ever since has borne the name of Bloody Pond.

This encounter took place, September 8th, 1755, and during the year 1854 a stately monument was erected here to the memory of the hero of that day ninety-nine years before, who secured for himself a better monument than any victory could give, for, while passing through Albany he had made his will, leaving the bulk of his estate to found a free school for Western Massachusetts, since grown into Williams College. This memorial was placed here by the graduates of Williams College, and bears an inscription in Latin and English. From it we learn that it was "Erected to the memory of Colonel Ephraim Williams, a native of Newtown, Mass., who, after gallantly defending the frontier of his native State, served under General Johnson against the French and Indians, and nobly fell near this spot, in the bloody conflict of September 8th, 1755, in the 42d year of his age."

The earthen mounds of Fort William Henry still stand by the brink of Lake George, and, seated at the sunset of an August day under the pines that cover them, one gazes on a scene of soft and soothing beauty, where dreamy waters reflect the glories of the mountains and sky. Only a few steps are necessary to stray away from the gay throng that crowds the broad piazza of the mammoth hotel, and to reach the remains of these martial fortifications.

The original fort was an irregular, bastioned square, formed by embankments of gravel surmounted by a rampart of heavy logs, laid in tiers crossed one upon another, the interstices filled with earth. It was built under the superintendence of an engineer named Gridley, afterward well known at Bunker Hill. The site chosen was excellent. The lake protected it on the north, the marsh on the east, and ditches with *chevaux-de-frise* on the south and west. Seventeen cannon, great and small, besides several mortars and swivels, were mounted upon it, and a brave Scotch veteran, Lieutenant-colonel Munroe, was in command.

The people of the northern English colonies had learned to regard their Canadian neighbors with the bitterest enmity. With them the very name of Canada called up horrible recollections and ghastly images, and when, in July, 1757, the news spread of the certainty of a French invasion, there gathered together a host four times greater than could now find quarters in all the hotels and cottages along Lake George's teeming shores.

At the beginning of August, Montcalm, with nearly eight thousand French and Indians, advanced on Fort William Henry. On the 9th, after having withstood the siege for six days, the English capitulated, after making honorable terms with the French general, by which they were allowed to retain their baggage and their arms as a recognition of their gallant defense, and were guaranteed protection to Fort Edward.

The bloody massacre that followed, and the utter failure of Montcalm to protect the vanquished ones from the wild beasts which he had brought with him, is a stain on his fame which can never be effaced. The exact number that perished is unknown, but has been estimated as high as one thousand five hundred. After this the French returned down the lake, leaving Fort William Henry a heap of smoking ruins and the bones of the English bleaching in the sun.

It is but justice to say that, during the atrocities committed by the Indians upon the English troops, Montcalm made vigorous efforts to maintain order and decency. Before signing the capitulation he called the Indian chiefs in council and asked them to consent to the conditions, and promise to restrain their young warriors from any disorder. They approved everything and promised everything. The garrison then evacuated the fort, and marched to join their comrades in their entrenched camp, which was included in the surrender.

No sooner were they gone than a crowd of Indians clambered through the embrasures in search of rum and plunder. All the sick men were instantly butchered. Roband says: "I saw one of these barbarians come forth out of the casements, which nothing but the most insatiate avidity for blood could induce him to enter, for the infected atmosphere which exhaled from it was insupportable, carrying in his hand a human head, from which streams of blood were flowing, and which he paraded as the most valuable prize he had been able to seize."

The guard numbered only *three hundred* French, and the insufficiency of this escort became startlingly apparent. Even all semblance of order ceased, and the march changed to a selfish race for life. Too late for the protection of his helpless prisoners, or the fair record of his fame, Montcalm threw himself among the Indians, exclaiming: "Kill me, but spare the English, who are under my protection!"

In 1750 came Abercombie, and with him the flower of the English soldiery, the sturdy yeomen of the new colonies and the bravest clans of bonnie Scotland, with all the pageantry of glorious war. On a Summer morning, with a sky of sapphire and a lake of glass, a thousand boats moved northward to the sound of bugles and of Highland pipes, waking the echoes of the everlasting hills. A little later they returned; not as they went, however, but with banners trailing, and with sound of mourning for comrades lying in the forests and under the battlements of Ticonderoga.

The following year General Amherst built Fort George, and then moved toward Ticonderoga; and before him the French were swept northward, their hold on "the lake which is a gate to the country" gone for ever.

For more than one hundred years comparative solitude reigned upon the shores of the tideless lake; the bones of conqueror and conquered mingled together in common dust; the sweetly solemn music of the waves, rippling on the white beach below, and the sad sighing of the wind among the pines, their only requiem.

Presto! change! and we have Lake George of the present; pure as crystal, lovely as a fairy dream, Queen of American waters, peerless among the lakes of the world.

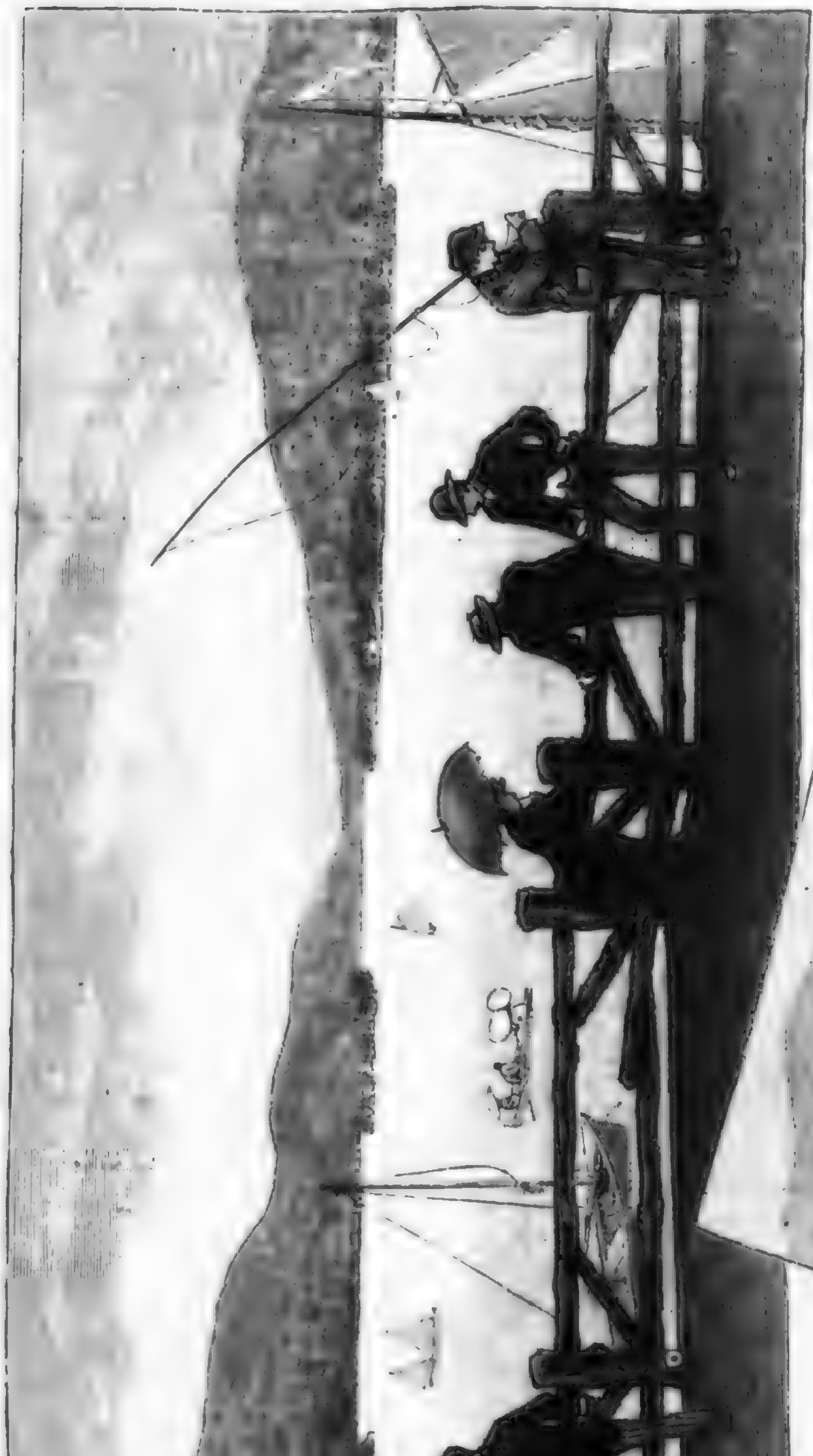
"I see the green, translucent wave,
The purest of earth's fountains;
I see the many-winding shore—
The double range of mountains;
One, neighbor to the flying clouds,
And crowned with leaf and blossom,
And one, more lovely, borne within
The lake's unruffled bosom.

"Strength, imaged in the wooded hills,
A grand, primeval nature;
And beauty, mirrored in the lake,
A gentler, softer feature;
A perfect union, where no want
Upon the soul is pressing;
Like manly power and female grace
Made one by bridal blessing."

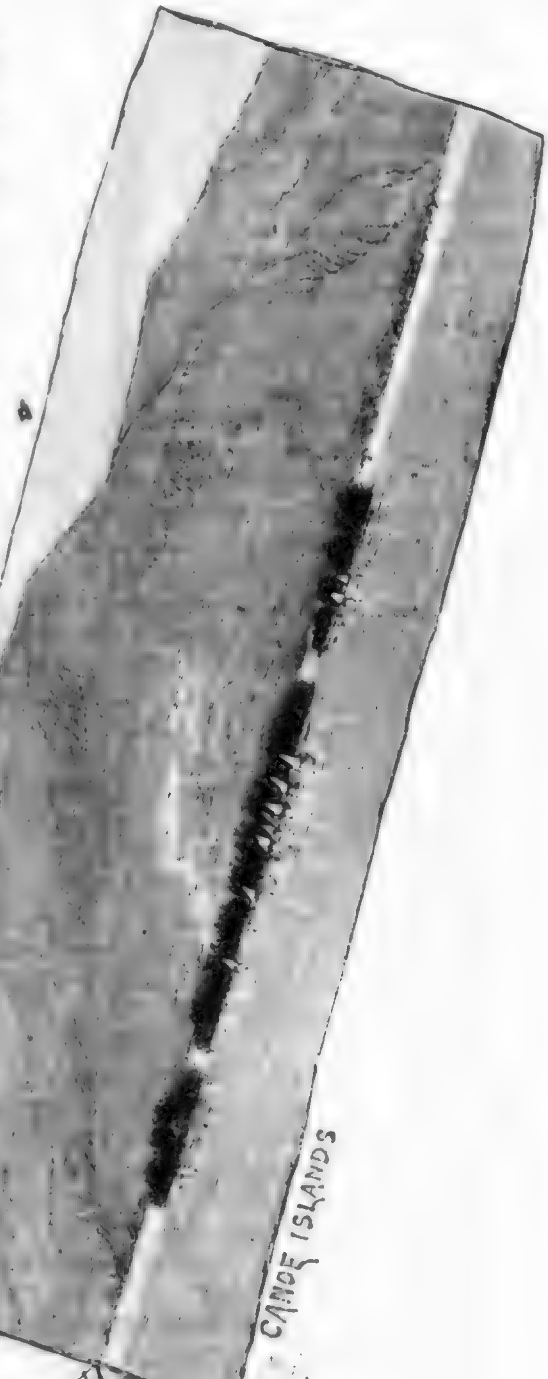
FAMILY LIKENESSES.—Southey, in a letter to Sir Egerton Brydges, says: "Did you ever observe how old age brings out family likenesses which, having been kept as it were in abeyance, while the passions and business of the world engrossed the parties, come forth again in age (as in infancy), the features settling into their primary characters before dissolution? I have seen some affecting instances of this; brother and sister, than whom no two persons in middle life could have been more unlike in countenance and character, becoming like as twins at last. I now see my father's lineaments in the looking-glass where they never used to appear."

A MAN who can be flattered is not necessarily a fool, but you can always make one of him.

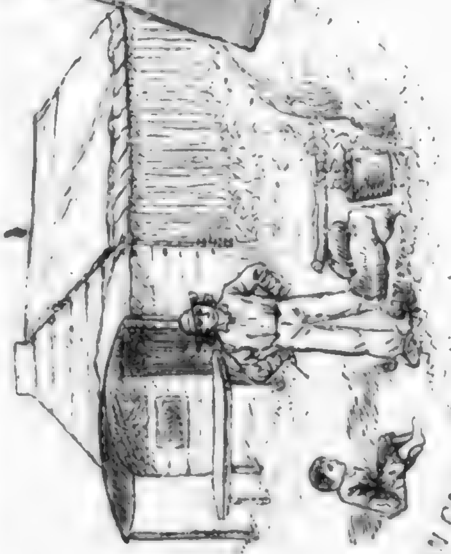
XIIM



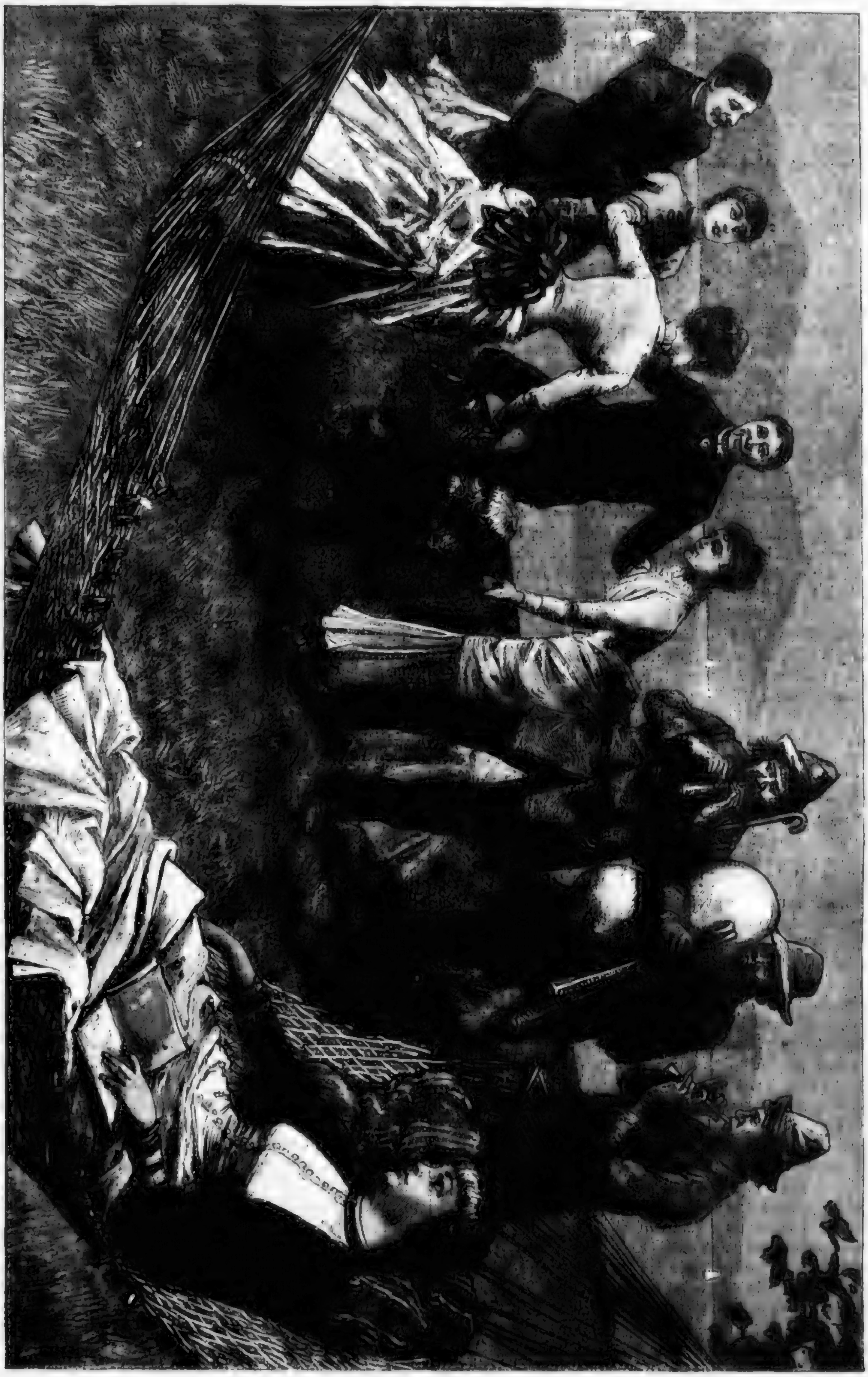
THE LAKE FROM SACAMORE BRIDGE



CANOE ISLANDS



INDIAN CAMP



SUMMER SAUNTERINGS ALONG LAKE GEORGE.—A DANCE TO THE MUSIC OF STROLLING PLAYERS.—SEE PAGE 407.

XUM

WANTED, A NOVELTY.

LONG ago was it declared, "There is no new thing under the sun," and the sentence is one of the most familiar and oft-quoted, because its truth is so frequently brought home to us.

Every now and then, when we read in the newspapers of some wonderful mechanical invention, or unexpected development of science, we hug to ourselves the idea that at last we are in possession of a novelty—and a wonderful one to boot; but, as a matter of fact, we have as yet, rarely—if at all—hit on anything that has not been at least thought of and striven for before.

When the "Art of Flying" shall be at last attained, it will be no novelty to the unfortunate inventor immortalized in the "Mark of Cain"; and if people only hunt up the authorities on the subject—and a capital list is given in the book—they will see in the successful flying machine quite an old idea to which success was long denied. In the same way the wonders of our nineteenth century are all children of a past period.

We unite in hailing the electric telegraph as the wonder of the age; but the idea is as old as 1637, at least. Scherwenter, in his "Délassements Physico-Mathématiques," published in that year, explains how two individuals can communicate with each other by means of the magnetic needle. In 1746 Le Monnier, by a series of experiments in the Royal Gardens in Paris, showed how electricity could be transmitted through iron wire, 950 fathoms in length; and in 1753 there is a remarkable description of the electric telegraph in the *Scots Magazine*, in an article entitled "An Expeditious Method of Conveying Intelligence," by Charles Marshall. In 1774 we find an electric telegraph in full working order, and capable of transmitting messages. This was the invention of George Louis Lesage, Professor of Mathematics at Geneva, who announced it in 1760, so fully assured was he of successfully carrying out his idea. His instrument was composed of twenty-four metallic wires, separate from each other, and inclosed in a non-conducting substance. Each wire ended in a stalk, mounted with a little ball of elder-wood, suspended by a silk thread. When a stream of electricity, no matter how slight, was sent through the wire, the elder ball at the end was repelled, such movement designating some letter of the alphabet. A few years later, in Arthur Young's "Travels in France," we read of a similar machine, the invention of a M. Lomond, of Paris.

Photography is making such rapid strides that we are almost inclined to believe it a novelty; the beautiful pictures we now obtain by its aid in the hands of accomplished artists are so superior to the daubs that satisfied our grandfathers. But the photography of the present is, after all, only a skillful development of a very old idea. Sun-painting by the daguerreotype was known to Leonardo da Vinci in the fifteenth century. The art then lay in oblivion till 1760, when it was clearly indicated in a book published in Paris, entitled "Giphantie," written by Tiphanie de la Roche. Josiah Wedgwood, Sir Humphry Davy, and James Watt made experiments on the action of light upon nitrate of silver at the beginning of the present century, and that their efforts were attended with some success is proved by the fact that many years afterward, amongst the old household lumber of Watt's partner, Mathew Boulton, was found a representation of the old premises at Soho on a silvered copper-plate, apparently taken by some such process.

We often hear the Thames Tunnel cited as an example of the wonderful genius of modern engineering, but the tunnel under the Euphrates at ancient Babylon was equally wonderful, and that under the wide mouth of the harbor at Marseilles was a far greater enterprise, while both these ancient works were as skillfully executed as the modern.

In the Museum of the Arsenal at Venice there are numerous firearms of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries that forestall many of our most recent improvements, such as revolving pistols, rifled muskets, and breech-loading cannon. The latter, which, as Sir William Armstrong's, may be considered quite a modern idea, strange to say had been fished up from the Adriatic, where the ship that had carried it had been sunk some hundreds of years. Perkins's steam-gun was an old invention revived by Leonardo da Vinci, and by him attributed to Archimedes.

Steam locomotion by sea and land had always been a dream of scientists. As early as 1543 Blasco de Garay tried to accomplish it in the harbor of Barcelona. Denis Papin made a similar attempt at Cassel in 1707. But it was not till the problem of the steam-engine had been solved by Watt that the idea of steam locomotion could be put in practice. Inventors have frequently been unsuccessful by not discovering exactly where they fail, and consequently directing their energies to the wrong points; just as Arkwright would have failed with his spinning-machine because he could not get his valves to the required thickness. And, after all, nothing was wanted except to chalk them; but he had to part with half his profits for the slight but all-important information. Though Denis Papin was unsuccessful in his attempt to effect steam locomotion, to him is due the credit of having first thrown out the idea of atmospheric locomotion; and another Frenchman, Gauthey, in 1782, projected a method of conveying parcels and merchandise similar to the now familiar pneumatic tube.

The reaping-machine, even, is an old invention. Barnabe Googe, in a book translated from the German, entitled "The Whole Arte of Husbandrie," published in 1577, speaks of it as a worn-out invention—a thing "which was woont to be used in France. The device was a lowe kinde of carre with a couple of wheeles, and the frunt armed with sharp syckles, whiche, forced by the beaste through the corne, did cut down al before it. This tricke might be used in levell and champion countreys, but with us it wolde make but ill-favored woorke."

Even in medical science many of what we consider new methods are only old ones revived. The Romans regularly practiced hydropathy, and established baths wherever they went. The employment of anæsthetics is also a revival. The use of ether as an anæsthetic was known to Albertus Magnus in the thirteenth century, and in his works he gives directions for its preparation. In 1681 Denis Papin published his "Traité des Opérations sans Douleur," showing that he had discovered methods of deadening pain. But anæsthetics were known to the ancients, who had their nepenthe and mandragora, while the Chinese had their mayo, and the Egyptians their hachisch—both preparations of Cannabis Indica, and somewhat similar in effect to chloroform.

Gunpowder was known to the Romans, though they only used it for fireworks; and in one particular we are, as yet, behind, for the secret of the terrible and destructive Greek fire has been lost altogether.

Suspension bridges—comparatively new to us—were known in China for centuries; and the people of the same country used coal-gas regularly for lighting purposes long before we did.

These are facts easily ascertainable by slight historical research, but it is possible that they will come as a rude awakening to some who scan them, and who have religiously hugged to themselves the belief that they live in the most wonderful age that has yet dawned on civilization.

"To-day" certainly is better and more comfortable than the "good old times," but it is only a question of progress. It is probable that man's powers have a limit beyond which they cannot go, and a common basis from which in all times they have sprung. The man of to-day is not cleverer than his ancestors, but he has the benefit of the experience of mankind in the past centuries, and he starts from school or college with all that they possessed at his finger's ends, and ever ready for reference in the nearest library, in so far as history is concerned.

THE BESIEGED CITY.

Why are the city streets so still?
And faces, why so wan?
There is no voice of child at play,
No hopeful step of man.

The feeble faint beside the way,
And some sad women weep;
And here and there, with looks of fear,
The aged slowly creep.

Oh, know you not why women weep,
And children cease their play?
And why men look so gaunt and wan,
And age stoops low to-day?

Ah, me! there lurks an armèd foe
Without the city gates;
And, sadder yet, at each home-door,
Relentless famine waits.

Oh, well for those around whose homes
Flows not the tide of war!
Oh, well for those who only fear
Its echoes from afar!

Oh, happy boys and happy girls,
Thank God on bended knee
For this your fair and pleasant land,
Wherein your thriving cities stand,
From sea to utmost sea!

BETWEEN TWO FIRES.

By Francis B. Currie.

There is an air of exceeding discomfort on board the steamer *en route* from Savannah to New York. In the cabin a dozen men and as many women grumbled discontentedly, because of the miserable atmospheric dampness which penetrated to all the corners of the room.

It was late at night, and the steamer was plowing its way through a dense fog. There was little said among the passengers, for the bad weather had rendered them low-spirited, and the ceaseless splashing of the huge paddle-wheels and the dismal shrieking of the fog-whistle were the only sounds to be heard.

A gentleman who was evidently accepting his discomforts more philosophically than his fellow-passengers left the *salon* and strolled out on deck to look at the night. He was a man whose age might have been thirty-eight years. He was above the average height and might have easily balanced the scales at one hundred and seventy pounds. His features were strong—even handsome—and his hair was prematurely iron-gray. He was named Kenneth Ward, and was a lawyer of some distinction.

He found the deck insufficiently lighted, and, after leaving the glaring lights of the *salon*, the darkness was bewildering.

To Mr. Ward's eyes, unaccustomed as they were to the night, the water and fog were like ink.

He could see no lights along the coast; not a star was visible. He would have gone indoor at once if something a little out of the common routine of life had not transpired. He was groping his way back to the door, through a labyrinth of camp-chairs, when he unwittingly grasped a hand. It was instantly—I might say indignantly—withdrawn; but, in spite of his astonishment, he realized that it was a woman's.

"I ask your pardon," he said, beginning to descry an object, which, after resembling some of the deck furniture, gradually resolved into the shape of a woman. "I have just left the cabin, and can see nothing in this sudden darkness."

"I understand," she answered.

Even now he could not see her sufficiently well to judge if she was young or old, but he was aware that she had answered him with an effort at self-command which had partly failed. Her voice had trembled perceptibly. He was unable to decide whether she was trying to control a laugh at his expense or was tremulous from a recent spell of crying; for, curiously enough, mirth and grief are often betrayed by the self-same signs.

He would have gone on his way if she had not spoken again.

"Are we traveling very fast?"

"No," said he; "the fog has detained us, and we are traveling very slowly indeed."

She gave a little cry which startled him by its tone of sorrow and impatience. He was uncomfortably conscious of having given her unwelcome news.

"If to-morrow is fair we may regain some of our lost time," he ventured to suggest. "This is considered a fast steamer when the elements are not against her."

"Thank you for the encouragement."

He was returning to the cabin when he observed that she also was moving in that direction. He held the door open for her, and their eyes met for an instant as she bowed her acknowledgment.

For sixteen years Kenneth Ward had been more callous to the gentler sex than most men, yet it must be confessed that this woman made a lasting impression on his mind.

She was about twenty-three years old, and obviously had been crying, for the undried tears were still upon her lashes. As the *salon* lights flashed full upon her, he realized that she was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen.

* * * * * *

Like most men who are indifferent to women, Kenneth Ward had a reason for his apathy. When he was twenty years old, it had been his misfortune to fall in love with a young lady of equally tender years, named Carrie Vere, and he had courted her with all the ardor of a young Lothair.

He had been an indigent law-student at the time, and unable to support himself, to say nothing of providing for a wife with Carrie Vere's expensive tastes. Still, with that impracticable faith in chance which is so natural to youth, he proposed marriage to the girl he loved.

It happened that Carrie was wiser in her generation than he. She was rather fond of her handsome young lover, but she was fonder of money than of him. She finally demonstrated the hopelessness of his suit by marrying her cousin, Richard Vere, a man old enough to be her father, and rich enough to gratify every wish of her unsentimental heart.

It is quite possible that Kenneth Ward had Carrie Vere to thank for his success in his profession. After her marriage he had plunged into his studies with a determination to forget her. Doubtless his devotion to his work at this time in his life was the secret of his subsequent success. At all events, not many years had elapsed before he stood among the foremost in his profession, with an income which would have satisfied even Carrie Vere.

He had been in New York a few days, after his visit to Savannah, when he heard from Mrs. Vere for the first time in over sixteen years. She wrote, asking him to visit her, and stating briefly that she was in need of legal advice. He decided, against his inclination, to see her.

THE BESIEGED CITY.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 415.

She was nearly thirty-six years old, and had been a widow for two years when she sent for him; yet he found her little changed. Time deals lightly with people of her calm, unexcitable cast. She had seen none of the rough phases of life, but had lived in a conventional, refined atmosphere all her days. She was faultless in her dress and manner: and she was a passionless society woman, a veritable Lady Vere de Vere.

She may have been shocked to find her lover grown iron-gray and almost stout. (He was certainly a vigorous, wholesome fellow for one who had been crossed in love.) If she was surprised, she concealed her feelings admirably. She was entirely too well-bred to betray any emotion whatever.

"I am glad to see you," she said. "I am in some difficulty, and I am sure you can relieve me, if you will."

He begged her to believe he was entirely at her service.

Her case, as she stated it to him, was this: Her husband had been a remarkably eccentric man, but his wife considered his liking for a young girl named Faith Fordham the most unreasonable of all his whims. This girl, who was described to Kenneth Ward as "violent, ill-bred and annoying," so won the heart of Richard Vere, that he took her into his household and treated her as his adopted daughter. She had lived under his roof for seven years or more when he died.

Mrs. Vere remarked that his death altered the girl's prospects very materially, for he had neglected to make a will, and his wife was his only living relative. Since Miss Fordham's presence in the house was distasteful to her, she had offered that young lady a liberal maintenance if she would go away. Although Miss Fordham's income was small, she had refused this offer, and had complicated matters by running away with some of the Vere family jewels.

Such was Carrie Vere's grievance, and she had sent for her old-time lover to help her out of her troubles. She followed the girl to New York, and knew where she was staying. Now something must be done to induce her to return the jewels.

"I want her frightened into returning my property," Mrs. Vere said, in conclusion; "but I desire no publicity given to the matter. If I can possibly avoid it I want no lawsuit. I must have the jewels at any cost, but before any violent action is taken, I want to try every possible means of getting them quietly."

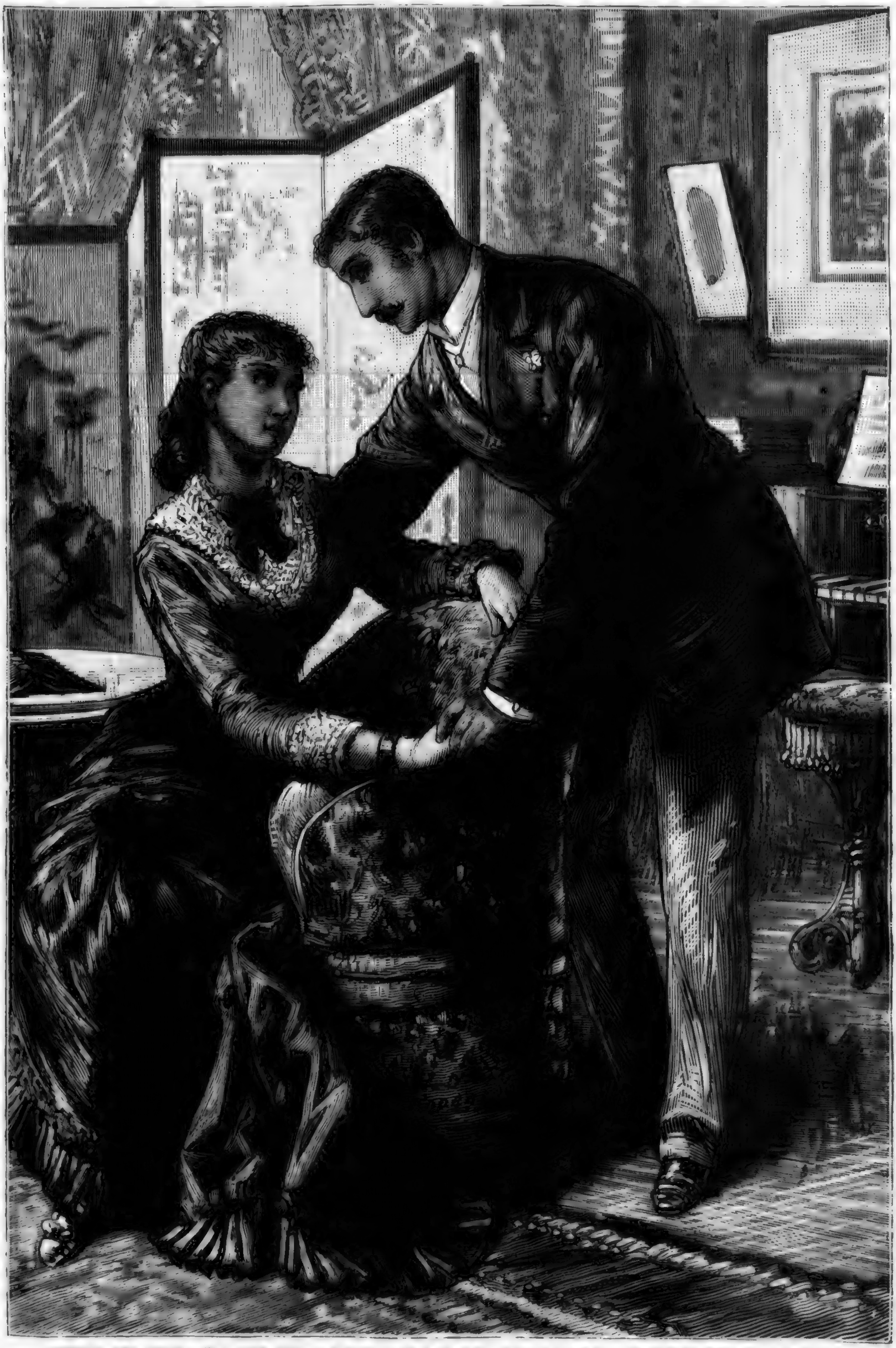
It occurred to Mr. Ward that his client was too lenient toward her antagonist; but he resolved to follow out Mrs. Vere's instructions, and to manage the very unpleasant affair as quietly as possible.

He went home that night, thinking better of Carrie Vere than he had thought for many years. Here was a woman who had offered to befriend a girl whom she disliked—a woman who, when wronged by her *protégée*, sought no revenge, and only desired the return of the stolen articles.

He formed a plan, simple enough, but which he thought might be successful. He smiled when he concocted it. He had noticed frequently, in the practice of his profession, what an inordinate fear many women have of any legal document served upon them.

A scrap of legal-cap paper, made formidable with seals and signatures, will frighten a woman when no amount of verbal threats would create in her the slightest mental disturbance. He had seen the ignorant classes of society treat a harmless subpœna as fearfully as though it were dynamite, and flatly refuse to have it within doors.

As Miss Fordham was described as being a rather crude



BETWEEN TWO FIRES.—"'I LOVE YOU,' SHE SAID, 'BUT I HAVE SUNK VERY DEEP INTO TROUBLED WATERS. I WOULD NOT DRAG YOU DOWN INTO SORROW AND DISGRACE WITH ME.'"—SEE PAGE 415.

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personage, he resolved to try to frighten her with a legal paper.

He drew it up in formal, legal phraseology, and with some care. It was an imperative demand that she should immediately return the jewels belonging to Mrs. Vere, and notifying her that if she refused to comply, then vigorous legal measures would be used to restore the property to its owner. The document was signed by Carrie Vere, and by her attorney, Kenneth Ward.

To give less publicity to the affair, Mr. Ward decided to serve this legal notice himself. He put the document in his pocket one afternoon, and went to call on his sweetheart's enemy.

It is a curious fact that few people can hear a description of a person's character without forming a mental picture of the physical appearance of the man or woman described.

Kenneth Ward fell into the common error, and while he waited in the drawing-room for Faith Fordham, imagined her to be a somewhat bold and flashy girl, without any outward semblance of refinement. And, of course, he was mistaken.

She came into the room so quietly that he was unaware of her presence until she addressed him.

He was a man of iron nerves, yet he started violently when he saw her. He realized then that she was not the underbred, uncouth girl he had conjured up in his mind, and she was the beautiful woman whom he had met on the Savannah steamer.

It would be impossible to describe his emotions. This woman then, with the truthful blue eyes and the queenly bearing, was the common thief whom he was to frighten into relinquishing her booty! It would be hard to approach her on such a subject.

He adopted a quiet, professional manner toward her, and acquainted her with his business. He had come to confer with her about the jewels, he said. There seemed to be some misunderstanding about the ownership of them. He was Mrs. Vere's attorney, Kenneth Ward, and he hoped to aid them in making some satisfactory settlement of the affair.

She listened to him, while her manner was in striking contrast with Carrie Vere's collected bearing. At the mention of her antagonist's name she was visibly excited. She answered Mr. Ward without reflecting for an instant.

"I will never return the jewels," she said; "never—never!"

"Think what an unpleasant circumstance you would avert by so doing," he reasoned. "Mrs. Vere is a determined woman, and means to secure those jewels at any cost. Are a few trinkets worth the publicity, trouble and excitement which her action may create? Will they not be more trouble to you than they are worth?"

"No," she said, passionately. "They are worth more to me than anything else in the wide world. I will keep them in spite of all opposition, and although she engages ten thousand lawyers to prosecute me."

He would have smiled inwardly at her extravagance had her suffering been less real. She was flushed and palpitating with emotion, and her nature seemed almost volcanic in its intensity.

He began to think there was more in the case than he had at first supposed.

He took out the document which he had drawn up for the occasion. Somehow, he now wished it had been couched in less severe terms.

"It is my painful duty, then, to serve this paper upon you," he said. "I must have your final answer."

She read it through quickly, but evidently clearly understanding its purport.

Her excitement increased while she read, and he knew it; for she was a woman with a delicate, nervous organization and a passionate, tell-tale face; but he also knew that not a line or syllable in his legal notice had caused her one throb of fear.

She stood in her womanly beauty and weakness, quivering and shaking with emotion, but as fearless as though she possessed the strength of Hercules.

"Do you still refuse?" he asked, gently. "Do you not think that, when you have consulted your attorney, he will advise you to meet Mrs. Vere and try to make some amicable settlement?"

"I shall never consult any lawyer," she told him, "and I will not compromise with Carrie Vere. Tell her I refuse—seriously and conscientiously—her most unreasonable and most unprincipled request."

He had completed his errand, and there was nothing left for him to do but to take his departure.

He had bowed gravely, and was on his way to the door, when she gave that peculiar little despairing cry which had won his sympathy on board the Savannah steamer. He stopped and looked back at her.

She was standing with her arms above her head, in an attitude which a tragedienne might have envied.

He stood an instant and regarded her. This willful girl, who had disappointed him by her indifference to his advice, was a curious study. He returned to her side, impelled by some influence too strong for resistance.

He did not know that when he turned to look at her he turned a serious point in his career; nor did he guess that the influence which was strong enough to impel him to recross the room would be sufficiently powerful to sway his whole passage through life.

"Do you believe," she asked, brokenly—"*can* you believe that I prize these things for their mere intrinsic value? Do you think that I have—stolen them?"

He looked her full in the face, and her eyes met his fearlessly.

Carrie Vere had influenced his whole life for years, and yet she lost her power over him in an instant of time.

"No," he said, rather more impressively, perhaps, than the occasion demanded. "I am sure you were never guilty of a crime."

* * * * * *

Kenneth Ward went to see Mrs. Vere that day, after determining not to assist to prosecute Miss Fordham.

He was surprised at his own determination, and mentally upbraided himself for being infatuated by a woman's pretty face.

He had wished to be of service to Carrie Vere. Every man who has lived down his first resentment likes to be the magnanimous benefactor of the woman who has refused him. But Kenneth Ward was unwilling to aid Mrs. Vere at the cost of Faith Fordham. Although the girl had made no explanation of her conduct, he had a conviction that she *had* a reason for what she had done, and he wished he understood it.

He told Mrs. Vere what he had done, and how the notice had been received, but he omitted mentioning the little scene which had transpired just before he had left Miss Fordham; and, much to his client's calm surprise, he withdrew from all connection with the case.

He was relieved when he learned that Mrs. Vere's anger had abated, and that she did not intend for the present to act further in the matter.

He was a man who, in spite of his reserve with women, was a favorite, and whose acquaintance was large. He made use of this circumstance to obtain an introduction to Miss Fordham. She had awakened such an interest in him that he resolved to know her and to find out, if possible, what had actuated her to take the jewels.

He had a difficult task before him. A person accused of a misdemeanor is not likely to take kindly to the lawyer who assists in making the accusation.

At first she avoided him, but they met frequently during the Winter, and in time her coldness of manner melted away.

Still, after knowing her for several months, he had to acknowledge to himself that he was no nearer solving the mystery of the jewels than he was at the beginning of their acquaintance.

Carrie Vere was a deliberate woman, who seldom allowed her plans to be interfered with. If any one could have probed through her cold exterior when she married her cousin, Richard Vere, he might have discovered in her a vein of sentiment, the existence of which had never been suspected.

Even matter-of-fact society women have their sentimental weakness, and Carrie Vere had hers.

If she could have afforded it, she would have married Kenneth Ward. She had sentiment enough to lie awake nights and wish Richard Vere's fortune could be transferred to young Ward, but not enough to consent to subsist upon nothing at all.

For years she had been aware that Kenneth Ward had paid no marked attention to any other woman than herself, and she had thought complacently of this fact. She also realized that both he and she were rich enough to marry whom they chose. Time had greatly changed him, but she thought, dispassionately, that it had also improved him. In her collected, logical mind she came to understand that there was at last no impediment in the way of her marriage with him.

She was, therefore, not pleased when she learned of his constant attentions to Miss Fordham. He had expressed indignation at the treatment Carrie Vere had received at this girl's hands, and yet he was known to be constantly in company with the person he had criticised. He was called away to Canada for a month, and while he was gone Mrs. Vere brought matters to a crisis. She began her suit against Faith Fordham.

The papers were full of the affair when he reached home again. It had become universally known that a lady had been the gracious benefactress of a beautiful, unprincipled girl, named Faith Fordham; and it was equally well known that the latter had robbed the beneficent Mrs. Vere of some family jewels, and evinced no disposition to return them.

Kenneth Ward had seen no newspapers during his visit to Canada, and read the account of Mrs. Vere's suit on the train, *en route* for home. So far as he could judge by the sensational and imperfect reports of the affair, Miss Fordham had made no formal defense. She had simply reiterated that the jewels were hers, but she had done nothing to prove her alleged ownership, and she had not engaged the services of any lawyer to defend her.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, as he read the account, "she must be mad. Why, in the name of reason, does she not explain?"

He resolved to see her and urge her to defend herself. He was not now Carrie Vere's attorney, and he could do this with impunity.

He found her at the house where he had served the legal notice. She was paler than usual and his presence visibly affected her unpleasantly.

"Have you come again from Mrs. Vere to ask me to compromise?" she asked. "If so, I beg you will spare yourself the trouble, for I will never consent to her wishes."

Mrs. Vere has no need to ask for compromises," he said, quietly. "She knows that you have lost your suit by your silence. Unless you give some proof that the jewels are yours, she can take them all."

"And have you come here to taunt me with my helplessness? Are not Carrie Vere and one lawyer sufficient? Do you take pleasure in reminding me that you, too, consider me an ingrate and a thief?"

She had hurled the questions at him in quick succession. She was fairly aroused to the indignities from which she suffered. He wished to excite her so that she would forget her reserve and tell the truth.

"I wish to warn you of your danger," he said. "You have gone into court and declared the jewels are yours, and they are known to have been in Richard Vere's possession for years. You have given no proof of his having presented them to you, and can you not see the inevitable result? Mrs. Vere will win her suit, and you will be disgraced."

She sank down upon a chair and covered her face with her hands.

"They are *mine*," she said, "and I must lose them and my good name because I *cannot* explain!"

She had lost her impetuosity now, and her voice was mournful in the extreme.

"You were Mrs. Vere's attorney, and are doubtless one of her advisers, and yet at one time you said you did not believe me capable of crime. I am sorry I had to lose the charitable opinion you then had of me. It hurts me to know what you believe."

He could not persecute her any further. He lost his caution in an instant. He went over to her side and spoke to her—his voice broken with strong emotion.

"I have wanted you to defend yourself—to let the world know that you are good, and not what your accuser says of you. If you cannot explain, as you say, know that in my eyes you need no defense beyond what I read in your true face. If you value my good opinion, know also that you have never for one instant lost it. Without needing proof or argument, I believe in you so implicitly that I wish to support you in your defense, not as your lawyer alone, but as your husband. I wish to vindicate the woman I love—the woman I would make my wife."

She made no answer, but there was something in her mute figure which expressed attention at least.

He continued his story:

"Do you believe I am here to persecute you? Do you think I could know you all these months and believe you guilty of what you are accused? Oh, my love! you have thought me one of your enemies; and yet I would rather live disgraced and shunned by the whole world so long as I am with you than to live without you in the highest station which this life can give."

She was not a society woman. At twenty-three she was less worldly-wise than Carrie Vere had been at sixteen years of age. She loved this man who offered his love and protection in the hour of her great need, and I believe she never once thought of the social advantage she would derive by marrying him. She ventured to look up into his face; her own was warm and sweet, and was wet with happy tears.

"I love you," she said, "but I have sunk very deep into troubled waters. I would not drag you down into sorrow and disgrace with me."

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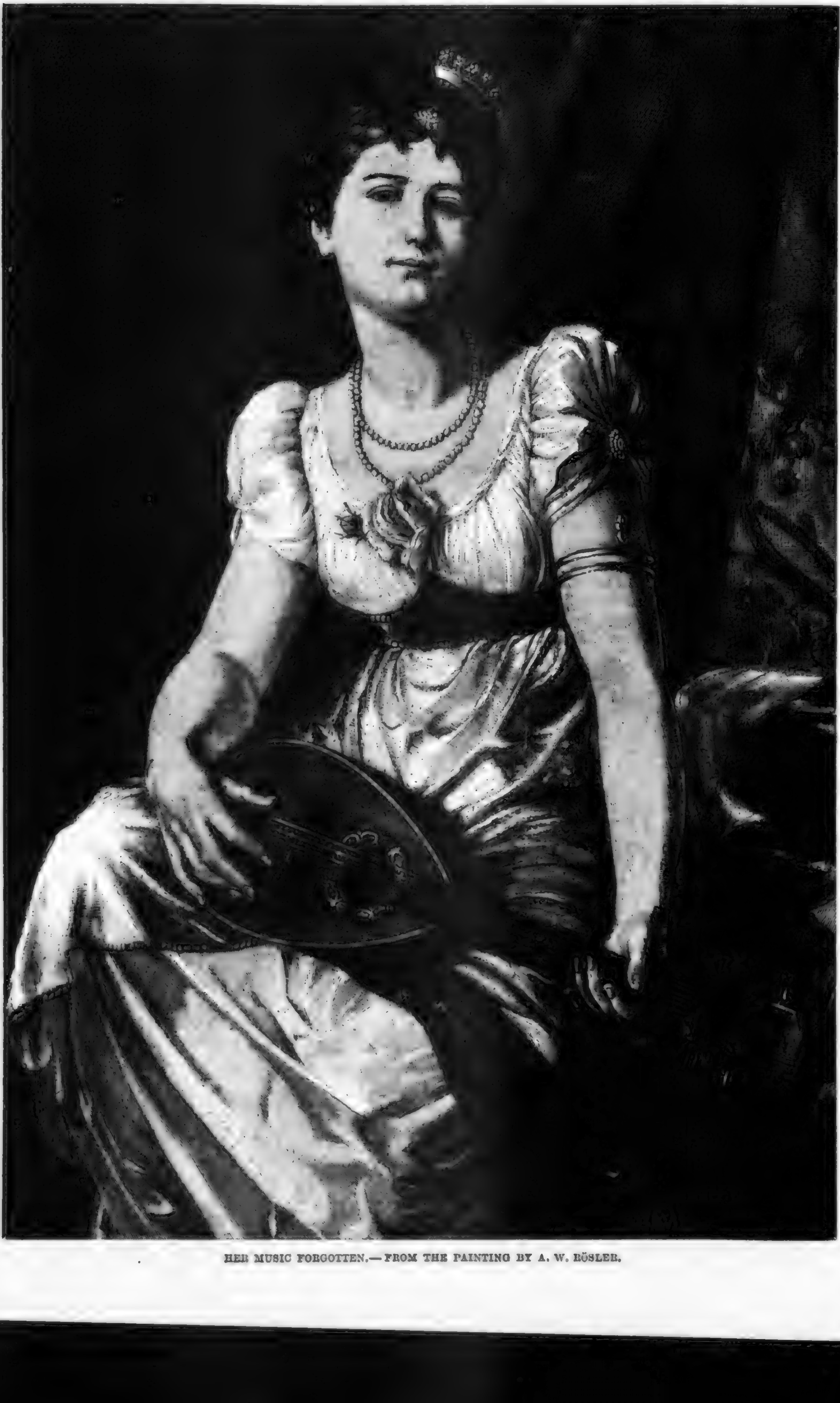

HER MUSIC FORGOTTEN.—FROM THE PAINTING BY A. W. RÖSLER.

XUM

He bent down, and, lifting her to her feet, held her at his side.

"This is your place," he told her, "and here I will hold you while I live."

* * * * * *

Kenneth Ward met Mrs. Vere next day. He called on her at her house and she received him graciously. His own manner was cold.

"I have a letter from Richard Vere to Faith Fordham, which I wish to read to you," he told her, "for it concerns you deeply, and will certainly influence you to withdraw your suit."

If she was surprised, she made no sign beyond the severe compression of her lips. She resigned herself to listen to the letter, which ran as follows:

"You have asked me to tell you your mother's story, and to give you her marriage certificate and the trinkets which she valued. The jewels are yours by inheritance, and I send them and the certificate by this letter. I hesitated at first about the certificate. I have kept it hidden so long that it has come to be one of my daily cares, one which I would not intrust to any one excepting my daughter.

"I met Faith Fordham, your mother, in Switzerland. I was a young man then, and she a mere girl. She was very beautiful. You have her name, and I am thankful when I see how much you are like her. The nearest approach to happiness that I ever feel is when I look into my daughter's face, and see her mother's eyes looking at me through our child's.

"We were married secretly, for every one was opposed to our union. She was 'too young to know her mind,' the sages said. The certificate will tell you the day and hour of our marriage, and who pronounced us man and wife, and who witnessed the ceremony.

"We traveled — my sweet wife and I. We saw France and Italy together. We were like two children out for a pleasure-trip, our happiness was so unruffled and so exquisite. Then we spent a Winter in Rome; and in the Spring you were born, but your mother died.

"My child, can you imagine how I have missed her? I never told a living soul what I suffered or what I had lost. I could not endure having any human creature attempt consolation. I hate the cant that is used about our 'afflictions being sent for some wise purpose.' There could be no wisdom in killing a creature so endeared to me by every human tie—one so loved and so loving. I am as unresigned to her death now as I was on the day when your eyes opened to the light, and hers were closed to it for ever.

"She had a childish pleasure in knowing that so few people knew of our happiness. She frequently said that it gave her pleasure to know that we were not discussed and commented upon like the average bride and groom. No one criticised our wedding finery, for we had none. We were surrounded by strangers, and were absolutely alone in our supreme happiness.

"After her death I resolved to continue to keep this secret. No one should discuss my dead wife any more than they did the living one. I would lock this brief history of happiness away from every being, excepting the two who have a right to know it, my daughter and the woman I have since married, Carrie Vere.

"I told her, in order to explain the unsentimental relationship which must exist between her and me, and in order that you might have your just rights in case of my death. I am so jealous of my secret, however, that I have made you promise never to divulge the facts to any living soul, and I know you will keep your word.

"I send you your mother's jewels. When you wear her necklace, think how *she* valued it, and value it accordingly. Remember how I have held these jewels in my hands for hours at a time since her death, fancying I could feel her warm touch upon them still.

"She was happy in having her secret shared by me almost alone. Be true to her, and keep it for her still. There is only one emergency in which I would release you from your promise. If you marry, tell your husband everything. Give him your full faith, and try to have your married life as perfect as your mother's and mine. Your devoted father, "RICHARD VERE."

Kenneth Ward read every word of the letter, and, as he finished, he showed the certificate.

TROUT-FISHING IN THE MAINE LAKES.— TWIN POND. SEE PAGE 423.

"Are you ready to withdraw your suit and publicly acknowledge that Faith Fordham is your husband's daughter?" he asked; "or would you have this letter read in court?"

She had not yet entirely lost her self-possession.

"It would be no difficult matter to prove that to be the ridiculous composition of a crazy man. No one of sound mind would have written it."

"Perhaps not. But can you disprove the validity of this certificate? What will society think when it knows that you have been cognizant of the facts of the case, and yet have not given your husband's daughter her inheritance, and have even tried to rob her of her dead mother's jewels?"

"I offered her a livelihood, and she refused it."

She hesitated, bit her lips nervously, and continued:

"I begin to understand why you resigned my case. You had 'gone over to the enemy.' You are more zealous in her defense than you were in my service."

He smiled a peculiar, slow smile that betokened his deep content.

"I would be less than a man," he said, gravely, "if I were not zealous in my wife's defense."

She broke down at last.

"Have you married her?" she asked, hysterically—"married her, without knowing anything but what was ill of her?"

"I have known from the first that she was above suspicion. You knew her history, and believed she was in ignorance of it. She could not talk of her mother to her father's second wife. Her promise to her father had become a religion to her, and she kept it sacredly, in spite of your persecution. I am deeply thankful that Richard Vere wrote that last clause to his letter, and that I married Faith Fordham in time to save her from your malevolence."

"What are you going to do?"

Her lips were so dry that she could scarcely articulate.

"I am going to have you publicly admit that she is your husband's lawful heir, and innocent of all crime. My wife is more merciful than I, and pleads for you, or I think I would not be satisfied without a greater retribution for you. You will have her to thank that you are not disgraced as you wished her to be. It is now time to go to the court-house, where this matter must be settled to my wife's satisfaction."

She went with him, her pride completely broken; and her only remaining hope was in the mercy of the woman whom she had persecuted.

* * * * * *

He went home, a little later, to find his wife waiting for him. All the pallor had left her face again, and her eyes were like stars.

"The work is done," he said, "and we can go pleasuring. Where shall we go?"

She stood toying with the buttons of his coat, and did not answer.

"How do you know that I did not marry you to get out of my difficulty?" she asked.

"Because you would have considered that a greater sin than to break your promise, and because I know you love me, my wife."

THE BLUE MOUNTAINS OF NEW SOUTH WALES.

LET us imagine ourselves starting on a fresh morning in September—early Spring—from a hotel 3,000 feet above the sea level, to visit the Kunimba Valley. There has been a slight frost during the night, and at this elevation the air is deliciously fresh and exhilarating after the heat and dust of Sydney. Opposite the hotel a "laughing jackass" is sitting motionless on a post. He is as large as a big rook, and, according to Mr. Froude, in "Oceana," has "the shape of a jay." He is more like a kingfisher in shape, though; and naturally so, for he *is* a kingfisher—*Dacelo gigas*, the great brown kingfisher, to wit. If we had not slept too soundly in the mountain air, we might about sunrise have heard his peculiar clamor—a low, gurgling chuckle, increasing gradually in tone till it ends in an obstreperous cachinnation, "mocking and malicious," as Mr. Froude says, such laughter as Gabriel Grub heard in the churchyard; but we are not likely to have another chance of hearing it until evening, as his risibility is not easily provoked, except at the beginning and end of the day. He has probably been sitting on the post for hours, and if not disturbed may sit there half the day, especially as the season is still too cold for the snakes he feeds on to leave their Winter quarters and entice him off his perch.

The sun is warm, but not hot or dazzling, and except for a few white patches, sailing slowly at a great height, the sky is still cloudless. There is little wind. We have only a quarter of a mile to walk, and our way lies through the brush. As we go, a king parrakeet, resplendent in scarlet and green, crosses the path, with the swerving, irresolute flight of his tribe; it is almost a question which is the brightest, the burnished green of his back and wings, or the flaming scarlet of his head and breast. He at least is of a green sufficiently vivid. It is too early in the year, however, for us to find many of the parrot tribe on the cold hills, and we meet with few living things.

A turn in the path shows an opening in the bush, and in a moment we are looking forward, fifteen miles across a valley 1,200 feet deep. A *valley* indeed! But like no other valley anywhere existing, save in poet's vision, or fable of eastern enchantment. Here is no "brae," sloping gently from the mountain crest to the bottom of the vale; the cliff on which we stand is absolutely perpendicular, and the vast tract below, except a few isolated hills in the far distance, is perfectly flat. It seems as though the land had sunk gently down in its integrity, bearing with it undisturbed the forest which for many a mile covers the whole broad bottom of the gulf, and leaving a stark precipice in the rent bosom of the earth. The forest below exactly resembles that in the shade of which we stand. Above, the trees grow thick to the very edge of the chasm; below, the branches brush the foot of the precipitous wall. Here and there a patch of grass, green with the moisture of rivulets that run unseen beneath the trees, smiles brightly in the sun. Straight across the valley, ten miles away, the brush becomes gradually less dense, and for several miles on this side of a bank of violet haze, fifteen miles distant, beyond which we cannot see, there is open pasture.

A white house, the dwelling-place of a squatter, lies just within the verge of the forest. The smoke of a gumwood fire issues from the roof and hangs aloft in an azure cloud. No other sign of human life appears. To the right, a quarter of a mile off, our view is blocked abruptly by a promontory which stands out several hundred yards further into the valley. If we could see beyond it, nothing would appear but the same level floor, covered with the same leafy carpet—so immense is the depth, that the forest scarcely seems more than a thick, yielding carpet—which stretches fifty miles, as we can see, and we know not how much further, on our left front. On this, the left side, we can follow the enormous escarpment, trending slightly forward from our point of view, for four or five miles. Its irregularity is wonderful. Everywhere perpendicular, it stands like some majestic coast, worn by the roll of Atlantic billows; its fretted covers flanked by jutting nesses; its sweeping bays "bastioned impregnably" by broad-fronted capes. Marvelous in proportion and outline, this stupendous curtain of rock astonishes almost as much by the boldness and singularity of its coloring. Whitish gray from the foot upward for four-fifths of its height, it is everywhere surmounted by a broad, even band, or continuous cornice, of a clouded rose-color.

In a degree striking even among the landscapes of a sunny clime, the scene is steeped in color. The deep blue sky, with its few fleecy, gleaming clouds; the vail of shimmering haze and sapphire wreath of smoke; the indigo gulf below, with its emerald glades (like patches on a green sea where sunbeams fall through rifts in an overshadowing cloud), on one side stretching to the furthest zone of vision, on the other bounded by the giant rampart with its battlement of coral—all combine to intoxicate, without satiating, the whole being, like a deep draught of wine "when it is red," in a suffusive libation of sumptuous color. Admiration falls faintly from the lips, or, hushed by the serene glory of the scene, remains unuttered. Many hours might we gaze, forgetting time and care, without any loss of delight or diminution of our wonder; nor could custom stale the joy, or daily familiarity by aught impair the exulting reverence which such a prospect would ever inspire.

We have left little space to describe another scene, not less impressive in its way, but different in many respects. In some, however, it is the same. It is another valley; it is a thousand feet deep, and its sides also are perpendicular. The cliffs, too, are colored exactly like those others; all the cliffs in the district, indeed, are so colored. The bottom of the valley, again, is flat, and covered, as in the other case, with thick forest. We will take our station at the end of this valley and survey it. The end where we stand is from half to three-quarters of a mile wide, and the sides, always about that distance apart, wind before us for seven or eight miles, until the view is closed by a sharper turn than the others. We stand on a large, flat rock, overhanging the abyss. We drop straight from the hand, without throwing it, a stone over the edge of the rock, and as we watch its accelerating fall, in a few seconds it disappears among the trees many yards from the base of the cliff. There is a small waterfall close by us, and there are several others along the head and sides of the valley; but not much water is now going over the cliffs. After rain they must add much to the beauty of the scene, which even now is supremely lovely. Right below us a line of tree-ferns, delightfully fresh and green, shows where the water from the nearest waterfall runs in a small, unseen rill. The trees at the bottom are seventy feet in height, yet they look like shrubs. The tree-ferns look like green stars. If we would descend into the valley, and reach the spot at our feet, we must make a circuit of twenty miles. The whole valley seems, and once may not impossibly have been, a noble fiord, raised by the gradual upheaval of the land until the ocean whose waves once laved its sides and filled its basin to a profound depth—a harbor for an imperial navy—was left many a league away, hoarsely mourning its primeval memories. Such is the scene to which the colonists, countenancing a terrible legend which tells that a bushranger, hard pressed by pursuing officers, preferred a self-inflicted death in the abyss to suffering the penalty of the law, have given the name of "Govett's Leap." But let us not turn away from these scenes of marvel and magnificence with a shocking or humiliating thought. The story is not true. Govett was no bushranger, nor did any one ever take that awful leap. He was a trusty Government official, who first accurately surveyed and mapped this labyrinthine district.

TROUT-FISHING IN THE MAINE LAKES.

By Mary Titcomb.

The famous chain of lakes known as the Rangeley or Richardson Lakes lie mainly in the counties of Franklin and Oxford, Maine. Umbagog, the lower lake of the chain, is, however, on the New Hampshire side of the line. Six lakes—Rangeley, or Oquassoc; Cupsuptic; Mooselucmaguntic, or the Great Lake; Molechunkamunk, or the Upper Richardson Lake; Welokennebacook, or the Lower Richardson Lake, and Umbagog—connected by streams, form a continuous line of water communication for about fifty miles.

There are two other lakes, not really belonging to the Rangeley chain, but connected with them—Parmanchenee, lying in a vast wilderness about seventy miles north of Umbagog, and accessible by the Magalloway River; and Kennebago, about fourteen miles north of Cupsuptic.

Along the shores of two or three of these lakes farmers have made some clearings and settlements; but the main portion is wild forest land, where nature remains in pristine beauty, undisturbed except by those who seek the region for fishing and hunting. Comfortable hotels and camps have been established at convenient points, and stage lines and steamers facilitate access without robbing the distance of its romantic and rugged character.

During the Summer and Autumn months the tide of travel turns strongly in the direction of the lake region. The eastward-bound cars show on every trip numerous amateur fishermen, thin and pale, it may be, from the wear and tear of city life, but fondly clasping a treasured fishing-rod, and joyous in anticipated sport and recreation. For what are more thoroughly curative to an over-wearied brain and body than forest breezes and fly-fishing?

Leaving New York by one of the Sound steamers, or by the night cars, you may reach Boston in season to breakfast, and take the morning train to Portland. Thence a ride of about eighty miles on the Maine Central Railroad brings you, at five o'clock in the afternoon, to the beautiful village of Farmington. Here you may stop at pleasure; but if your fishing-tackle is ready, and you are impatient for action, the open cars of the Sandy River Railroad (familiarly called the "Narrow Gauge") are all ready to start.

The car ride from Farmington to Phillips, nearly twenty miles, is most charming, especially toward the close of a summer's day. The broad, green intervals on the west, with the silvery Sandy River winding through them; the rich forests upon the opposite hillsides; the mountain-peaks—"Old Blue," Bald, Saddleback and Abraham—lifting their heads above their fellows; the bubbling brooks; the thrifty farm-houses, all make a sunlit landscape more picturesque than is often seen.

Phillips is nestled among mountains, an hour's drive only from the foot of "Old Blue," and abounds in trout-brooks. There you spend the night, the hotels affording good accommodations. You wake "bright and early" next morning, for there is something exhilarating in the fresh mountain air that begins to fill you with new life. Already you are *hungry*, an almost forgotten sensation. Having appeased your appetite by a bountiful breakfast, you pace the piazza with impatient steps until the four-seated mountain coach, with its fine, strong horses and skillful driver, appears. Then away for Rangeley Lakes!

It is a long twenty miles to "Rangeley City," but the coach is easy, the roads good, the horses accustomed to the hilly route. You are sure to have jolly fellow-passengers, and the wild grandeur of the surrounding country fills you with enthusiastic admiration. As you leave grand "Old Blue" a little behind, the Saddleback range, with its numerous peaks, rises in nearer, clearer view, and Mount Abraham looms up further toward the right. "Beech Hill," a spur of Saddleback, is a famous portion of the route, ascending which, high and higher, you at length reach a point in the roadway 2,500 feet above sea-level. Now a magnificent view bursts upon the sight. If you have wisely secured a seat by the driver and made friends with him, he will grow wonderfully communicative, and enlighten you about this wild region of country. Here are the Sandy River Ponds, whence rises the river of that name, and presently you come to Long Pond, a feeder of Rangeley Lake. Salmon trout live in these waters; but the stage don't stop to fish on the way!

Near the head of Rangeley Lake, about 1,500 feet above tide water, is a hotel and the landing, where any who wish may take the steamer for the trip through the lakes. A delightful excursion it is—the steamboats on the different lakes connecting, with, sometimes, short "carries" intervening—down Rangeley, touching at the

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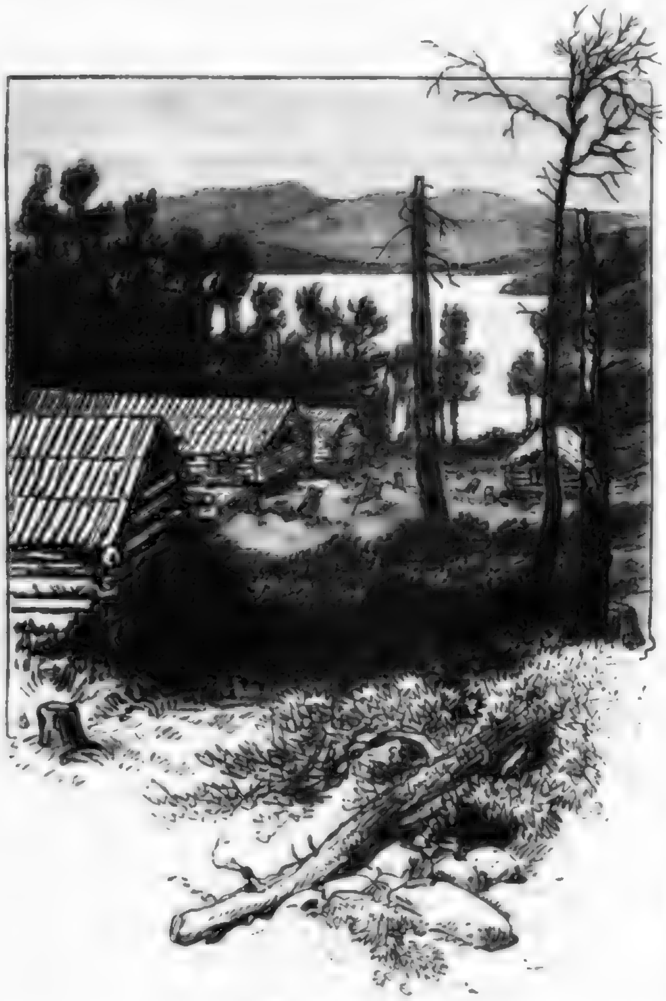


BIG ISLAND POND.

various landings from Indian Rock down the Oquossoc River, over Cupsuptic, Mooselucmaguntic, Molechunkamunk, and so on through the whole series. And all along, here and there, are "camps," and the waters are alive with trout.

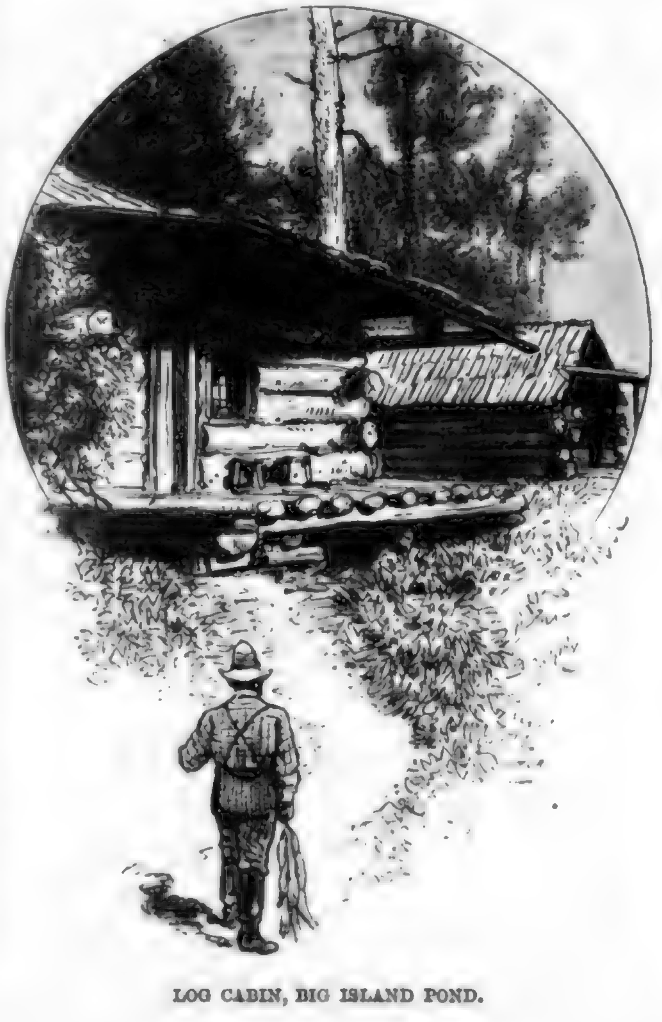
But the stage goes on to "Rangeley City," and there, while waiting for dinner, you may as well consider, if you have not already decided, which enticing fishing-ground shall be honored with your handsome bamboo rod. At any rate, if you are to "camp out" you should engage a guide familiar with localities, strong, willing and capable. He will have plenty to do. Luggage to carry, fires to build, trout to fry, coffee and cakes to make, besides leading the way through the wilderness.

Rangeley Lake is nine miles long by three wide, and the pretty hotels that peep out from its wooded shores only make it the more picturesque, and afford pleasant quarters for guests. Oquossoc Island is owned by private gentlemen. The grounds about Indian Rock, a famous old fishing-point, are leased by the Oquossoc Angling Association, composed chiefly of gentlemen from New York and Boston. Their clubhouse is commodious, and a fine building gives excellent accommodations for ladies and gentlemen. "Camps" for fishing and sporting parties extend all along the borders of the lakes down to Umbagog. Even Parmachenee, in the northwest corner of the State, has its "camps," hotels and guides; for trout flourish in its cold waters, and around it are the haunts of the deer and moose. To the north are numberless streams and ponds: that crowning gem among the lakes, Kennebago; Little Kennebago; the Seven Ponds—"seven" being most emphatically an indefinite number—while toward the east are the Dead River Ponds.

There is room for selection in these forest highlands where the Kennebec and Androscoggin take their rise. But, perhaps, having dined, you cannot do better than to take a mountain-wagon three or four miles to the beginning of the seven-mile path through the woods, which will bring you to Kennebago Lake. You can walk or ride horseback, either way is delightfully romantic, and you would be really sorry when the "Forest Retreat" at Kennebago suddenly comes into view, were you not as suddenly made conscious that you are as "hungry as a hunter." But even if you were famishing you could not refrain from lingering on the piazza to watch the sun sinking gloriously behind Mount Kennebago, and tingeing with golden shadows the rippling waters of the lake just at your feet.

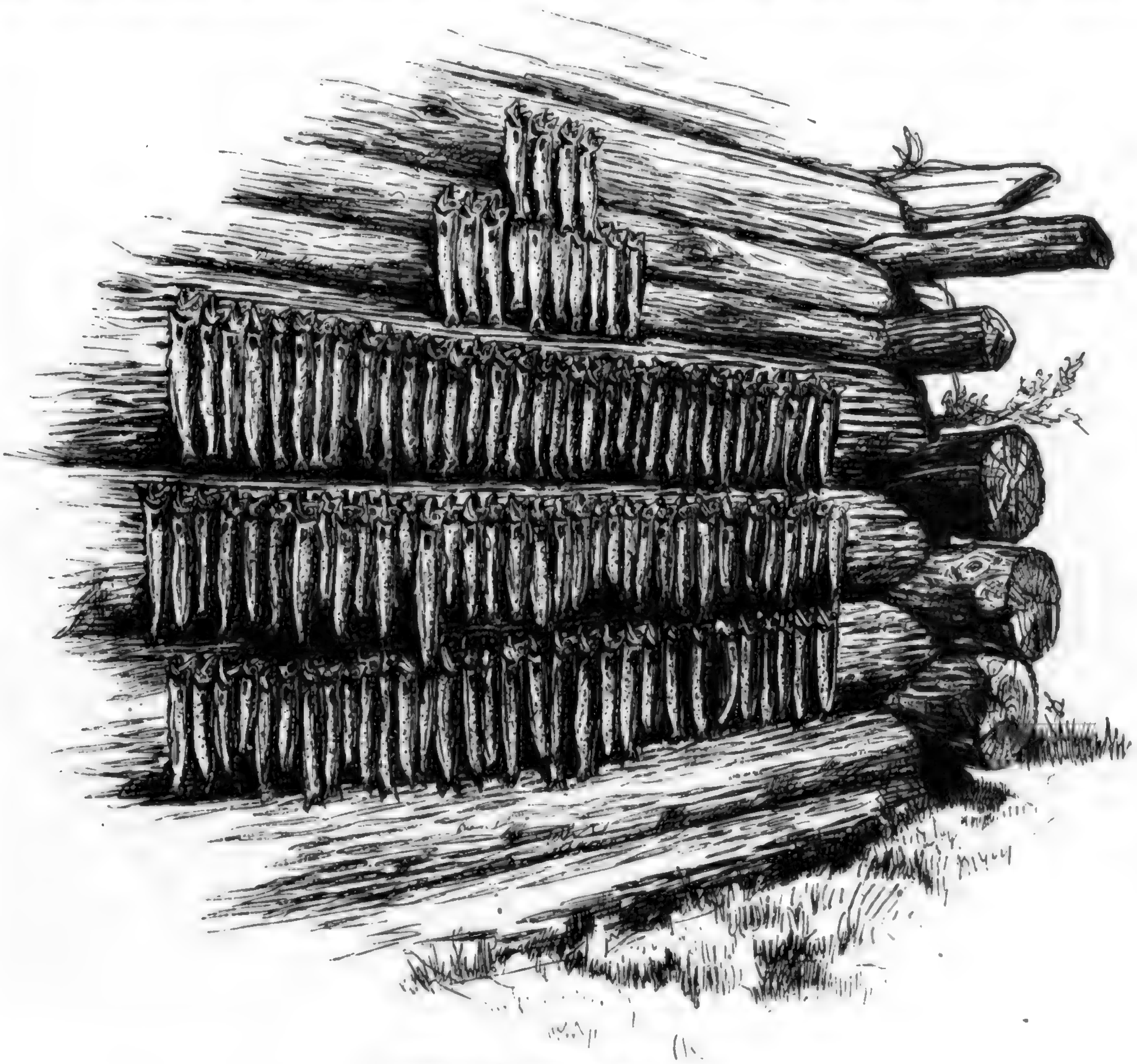
Supper, and plenty of fried trout; a sail by twilight; bed. This is a region where eating, breathing and sleeping become luxurious to the tired brain-worker long confined in the city. And for beauty of situation and abundance of trout and game it can scarcely be surpassed. But with your guide you can push on next day to "Little Kennebago," or the "Seven Ponds" district, tramping ten, twenty, thirty miles at pleasure; fishing or hunting by day, sleeping in camp by a huge fire at night, eating the most delicious trout, and growing hale and hearty, always finding a delightful resting-place at the head of Kennebago Lake awaiting your return.

We chanced, once on a time, not long ago, to have a chat with one of these amateur fishermen who was tarrying a day *en route* from the lakes back to New York—or rather, *he* chatted. He was literally bubbling over with vitality. A fortnight before he had gone into the forests, weary and worn, actually suffering for brain-rest. Having visited the lakes before, he knew the keen enjoyment and healing virtue of a fishing-tramp, and was eager to



LOG CABIN, BIG ISLAND POND.

breathe the pure air of the Maine highlands. So, equipped in regular camping-costume, from the tip of his canvas cap to the toe of his high, leather boots, with a full rubber suit in reserve, he had walked from Kennebago through the Seven Pond region, affectionately hugging his fishing-rod and gun, while he trusted to other hands a big bundle of wraps, canned soups, condensed milk, flour, coffee, etc. His old guide, faithful "John," had been engaged just eleven months before; so he knew he would be well-cared for, and had no anxiety on that point.



THREE DAYS' CATCH AT SEVEN PONDS.

The young man had grown brown amid the mountain breezes, and comparatively rugged during his two weeks' tramping; and was so overflowing with life and bounding spirits that he effervesced like a champagne-bottle; he couldn't hold in—he had to talk to let off the superabundant gas. A single inquiry, even a word, would start him off, and away he would go, like a windmill in a northwest gale:

"Oh, it is *glorious* at old Kennebago! *Tired?* Why I feel like another man. I've gained fourteen pounds since I left New York—almost a pound a day. No wonder; I ate about five pounds of trout a day—fact—not to mention 'flippers.' *Don't you know what 'flippers' are?* Then you don't know what's *good.* Well, John made them—in a pan. They are about twelve inches in diameter and half an inch thick, and I ate three of those, and a pound and a half of trout, at a meal, and drink a pint dipper-full of coffee—sometimes *two* dippers' full. You needn't laugh. One gets a terrific appetite in these woods. And didn't Charlie and I keep John cooking those 'flippers'! *Recipe?*—Well, some flour and water and baking-powder, that's all. They were *splendid! Shortening?*—No, not a bit—unless there's shortening in baking-powder—and they were first-rate! While John washed the dishes I always retired to the stump—had to—couldn't keep awake after eating. Charlie and I tried which could beat in eating. Well, I came out ahead every time but one. It is so good to feel *hungry!* And one gets ravenous, I tell you, when camping out something like three thousand feet above sea-level.

"*Black flies?*—Yes, about fourteen millions! *Troublesome?*—Not a bit. Just rub on the tar and oil—you don't feel it any when it's on—and they don't touch you. It's fun to look up and see a cloud of them about two feet above you, meandering around, but never coming nearer. It makes you feel *happy!* If one, by chance, ventures to light on you, away he goes buzz-zz-ing. Ah, he don't like it!

"But those 'Seven Pond' trout! They are just *magnificent!* Wish I could have brought out some of those big fellows to show around—just pulled 'em out by the

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dozen. Oh, yes; we put back the little ones—all we couldn't use—for *next year*, you know! I tell you, it is fine sport to haul out one of those three or four pounders. But big trout don't snap at every fly. *Game?*—Lots of it. 'Seven Ponds' is the very place for shooting—partridges, moose, deer, bears, *et cetera*. *We* didn't hunt much, though; the law is on till October, you know.

"Ah! but wasn't it cold some of those nights! *Blankets?* To be sure. John carried a hundred pounds of luggage, poor fellow! 'Twas too much. We had to leave some of our blankets at Kennebago, and borrowed from another camp. That last night at 'Seven Ponds' we had returned those borrowed blankets, and had only our own, and wasn't it cold! John cut half a cord of wood, more or less, and we burnt it all. About twelve o'clock *I* couldn't stand it any longer, so I got up, heated a board, and put it close up by the fire, laid down on it, and went to sleep. By-and-by one side of me got so hot it waked me up. Then I turned over and heated the other side. That was the coldest night! *Take cold?* No! Couldn't take cold up there! Of course you must have warm flannels; then, with rubber-cloth, blankets and a good fire, you can't well take cold in those pine woods. Oh! it's *delicious!*

"*Crowded?* Well, we heard when we got to Phillips that they were full at Kennebago, so we just got a single team and started for Rangeley a couple of hours ahead of the stage. Found they had given us a slow poke of a horse and no whip; but I had a ramrod! a hickory ramrod. So, says I to Charlie, 'You drive and I'll whip.' Tried to find a soft spot on the beast. Couldn't. Another private team appeared in the distance behind us—two good horses, but four people. We were two, and had the start, but an old horse. Found the only way to make the creature go was to fire off my revolver at frequent intervals! That waked him up—ha! ha! There was a slow team before us—a funeral procession or a bridal party—two men, two women in their laps, each woman holding a baby. Got by them. Fast party behind got by *us*. Then they stopped to shoot a loon; we shot by them—got into Rangeley first—ordered dinner *instanter*—hunted up John while it was cooking—set out for Kennebago while those other fellows were looking up guides—got there first, and so got rooms, all right."

And so the young man, brimful of spirits, rattled on, the words rolling from his lips as the babbling brook ripples over its pebbly bed, because it cannot help it. Yet he was a hard worker despite his fun and nonsense, and had not another day to spare from business.

"I'm off for New York in the morning," he said at length. Time's up. No more fun for me; must bone right down to office-work now. But 'tis glorious at old Kennebago and Seven Ponds! Next Summer I mean to spend a month in those woods, live on trout, and grow fat."

A LADY HARLEQUIN.

The following very curious advertisement appeared in a newspaper published in the year 1785: "A card to the gentlemen of the theatre: A lady that wishes much to appear on the stage in the character of a harlequin, but not knowing to whom to apply, takes this method to beg the assistance of any gentleman that hath interest to procure her a master that would take and instruct her for the same, without any other premium than the half of her salary for his trouble, which he may have for any term he pleases. The writer hath no objection to either the army, navy or counting-house, but would seriously prefer the being a harlequin, as the singularity of which seems to strike her fancy most, by reason, she presumes, that such a thing was never before attempted by any of her sex; therefore the favor of a line from a gentlem that may be generously inclined to assist her, withou unmeaning curiosity, will be esteemed an honor, and immediately answered by herself."

FAIR MORNING IS ON THE HARBOR.

By James H. Morse.

Fair morning is on the harbor,
And morning on the bay;
And the boats that were lying at anchor
Now silently steal away.

No wind in the sail to bear them—
They drift with the tide afar;
Till they enter the outer harbor,
And silently cross the bar.

It may be the skipper is sleeping,
He sits at the rudder so still;
It may be the skipper is thinking
Of his young wife on the hill.

She wastes no moment in sighing–
With day her labors begin;
Wide open she flings the shutters
To let the still sunshine in.

She pauses only an instant
To look at the steel-gray dew,
From that to the rosebush glances,
Where it sparkles fresh and new.

And down the slope to this harbor,
And over the harbor afar;
For her dear little heart with the skipper
Is just now crossing the bar.

"God bless her!" the skipper is saying.
"God bless him!" the wife returns;
Thus each for the other is praying,
While each for the other yearns.

A FRENCH JUGE DE PAIX.

The small proprietor in this part of France is always adding by purchase to his little domain—a plot here, a field there; and the limitations are difficult to settle. Sometimes the women squabble, and very stormy and often ludicrous scenes take place in this little Court of Justice. Village termagants are brought by each other before the judge, who, amid lively gesticulations and vociferated epithets, is obliged to decide which of the two is in the wrong. Hard as it is to administer justice in such cases, it is harder still to maintain gravity. No matter what happens, the Juge de Paix must remain solemnity itself. It is interesting to learn that the majesty of the law represented in his person is invariably respected. No matter how disorderly the offender or how violent the disputants, the simple "You can retire," of the Juge de Paix is sufficient. It is very rare, indeed, that the services of the gendarme are called in. What a study for an artist, this shrewd old farmer in blue blouse to-day pleading his own cause! The matter of dispute is a certain contract, and he is there to show that the other contracting party has failed in his obligation. His keen, vivacious eyes and weather-beaten face show extraordinary variety of expression. Now he gloats over the assurance that he has carried his point and convinced the judge. Now he exhibits a surprise almost withering at finding himself imperfectly understood. The ground is gone over again and again with renewed vehemence and animation, the judge and his coadjutors listening patiently. At last he is requested to listen in turn; the judge simply bidding him to appear with certain documents at the next sitting, when the verdict of the law will be awarded. With a parting burst of oratory delivered to the audience, and evidently sure of triumphing in the end, the picturesque old fellow takes his departure. The politeness testified on both sides at the *séances* is very pleasant to witness.

Next stand up two disputants who cannot agree about the boundary-marks of their respective possessions—one a grave, middle-aged man of few words; the other, young, smart, and ready to say on his own behalf all and more than the judge has time or patience to listen to. The affair is promptly disposed of; on that day fortnight, at eight o'clock in the morning, the two disputants are to appear with their title deeds on the contested border-land, and the rival claims will straightway be adjusted by the judge in person.

These instances will serve to illustrate the functions of a Juge de Paix, which are strictly defined. His mission, as defined by the Code, is to judge, conciliate and assist. Each canton has this rural magistrate, whose authority extends also over criminal cases up to a certain point. Thus, he can sentence offenders to short terms of imprisonment, and to fines not exceeding 200 francs ($40), the next stage in administration being the *Tribunal Correctionnel* of the *Arrondissement*. In cases of burglary, murder, suicide, accident or arson, the Juge de Paix is immediately summoned to the scene to investigate matters and take evidence. It is he, also, who sets the seals upon the papers of defunct persons; who represents the law at these "conseils de famille," or family conclaves, a useful institution, and, in fine, acts as mediator generally in matters of domestic as well as civic dispute.

The appointment of these rural magistrates is made by the state. The stipends are small, three or four thousand francs yearly, with a small retiring pension at sixty. Nor do honors and promotions await this humble interpreter of the law. He may rise to the first rank in this capacity, but higher he cannot go. Yet neither his modest position nor simple scale of life humiliate him in the eyes of his neighbors. Provided he fulfills his duty in an intelligent, amiable and conscientious spirit, he is universally respected. And if none of the brilliant prizes of life fall to his share, he at least can lead a quiet existence in the enjoyment of fireside happiness. No sunnier, peacefuller home have I seen in France than that of the Juge de Paix.

A QUAINT WEDDING GAME.

A SINGULAR marriage custom prevails amongst the French Canadians at Côté de Beaupré, north of Quebec. After the morning marriage service in the church, the bridal party make a tour of calls upon relatives and friends during the day, and then return again to church for vespers.

Before the evening dance at the bride's new home comes the supper. When the company rise from the table, the bride keeps her seat, and some one asks with great dignity:

"Why does madame wait? Is she so soon in bad grace?"

She replies:

"Somebody has stolen my slipper; I can't walk."

Then they carry her, chair and all, into the middle of the room, while a loud knocking announces a grotesque ragged vender of boots and shoes. He kneels before the slipperless bride, and tries on a long succession of old boots and shoes of every variety and size, until at last he finds her missing shoe. The groom redeems it for a good price, which is spent in treating the company. If the groom is not watchful, they steal her hat and cloak, which he redeems in the same way; and they have been known to steal the bride, for whom there must be liberal pay.

A WITTY REPLY.

A CERTAIN nobleman of wit and eminence, whose fatherland was *not* on the English side of the Irish Channel, sent a communication to a brother peer, well-advanced in life, with whom he chanced to have some business transactions, and who was at the time a resident in Dublin.

In reply he received an intimation that the matter in question could not receive his lordship's attention at present, in consequence of his approaching marriage and his departure within a day or two for Bray, where it was his intention to pass the honeymoon. In acknowledgment of the joyful news the following reply was sent: "My dear X.: "Pray make no apology. I congratulate you most heartily on the step you are about to take. It was quite unnecessary to add that you are *going to bray*. Yours very sincerely, Z."

A ROMANCE OF THE HOUSE OF BRUNSWICK.

IN the seventeenth century the House of Brunswick was divided into two branches, the head of one being Duke George, sovereign of Lunebourg. At his death he portioned his dominions among his sons, the eldest having the principalities of Zell and Lunebourg, and the second (George William) those of Hanover and Gottingen. There were other sons who need not be mentioned here. Duke George William fell deeply in love with a French lady, Mademoiselle Eléonore d'Olbreuse, who was maid of honor to the Princess of Tarente, and whom he met at times both in Germany and in Holland. Mademoiselle d'Olbreuse was herself of an old French family of repute, and being moreover possessed of amiable qualities, some of George William's most fastidious connections in the Brunswick family agreed that there should be celebrated a "morganatic" marriage. This accordingly took place; but in due time, the early affection between the couple continuing to subsist, a more formal ceremony superseded the "left-handed" one; and, when George William had, by the death of his elder brother, succeeded to the principality of Zell, the duchess thereof was a personage whom even Louis le Grand would address occasionally as "My cousin."

Mademoiselle d'Olbreuse, so introduced to the historic page, was by the course of events destined to be grandmother of two kings—the one, George II. of England; the other, Frederick II. of Prussia. Considering, as we now may, this remarkable streak of history, and the lines whence come the present heads both of Great Britain and of Germany, the reflective reader may be apt to think of the descendants of this lady's maid to a princess, as Macbeth did of the shadows before him, "Will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?" But much more of romance remains to be pointed out in this historical episode. In 1666, Eléonore d'Olbreuse gave birth to a daughter, who was named Sophia Dorothea,

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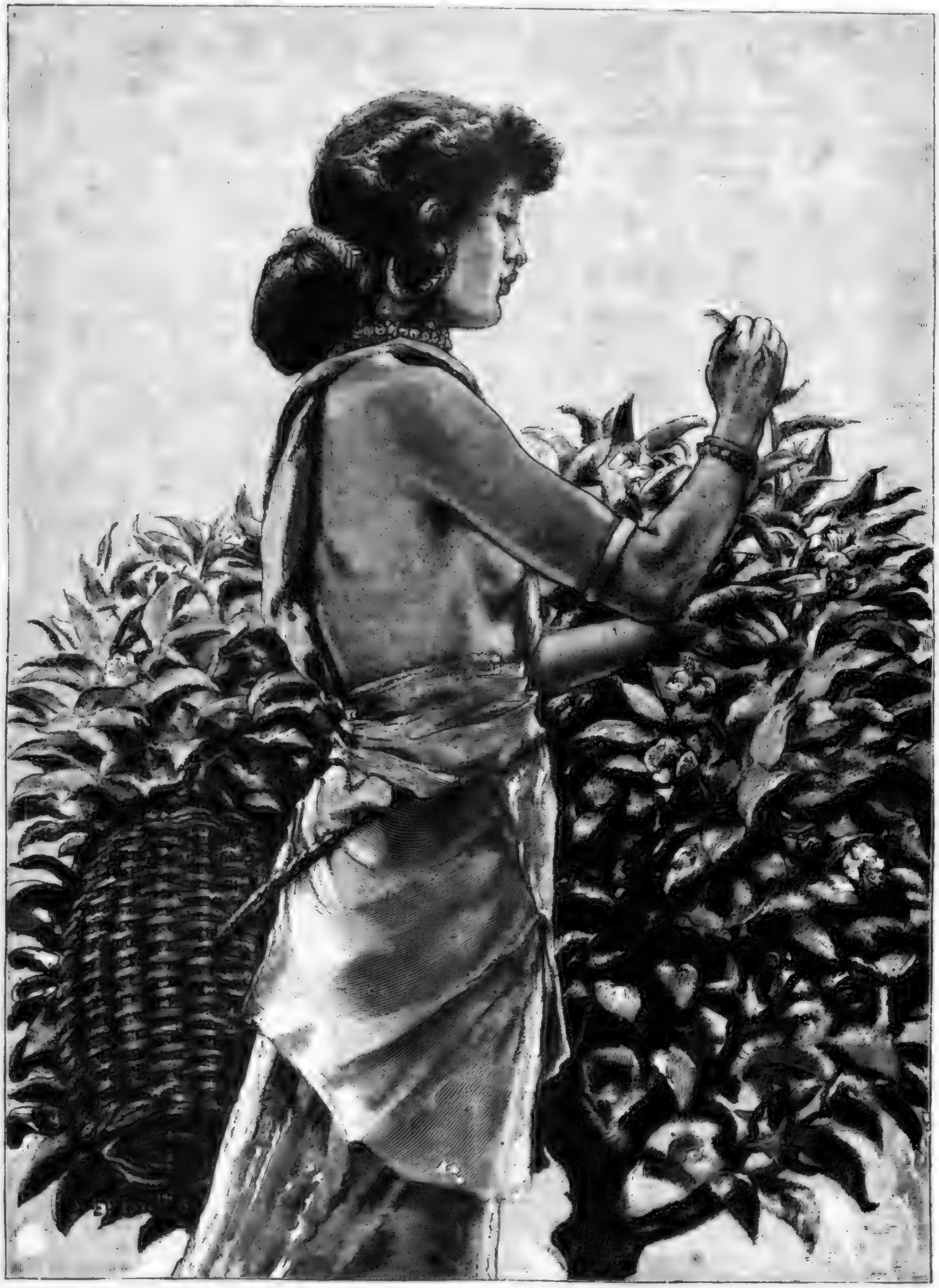
and was married in 1682 to her cousin George Louis, electoral Prince of Hanover. She was now Princess of Zell, by the more formal union of her parents, after the "morganatic" ceremony. The electoral prince eventually came to the throne of England as George I., and the son of Sophia Dorothea succeeded to the crown of Great Britain as George II. But the married life of Sophia Dorothea had been a very unhappy one. She was neglected by her husband, and had enemies at court, who appear to have laid a trap for her; and on the visit to

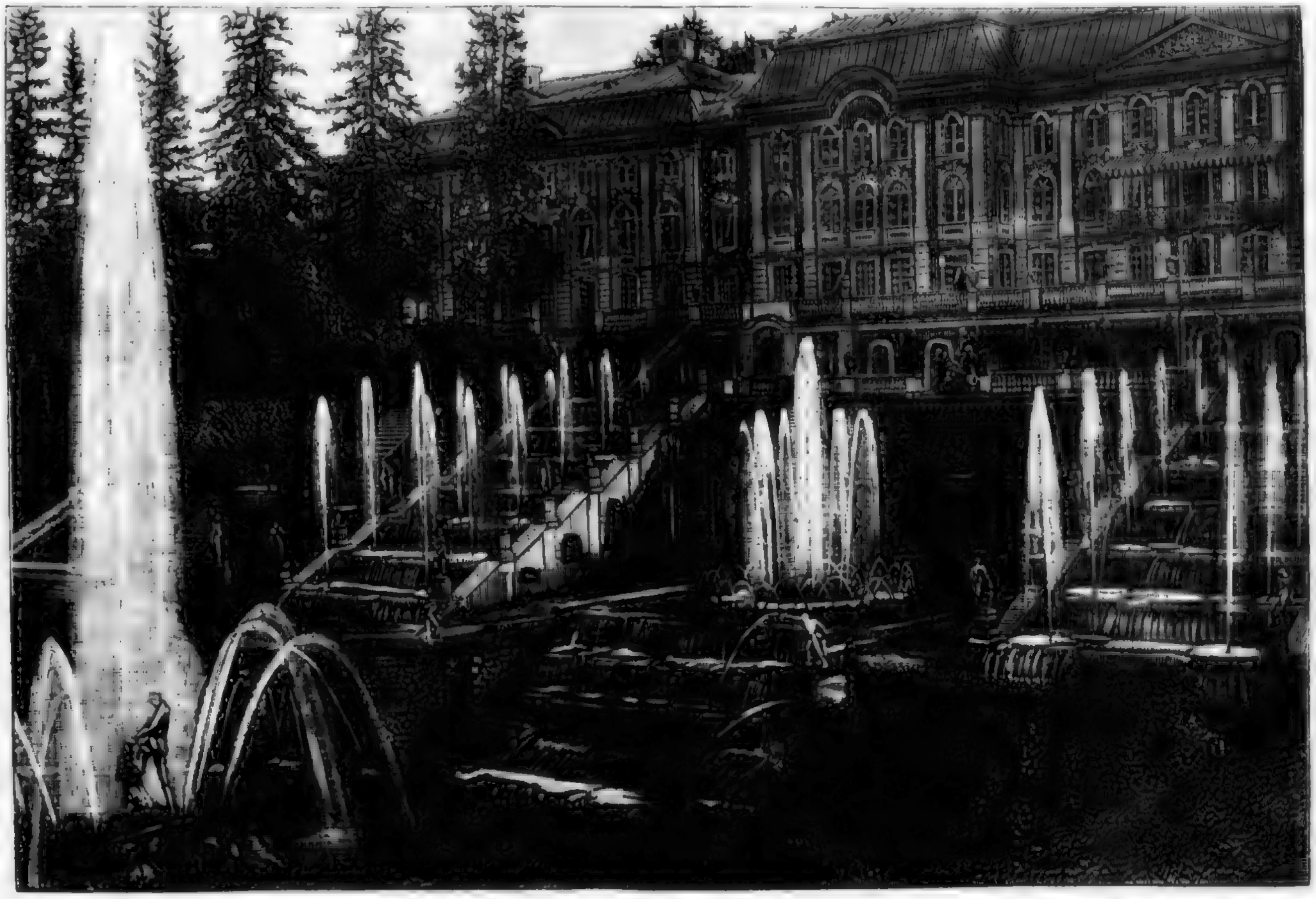


TAMIL GIRL PICKING TEA-LEAVES IN CEYLON.

Hanover of a celebrated gallant of the time, the Saxon Count Koenigsmark, they spread the notion that he was too attentive to the princess. The women around her, who were much more devoted to her husband's interests than to her own, induced her to consent that Koenigsmark should kiss her hand before his departure, and introduced him to her bedroom for that purpose. But from the moment he left the apartment, he disappeared. The matter was taken up by his relatives, and by several of the German courts, for Koenigsmark was a man of some importance in his own country; but nothing was ascertained respecting him. Koenigsmark was strangled as he left the princess's apartment, but it was not known what became of him until the death of George I. Then, writes Walpole, "on his son, the new King's first journey to Hanover, some alterations in the palace being ordered by him, the body of Koenigsmark was discovered under the floor of the electoral princess's dressing-room. The discovery was hushed up; George II. intrusted the secret to his wife, Queen Caroline, *who told it to my father.*" George II., he also adds, loved his mother as much as he hated his father, and endeavored, as far as he could, to repair the injury to the memory of one who was apparently innocent. But the unhappy princess was consigned, immediately after these occurrences, to the seclusion, or imprisonment, of the Château d'Ahlden, where she remained for thirty odd years, dying in 1726. Her only solace during that period was an active correspondence with her mother, the Duchess of Zell, who came as often as she could to the vicinity of the chateau; but the demise of the duchess, in 1722, preceded only by a few years that of her broken-hearted daughter. Such is the story of Eléonore d'Olbreuse and her only child—mothers of two lines of kings. In the vaults at Zell rest both mother and daughter. The sepulchres there of the princes of the House of Guelph are resplendent in gold and silver; but two simple lead coffins are there also, without ornament or description of any kind, and "when a visitor descends into the vaults, he scarcely notices the magnificent sepulchres in the gloomy archway. He goes straight to those two modest coffins, which recall such bitter sufferings. He knows that there sleep the mother and grandmother of kings."

THE PETERHOFF.

This palace is intimately associated with the imperial fortunes of Russia, for it owes its origin to the strange founder of that country's greatness, Peter the Great. After sending his son Alexis to the grave by the fearful tortures used to compel him to confess his treasonable acts, Peter, broken in spirits by remorse and by the death of the only son whom Catharine bore him, erected Peterhoff.



GENERAL VIEW OF PETERHOFF PALACE.

It is twenty-four miles from Petersburg, on the Gulf of Finland, and has been called, appropriately, the "Versailles of the North," from its beautiful fountains and gardens. The palace, built on an elevation of sixty feet, is a long, yellow-stuccoed building, three stories high, with white pilasters and five gilt towers. Great rows of trees invite you to their shade, and clumps of orange-trees and beds of heliotrope and verbena make the air fragrant. The interior has beautiful tapestries, with tables and vases of malachite and marble. From the palace to the water the grounds are terraced with waterfalls, as picturesque as anything in Europe. The Samson, a colossal bronze figure, tearing the jaws of a lion, throws water 80 feet high, and from it to the sea runs a canal, 500 yards long, filled with fountains, which throw water horizontally and vertically. Before the palace is a broad flight of marble steps, and on each

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side, marble slabs, over which the water pours constantly.

In the pretty grounds, we sat in a little house which Peter built so that he might look out upon the fleet moored beneath the batteries of Cronstadt, near-by. He loved the navy his hands had created. Here we saw his bed, the coverlet given by the Emperor of China, and the dressing-gown by the Shah of Persia. Here is the table made by Peter himself, and the little box containing the parts of a watch which he had taken to pieces. Close by is a low Dutch summer-house, "Monplaisir," where he often slept, and where his dressing-gown, night-cap and slippers are shown as precious relics. In the Hermitage, near the water, is a unique room, where the dishes descend from the table through grooves cut in the floor, and are replaced by others without a servant being seen. Here is the carp-pond where the fish come up to be fed on rye-flour at the ringing of a bell, as they did in Peter's time.

Some five years after Peter had built this lovely home, disease came upon him. With great solemnity, he caused Catharine to be proclaimed his successor; though some of the nobles suffered torture rather than take the oath of allegiance to a woman. One day he flung himself to his waist in water to save a boat in distress, and died soon after, at fifty-three, in Catharine's arms, unable to speak or write his last wishes.

Catharine lived but two years, naming the son of Alexis as her successor. He reigned three years only, dying of smallpox, at seventeen. After him, Anna, the niece of Peter, ruled ten years, followed by his only daughter, Elizabeth, who was twenty years upon the throne. She inherited much of the ability of her father, encouraged science and letters, was the stanch ally of Maria Theresa, and so defeated Frederick the Great in the battle of Künersdorff, only 3,000 men being left out of 48,000, that he determined to commit suicide, saying: "I shall never survive it. I no longer see any resources. I think all is lost." His kingdom was saved by Elizabeth's sudden death.

She, too, was very fond of Peterhoff, and when she wanted leisure and comfort by the sea, used to come here and cook her own dinner in "Monplaisir," where her father had slept, and where he had gathered a large number of Dutch and Flemish pictures, when he was learning the trade of shipbuilder. In the palace are many curious pictures of her and her maids-of-honor. One represents her on horseback, attended by a negro runner.

After her came her nephew, the grandson of Peter, called Peter III., who, after a profligate life, was compelled to abdicate in favor of his wife, Catharine the Great. When informed of her rise to power, she hastened from Peterhoff in a peasant-wagon. The horse fell dead, and she was obliged to reach St. Petersburg on foot. Four days after this her husband died of "hæmorrhoidal colic flying to the brain," it was said; but he was, doubtless, strangled, with Catharine's knowledge.

For more than thirty years she governed Russia with the skill and ability of Peter the Great. She helped to crush Poland. When her General, Suwaroff, appeared before Praga, he sent seven columns of Russians against it, dressed in their white shirts as for a wedding. The Poles fought like heroes, but the streets were covered with corpses. The dead numbered 12,000, the prisoners only 1,000. He wrote to the Empress, "Blood flows in torrents." Her reply was, "Bravo, Field-marshal! Hurrah! Praga! Suwaroff!" When any of her generals shrunk from war, she said: "The Romans did not concern themselves with the *number* of their enemies, they only asked, 'Where are they?'" She carried on two bitter wars with Turkey, and annexed the whole of the Crimea. Since Ivan the Terrible no monarch made such vast conquests. She expected to gain Constantinople, named her son Constantine, and put on one of the gates to Moscow, "Way to Constantinople."

She secularized church property, a reform projected by Peter the Great; offered an asylum for Moravians and Jews, whom Elizabeth had expelled; built an immense foundling asylum, where 40,000 children were received during her reign; sent for foreign physicians and literati to benefit her country; corresponded with Voltaire and the other learned men of the time; wrote several books; established a remarkable code of laws; founded 200 towns, and was well called the "Semiramis of the North." She bought immense libraries, made the "Hermitage" one of the finest repositories of art in the world, and beautified Peterhoff as her loved place of rest and refreshment. Here is her "Birch Cottage," thatched with straw, where formerly every room was hung with mirrors to give it an appearance of great size and magnificence. In one room of the palace are the portraits of over eight hundred young ladies, made for the Empress during her journey through fifty Russian provinces. Brilliant, yet like other monarchs of the day, sensual, she died suddenly of apoplexy, leaving her country powerful among the nations. Paul, her son, who seems to have had little love for her, was soon strangled by his Ministers for his bad conduct. His palace, which cost 18,000,000 rubles and required 5,000 workmen to build it, is now used for an engineering school.

His son Alexander I. succeeded him, the handsome soldier who, at the grave of Frederick the Great, at midnight, in the presence of the beautiful Louise of Prussia, clasped hands with her husband Frederick William III., and swore eternal hatred to Napoleon Bonaparte. During his reign the "Grande Armée" of 700,000 melted away in that fearful march from Moscow, and the Czar of all the Russias entered Paris in triumph.

He began a vast system of public education; he granted a constitution to poor Poland; he welcomed the British and Foreign Bible Society to his realm, which soon published 500,000 volumes; the secret court of police was abandoned; books and papers entered Russia freely; the emancipation of the serfs began to be talked of, and the world turned toward Alexander I. as the one destined to deliver his country from despotism. He lived unostentatiously, traveling over his vast domain to understand how he could aid his people.

At last his overtaxed mind and body seemed to undergo an entire change. He became gloomy and opposed to liberty; the secret police were reinstated and the public Press put under surveillance. The death of a natural daughter, to whom he was devotedly attached—the child of Madame Naryshkine—and a fearful inundation of St. Petersburg in 1824, unsettled the Czar's mind. As he brooded over the past, he was heard to say: "They may say what they like of me, but I have lived and will die a republican." He expired in the arms of the Empress Elizabeth, to whose affection he seemed to return in the latter part of his life.

At Peterhoff may be seen the little tables and benches with which he played when a boy, for Russia thinks tenderly of what he did for her in his early years.

Constantine, the next brother, would have come to the throne, but for a love affair. He had been married at seventeen to a princess of Saxe-Coburg, and after a few years of unhappiness she left him and returned to Germany. After twenty years he became passionately attached to a young Polish lady, Johanna Garondsinsha, obtained a divorce from his wife, and married her. In order to do this, according to the rules of the Greek Church, he must renounce his crown. He begged his brother to release him from his heirship to the throne, and assisted heartily at the coronation of his second brother, Nicholas. For nine years love seemed to be of more consequence than an empire, and, soon after his death, his wife followed, broken-hearted. History scarcely furnishes a parallel to this willing sacrifice of a throne for love.

Nicholas I., the handsomest man in all Europe, became Czar in 1825. With the strongest of wills and the coldest of hearts, he quelled insurrections with the hand of a despot. He restored capital punishment, which had been abolished by Elizabeth, and had five leaders in liberalism put to death. When the rope broke which held the poet Rileyeff and the multitude could not bear his agony, the governor-general sent to the Emperor for instructions. "Take a stronger rope and proceed with the execution," was the response. Poland was held in subjection, the Jews persecuted, and the Hungarians crushed from Austria by the aid of Russian soldiers. He had married at twenty-one the courtly daughter of Louise of Prussia, Charlotte, the sister of Emperor William of Germany. She was well-nigh as cold as her majestic husband. He was treated as a demi-god, and to none did he unbend save to Charlotte.

At Peterhoff, with his family of four sons and three daughters around him, Nicholas seemed to be the man rather than the monarch. He celebrated Charlotte's birthdays with *fêtes*. He amused his court by telling his corps of pages to "storm the cascades," which was to dash through the fountains, often knocked over by the force of the water, when he who reached the top of the steps first would receive a prize from the Emperor's own hands. Here is his telescope, through which he watched his fleet. Here, during the absence of Charlotte, he built a peasant's hut, as in their travels she had expressed her admiration for one. Upon her return he dressed in peasant's clothes, met her and led her to the hut, assuring her that both it and the builder were hers for ever. The delicate woman was wellnigh overcome by this touching manifestation of affection. When she was ill at Rome he traveled thither *incognito*, that he might give her joy by the surprise.

To gain Constantinople was the ambition of Nicholas. The result was the Crimean War, when he fought England and France with Turkey, and was defeated. The losses hastened his death. The country had become dissatisfied, and urged for liberal reforms. As he lay on his camp-bed of hay, covered with his cloak, he said: "My successor may do what he will. I cannot change." Then he dictated this dispatch to all the large towns of Russia, "The Emperor is dying," said good-by to each member of his family, and blessed them all.

Charlotte said: "Oh, God, could I not die with you?" He replied: "You must live for them," and turning to Alexander, his son, he said: "My desire was to labor till I could leave you the Empire thoroughly organized, protected, freed from all danger without, completely tranquil and happy; but you see at what a time and under what circumstances I die. The burden will be heavy. I have always prayed for Russia and for you all. There, also, I will pray for you. Do you remain always, as hitherto, closely united by family love." Calling for the lady-in-waiting to Charlotte, he said: "I fear I have not sufficiently thanked you for the care you took of the Empress when she was last ill. Be to her what you have been in my lifetime, and salute my beautiful Peterhoff the first time you go there with her." He died holding in one hand the hand of Charlotte, and in the other that of Alexander. Even at the last he could not forget "beautiful Peterhoff."

Alexander II. came to the Empire in troubled times. With the gentleness of his mother, to whom he was ardently attached, he devoted himself to the intellectual and moral elevation of Russia. He removed the censorship from the Press, and began to prepare for one of the grandest acts in history, the emancipation of 23,000,000 serfs. These peasants had been bought and sold with the land, and were as truly slaves as the colored race before our Civil War. Dreadful abuses had crept in. One woman had killed, through various tortures, nearly one hundred of her slaves. Through Alexander the Government bought the land of the owners, mostly nobles, paying four-fifths of the sum at which the acres were valued ($500,000,000), and letting the peasants pay one-fifth. The serfs agreed to pay six per cent. for forty-nine years to the Government, for money advanced. In twenty years the serfs in all have bought from their masters 80,000,000 acres, valued at nearly $500,000,000. A great revolution was thus effected, and the actual tillers of the soil became its owners.

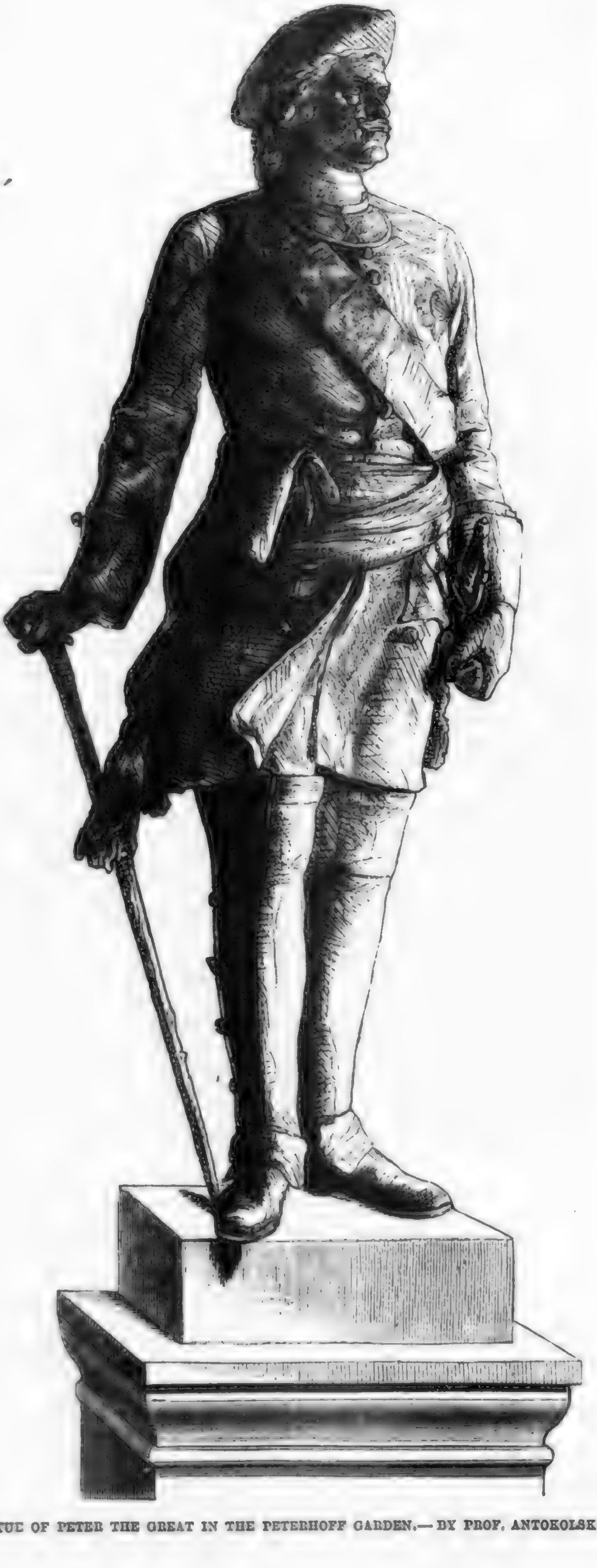
As the years went by, Alexander II. grew conservative and gloomy. He lived openly with Princess Dolgouriki, by whom he had several children, thus estranging the affections of his wife and legitimate children. Nihilism had greatly increased, especially among the educated. Its advocates demanded freedom of the Press, of speech, of public meetings, and of political representation, with a Constitution. In vain the Emperor was warned that if he did not give a Constitution he must die. Several times his life was attempted. He was fired at four times in the palace at St. Petersburg. Dynamite exploded on the Moscow Railroad, destroying the baggage-cars instead of the royal train, for which it was intended. In 1880, the Winter Palace was nearly destroyed by dynamite in the cellar, the Czar and his daughter being saved only by their coming to the dining-room later than was expected. Still, the Emperor could not bring himself to be more liberal with his people.

The fatal hour came at last. March 13th, 1880, the Czar had been viewing the marine corps. On his return a bomb was thrown behind his carriage, and he at once stepped out to see if any of his aids were injured. A second bomb was immediately thrown at his feet, which exploded, so mutilating his body that he died in two hours. The man who threw the bomb perished at the same time, while the planners of the deed, Sophie Peroffskaja, a lady of noble birth, and Jeliaboff, a peasant, were publicly hanged. While the world was horrified at the assassination, it could not look with much favor upon absolutism in this enlightened nineteenth century.

A chapel is erected on the spot where Alexander fell, and here we saw the faithful, at all hours of the day, praying before the lighted candles and contributing to the church.

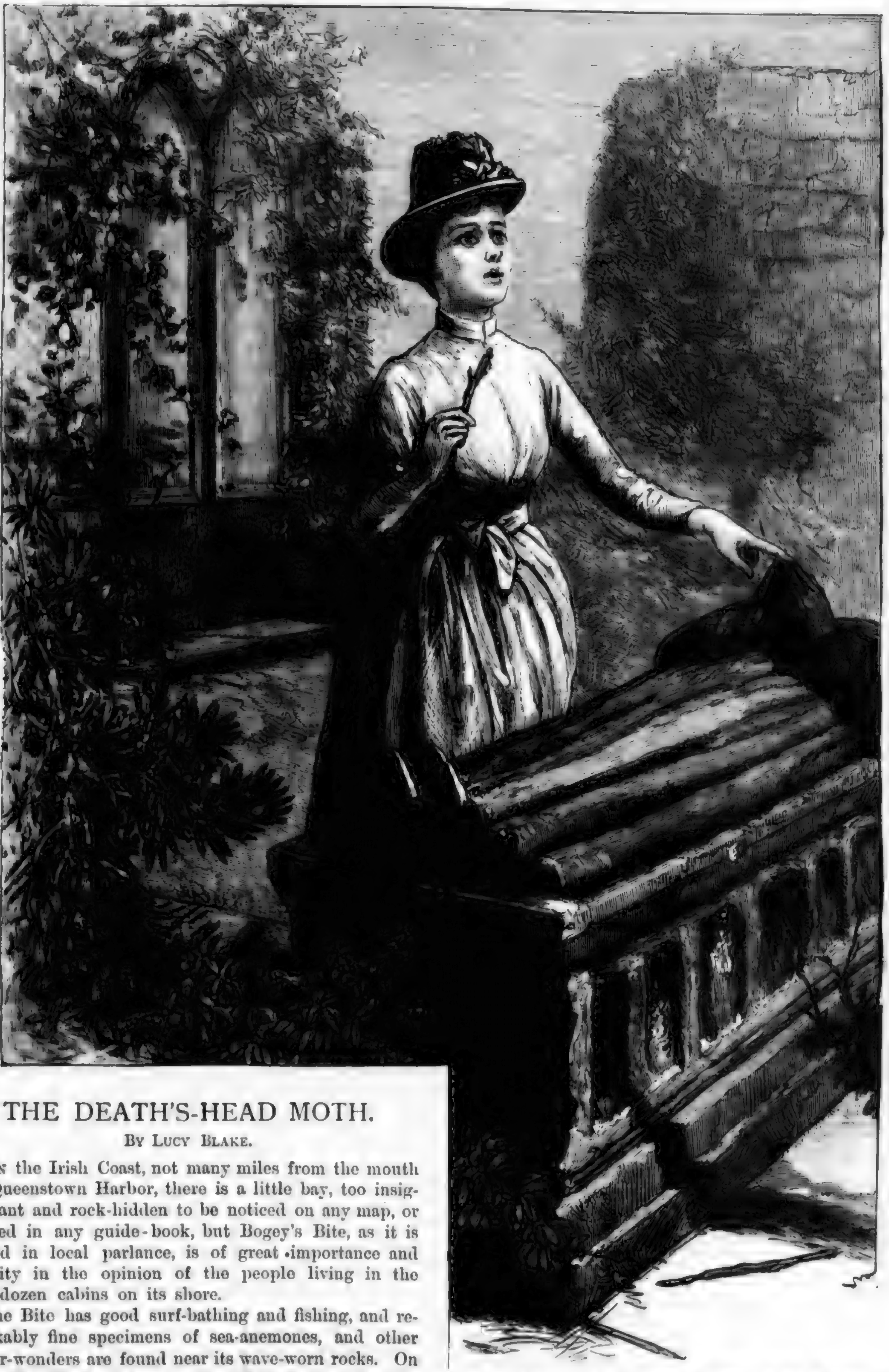
When Alexander III. came to the throne it was confidently hoped that he would grant the long-waiting people a Constitution, but it has not been done. He retired for months to his Summer palaces, at Gatchina and Peterhoff, well guarded by his army; but finally, it is said, by the advice of Emperor William, his great-uncle, he has mingled with his subjects. We frequently saw him riding with Dagmar, his wife, a slight and sweet-faced woman—quite like her sister, the Princess of Wales. She was the affianced of his elder brother, who died, and promised him on his deathbed that she would marry Alexander III. She is said to be well versed in politics, and doubtless to her and Alexandra of England, peace has been made possible for so long between these rival nations.

Alexander was crowned at Moscow, May 27th, 1882, with great splendor. The sum appropriated for the festival was 6,500,000 rubles. The Czar entered the city on a white charger. He received the iron crown from the hand of the metropolitan, or head priest, and placed it upon his own head, being anointed with holy oil, after which he crowned Dagmar, and both appeared in their gorgeous robes before the assembled thousands. For a week the nation gave itself up to festivities. Great care was taken against explosives, the populace being forbidden even to throw up their hats, lest they contain bombs. The prettiest feature of the coronation was the riding beside her mother of little Xenia, their youngest child, in the procession, and her throwing kisses to the people. Peterhoff to-day is the abode of a united and apparently devoted family. Dagmar has influenced her warlike husband to love literature and refinement, and is bringing up their oldest son, Nicholas, to be, it is hoped, an honor to his country. I have seen her riding in Russia, dressed in a gray suit and English walking-hat, bowing gracefully, unattended save by her driver.



STATUE OF PETER THE GREAT IN THE PETERHOFF GARDEN.—BY PROF. ANTOKOLSKY.

SUCCESS seems to be that which forms the distinction between confidence and conceit. Lord Nelson, when young, was piqued at not being noticed in a certain paragraph of the newspapers of the day which detailed an action wherein he had assisted. "But never mind," said he; "I will one day have a gazette of my own."



THE DEATH'S-HEAD MOTH.—"IN A MOMENT MORE THE GRAY OLD RUINS WERE DESERTED, SAVE FOR A GIRL IN A WHITE DRESS, LIKE A SPIRIT IN HER DELICATE, PALE BEAUTY, AND IN THE EAGER, SORROWFUL LOOK IN HER DARK EYES."

THE DEATH'S-HEAD MOTH.

By Lucy Blake.

On the Irish Coast, not many miles from the mouth of Queenstown Harbor, there is a little bay, too insignificant and rock-hidden to be noticed on any map, or named in any guide-book, but Bogey's Bite, as it is called in local parlance, is of great importance and dignity in the opinion of the people living in the half-dozen cabins on its shore.

The Bite has good surf-bathing and fishing, and remarkably fine specimens of sea-anemones, and other water-wonders are found near its wave-worn rocks. On a lonely hill, overlooking the sea, the ruins of a monastery stand—St. Wilibald's—with a pillar tower beside them looking down in pity and wonder on the work of mediæval builders, which falls under the pressure of a few paltry centuries, while it has stood intact since the days when the world was young.

> "In mystic file, through the isle, they lift their heads sublime,
> These gray old pillar temples, these conquerors of time!
> Here blazed the sacred fire, and, when the sun was gone,
> As a star from afar to the traveler it shone,
> And the warm blood of the victim have these gray old temples drunk,
> And the death-song of the Druid and the matin of the monk."

Molly Quilter was a magnate at Bogey's Bite; she owned the best cottage, which had been given the proud appellation of Neptune's Villa, and she took Summer lodgers—the plural number to be reckoned from year to year only, as she could accommodate but one at a time.

Neptune's Villa was a picturesque, attractive-looking little nest; it had a flourishing crop of daisies and dandelions growing in the rich brown thatch of its roof; the stucco-covered walls were tinted a pale blush-color, over which ivy and red-belled fuchsia climbed and swarmed till they clutched the thatch and hobnobbed with its nodding, white and yellow posies. A sapphire-blue lobelia hung like a gauze net from a tiny window in the gable, a great scarlet splash of geraniums flamed upon the bit of grass before the door, and all grew and flourished without other care or encouragement than that given by the sunshine and soft rains. The one guest chamber was resplendent with highly colored pictures of assorted saints, wonders in white crochet upon the table and chairs, a knitted counterpane, into which Molly's defunct sister had woven three years of her leisure hours, and pillows stuffed with "real live goose-feathers, your honor."

Molly's lodger for the hot weeks in the year of grace, 1885, was a tall, fair Englishman, with a big blonde mustache and a fine poise of shoulder that bespoke military training.

"That's the real gintleman!" Molly often exclaimed, enthusiastically, looking after him as he set out of a morning, with his fishing-rod carried by a bare-footed urchin, "one of the right sort as never takes back an odd shillin's change out of a sovereign."

Howard Tracy had youth, talents, money, and unquestionable good looks, and, withal, he believed himself the most unhappy wretch on the face of the globe. A woman was at the bottom of his misery, of course—the prettiest, sweetest girl in all the world, though she had thrown him over and broken his heart for an unexplained whim. He fondly hoped that he would pine away and die of this heart-wound, and thus awaken her sympathy and possible repentance when it was too late, since he could not have her love. Outwardly the disease had, as yet, wrought no great havoc; for Dora Trescot's victim looked strong and robust.

Mr. Tracy was, in truth, very unhappy, and found the quiet of Bogey's Bite far more in harmony with his feelings than the racket and bustle of the fashionable resorts whither his friends and companions had betaken themselves. He was something of a naturalist and conchologist, and found amusement and instruction dabbling in the waters of the Bite, and exploring the adjacent hills. Smoking his post-prandial pipe and conjuring the vision of a lovely girl's face with large dark eyes and a cloud of soft blonde hair out of the smoke-wreaths, he was interrupted in this bitter-sweet pastime by the entrance of his landlady. In one hand she held Tracy's coat, while the other was closed gingerly over the top of a coffee-cup, and woe and perplexity were depicted upon her usually so jolly face.

"Anything gone wrong, Mrs. Quilter? I haven't seen you look so distressed since Patsy got in among the cabbages."

"Indade, an' 'tis far worse than the loss of a few wormy cabbages this time, your honor. The heart in me is like a stone. Look at that, sir," and she withdrew the substantial hand which covered the cup, revealing a large whitish-gray moth, with black spots and lines upon its head and wings; a species which, to the superstitious, credulous Irish eye, bears a strong and fatal resemblance to a human skull. "A death's-head moth, sir, bad luck to it! As I was brushing your honor's coat five minutes since, I found the evil-eyed little baste on the front of it. Glory be to goodness, but my knees is weak entirely from the start it gave me! Ah, but this is the unlucky day, and no mistake!"

"Well, well, my good woman, you caught him before he ate holes in my coat, I suppose?"

"Holes, is it, your honor? And do you think it would be a bit of a hole I'd be frettin' about, and you a rich gintleman, able to buy a coat every day in the year, God bless you? Arrah, not at all; but them moths, bad manners to them, is a sign of great misfortune or death. A sure sign, sir, as I've never known to fail. It was near the second buttonhole on the left side, just above your heart, sir. Sure the finger of Fate is pointing at you, your honor, and you had best go to bed, and stay there safe the rest of the day. I'll serve you your supper there, and be proud to do it."

"I'm very much obliged to you for wishing to save me from my evil fate, Mrs. Quilter, but I must have a more terrible warning than that fuzzy fellow in the cup to keep me at home this fine afternoon. I'm off to St. Wilibald's to finish my sketches."

Mrs. Quilter saw her lodger depart with great reluctance and a renewal of her dire prophecy; but he, being of a cooler, less fanciful race and temperament, went on his way with a laugh at her fears.

After a half hour's climb up a rough, rarely-trodden path, Tracy found himself among the solitary owl-haunted ruins. The best view of the old tower was to be had from the highest point of the monastery wall still left standing, which was to be reached by a fragmentary flight of steps, and a strong clutch at the ivy, and steady foothold upon the broken masonry where the steps ceased.

Tracy swung himself up to this airy perch above the "old, bare, ruined choir, where late the sweet birds sang," and resumed his drawing. His work was very engrossing, and he did not notice the approach to this rarely visited spot of a party of strangers. The sound of their voices far below startled him. He unwisely shifted his position on the unstable wall, and in a moment more he lost his balance and fell, not through to the sunken pavement of the church, which would have been certain death, but to a ledge ten feet or more below, where the strong arms of the centuries-old ivy caught and held him, snug, secure and hidden as a baby owl in its cradle. He was ready to laugh at the semi-ridiculous position in which he found himself, till a sharp twinge in his left shoulder proved that his hasty descent from the top of the wall had not been as easy as he had at first supposed.

"Confound that old woman and her death's-head moth. I believe she is a witch, who foresaw quite plainly the pickle I was going to get into! I wonder if I hadn't better call some of these newcomers to the rescue. With a lame arm I may find it a difficult matter swinging myself down the rest of the way."

"Oh, Beatrice, come and look at Brother Somebody's tomb with a swallow's nest perched upon his stone shoulders instead of a head!" cried a fresh, girlish voice, which electrified Howard Tracy, hung in his ivy net, for it was Dora Trescot who spoke. His had been the maddening privilege to learn every tone of her voice beyond possibility of mistake. To make assurance doubly sure, he peeped down through the clustering leaves and saw the sweet-faced, graceful young goddess who had turned his sunshine into darkness with a few light words.

"How does she happen to be at St. Wilibald's, of all places in the world?" he soliloquized. "I supposed she was at the Isle of Wight. Oh, I remember, she told me once of some Irish cousins at Aspen Grove—that is not more than five miles distant from the Bite—Beatrice Cromarty in particular, whom she hoped to visit some day. Odd that fate should send us both to this lonely little spot at the same time—we, who might better let oceans roll between us."

"What are all these sticks scattered about, Bee? See, they have notches cut in them, as if somebody wanted to remember something," Dora continued.

"You shockingly ignorant little heathen! Those are praying-sticks, twigs and small branches from the Holy Ash, at the other side of the monastery—the tree to which the soldiers hung Brother Cyril. The faithful say their prayers here to this day, cutting a notch in a stick for each petition. Some of the sticks are very old, remnants of the monks' devotions before the place fell into ruins."

"Bee hasn't told you the chief virtue of Brother Cyril's twigs," said one of the cavaliers of the party. "If you break off a fresh branch and stand here in the nave alone, saying your petition to Brother Cyril, he will surely grant it; but it must be spoken in a clear, fearless voice, so that he may hear through the heavy stone slab which covers him. The prayer must be chronicled by a deep, even notch, and the stick laid reverently on the old fellow's tomb. All these rites carefully and religiously observed, you are bound to have your most ardent wish gratified."

"Nonsense, Bob; you will make Dora afraid of her own shadow, with all the superstitious stuff you pour into her too willing ears."

"I tell her nothing more than the peasant-lore which is believed by thousands."

"Will you get me a branch of the famous tree, Bob? I should like dearly to have a few words with Brother Cyril."

Bob vanished, and presently returned with the desired talisman.

"Now, I beg of you that you all withdraw to a respectful distance—a very respectful distance; for what I have to say to the holy brother is quite confidential," said Dora.

"We will go and have a look at the tower; that is surely out of hearing of your flirtation with the sainted Cyril. Here is my knife, and here is your stick; mind you don't cut your fingers."

In a moment more the gray old ruins were deserted, save for a girl in a white dress, like a spirit in her delicate, pale beauty, and in the eager, sorrowful look in her great, dark eyes, and a young man huddled out of sight among the ivy, midway up the wall, upon a broad ledge which had supported a gallery long ago.

Tracy, on this perch, had suffered much of the guilty uneasiness of an eavesdropper, but he had made no sign, as he was strongly averse to appearing ridiculous in Dora's eyes, or accepting assistance from the hands of her friends. If he were really wounded it would be a very different matter; he could then pose as an interesting sufferer, and be pitied and made much of; as it was, they would all laugh at him as soon as his back was turned. He would lie *perdu* until they were all gone, and trust to luck for getting down without their help. Dora's message to Brother Cyril would be some girlish bit of nonsense, of course, to which, under the circumstances, it would not be dishonorable to listen.

For a few moments the place was silent as a tomb; then these words, spoken in clear, sweet tones, ascended to the astonished ears of the young man in his ivy cradle: "Oh, good, kind Brother Cyril, listen to my prayer, and grant that Howard Tracy may some day know that I spoke from a sense of duty, and not as my heart dictated. If he knew the truth he would pity me, rather than be angry. I love him, Brother Cyril, and it is cruel to think that he feels only bitterness toward me."

Tracy, behind his leafy screen, could scarcely restrain a cry of delighted surprise. She had spoken from a sense of duty, and not as her heart dictated; she loved him still. What was the hateful misunderstanding which had reared its ugly head to separate them? He longed to drop down at the feet of the girl who had made this confession, so sweet to his ears; but it would be wrong to so rudely startle her in that lonely place, and so unceremonious a way of letting her know that her words had been overheard might be very annoying—he must use more finesse in regaining his lost ground.

In another moment Dora had disappeared, to rejoin her companions, and Tracy could hear their voices growing fainter in the distance as they all descended the hill together.

"It is time I looked about me for some safe means of getting down to *terra-firma*," said Tracy to himself. "Ah me, my shoulder is in a bad way!"

These were his last rational sentiments for many a long hour, for in looking for a stout twist of the vine to serve as a ladder, he again missed his footing and fell heavily to the ground, where he lay senseless and silent as the graven image upon Brother Cyril's tomb.

When he again awoke to consciousness he was lying in his bed at Neptune's Villa, with Mrs. Quilter bending anxiously over him.

"The saints be praised, he isn't dead!" exclaimed that good woman; "though it's badly broken and bruised he is, with his arm in a sling and a big lump of ice on his head. Faith, sir, and didn't I tell you that them death's-head moths don't give a body a warning for nothing. 'Tis a mercy you're not kilt entirely, for 'twas a big one with a very bad look in its eyes, bad luck to it!"

"Bother the moth. I had forgotten all about it," said Tracy, feebly. "I missed my footing, and would have come to grief anyway, moth or no moth."

"Not a bit of it, sir. I knew you were a doomed man when you went out this afternoon; and as you were so long away, I sent Teddy for you, and sure enough there you lay upon the stones, dead as a herring, as we all thought; but the Holy Mother be praised, you're not gone yet, sir!"

"Do you know, I feel very grateful to that moth, Mrs. Quilter? He has given me an ugly fall, it is true, but through it I have made the luckiest discovery possible."

"More ice, Teddy; it's raving he is again; hear him talking about being in luck, with a broken arm and a lump on his head as big as my two fists."

As soon as he could hold a pen, Tracy wrote a note to Miss Dora Trescot, Aspen Grove, telling her of his accident, and asking permission for an interview as soon as he was able to go out.

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Dora answered in person, full of surprise at hearing from her discarded lover in that retired place, and overflowing with sympathy at his misfortune.

The confession, which Howard half dreaded to make (that he had been listener while she made her petition to Brother Cyril), was very kindly received; in fact, these two silly children found disliking and forgetting each other very uphill work, and down on the shining sands of the Bite they renewed their lovers' vows, which had been so rudely shaken. "But why did you send me away, Dora? I'm the same fellow, no better, I fear, than before; and now you are kind and sweet as you were before that hateful time, half a year ago."

"You will keep it a secret if I tell you my reason?"

"I swear to."

"Uncle Stephen, who had the care of your sister Laura's money, got into great financial difficulties, and in a weak, rash moment risked your sister's fortune in the hope of righting himself. Things went from bad to worse, and at one time ruin for him and Laura stared him in the face. I knew this, but I dared not tell you till the disgrace to our family was certain. I therefore dismissed you on some silly pretext. I have forgotten what reason I gave for breaking off our engagement, and tried to hide my misery from the eyes of every one. After a time Uncle Stephen managed to right himself with the world; the crisis was past, Laura's money was safe, but you were gone. Oh, those were terrible days for me; but the clouds are all dispersed now."

"Blessings on Molly's death's-head moth!" exclaimed Tracy, fervently.

On his wedding-day, Howard Tracy's wife gave him a scarf-pin of an odd device—a clever copy, in black and white onyx, of a whitish-gray moth marked with black, which Tracy had carefully preserved in camphor.

"It looks like a skull," people said.

"Yes, it is supposed to be of evil omen," Tracy replied; "but this death's-head moth brought me my greatest happiness."

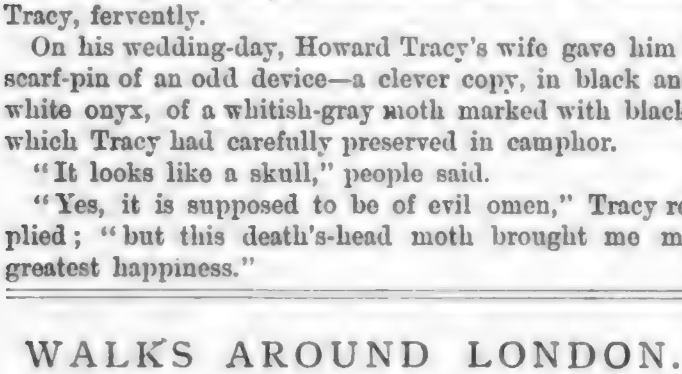
WALKS AROUND LONDON.

FROM PUTNEY TO RICHMOND.

By Noel Ruthven.

The ordinary American tourist seldom leaves "modern Babylon" save for a run down to Richmond to do a Star and Garter dinner; to Greenwich to do a Ship or Trafalgar ditto, or to the Crystal Palace during rose time. Few, alas, very few, venture as far as Hampton Court, and not one in ten thousand can "up and talk" of the green lanes of Willesden, the dimpled beauties of Chiselhurst or Dulwich, or the bewitching charms of Strawberry Hill or Twickenham Ferry.

TWICKENHAM FERRY.



RICHMOND BRIDGE.

The ordinary American tourist hies to Windsor, Oxford, Brighton, Stratford-on-Avon, selecting the most rapid expresses, and the most expensive hostelries; but that he or she, especially *she*, with her dainty little feet, ever pedestrianizes the wondrously quaint and utterly charming places that nestle, as it were, under the shadow of the great city, I am absolutely prepared to deny; but that that good hour is at hand, consequent upon a perusal of this article, I am equally prepared to assert.

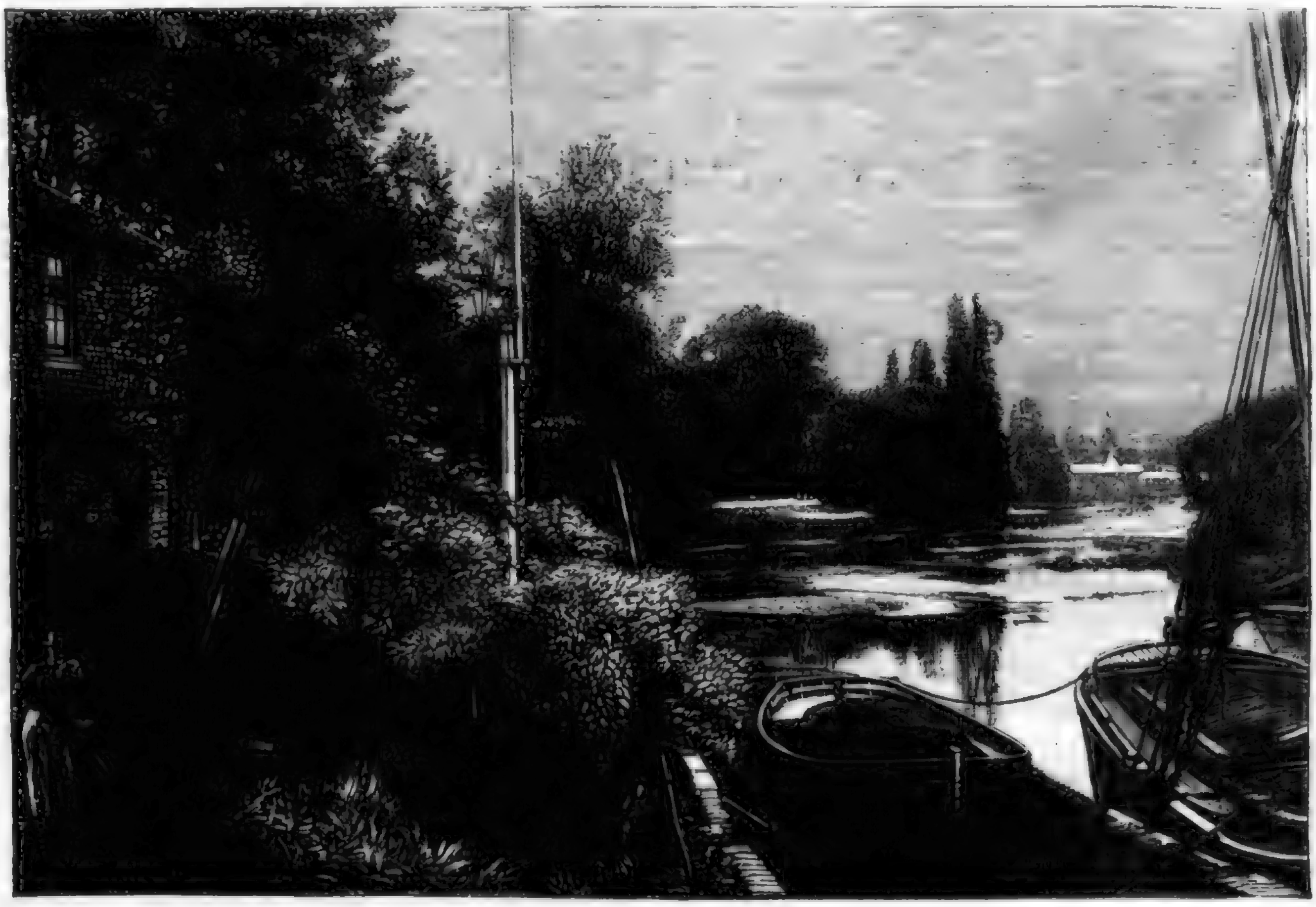
Let my tourist and I sally forth, after a thoroughly English breakfast of sole, followed by broiled kidney and bacon, with the attendant scrumptious muffin and tea worthy of Confucius; let us sally forth, I say, armed with umbrellas—for the tight little island loveth moisture; and with thick-soled boots, for the tight little island loveth mud—and hailing that most seductive of vehicles to sightseers, a "tuppenny bus," ride on the knifeboard as far as—where? Well, let us say Fulham, and we will "do" Putney, reserving Richmond, "ambrosial Richmond," for a *bonne bouche*.

I need not dilate here on the sights to be seen from the top of the tuppenny bus as it trundles up Waterloo Place through Piccadilly, Knightsbridge, and miles of the palaces of the Upper Ten Thousand. We strike Fulham; we descend at a "pub," and we take a glass of beer, treating the cherry-visaged driver, who touches his hat, exclaiming, "Yer 'elths, genlmen!" Then looking to our umbrellas, as wary or timid travelers examine their lethal weapons, we emerge on the Thames, and on a bridge erected to supersede a ferry mentioned in Doomsday Book—a ferry that yielded an annual toll to the lord of the manor of twenty shillings. We gaze up the river. On our right, embosomed in wondrous old elms, is the palace of the Bishop of London; the graves of his predecessors of hundreds of years under his lordship's nose, when, silk-stockinged and aproned, he strolls down to the river to compose a sermon, or work up an appetite, for an Anglican Episcopal bishop's is strong on turtle-fins and the tawniest of port. On our left is Putney, smirking Putney, with its boat-houses, and mansions, and villas, and public houses. Putney and Fulham look at each other across the silver Thames with the quietness becoming two sisters who had "seen a thing or two in their time." They evidently had some motives of jealousy in Norman times; or, perhaps, it proved to be convenient, in order to prevent any further raids on the river traffic, to give both manors to one inheritor. In either case there must have been a reconciliation of a serious nature, for when the two churches were built they were made alike. And a very sensible way of settling such foolish rivalries it was. Legends tell that two sisters built them both, and, "to show that there was no ill-feeling," built them similar. The strategical position made both places famous in the Civil Wars, but of that more by-and-by.

"I was born at Putney, in the County of Surrey," writes Gibbon, the historian of the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," "in the year 1737. The union to which I owe my birth was a marriage of inclination and esteem. My mother was the daughter of Mr. James Porten, a merchant of London, who resided in a house adjoining to the bridge and churchyard, where I passed many happy hours of my childhood."

Thomas Cromwell, afterward Earl of Essex, the friend of Cardinal Wolsey, whom Shakespeare introduces in his play of "Henry VIII.," was the son of a blacksmith, who dwelt "in a cottage west of the highway leading from Putney to the Upper Gate, and on the south side of that from Richmond to Wandsworth, which was the sign of the Anchor." It is said that as "the great cardinal" was going up Putney Hill on his road to Esher, he received from the King's messenger the ring denoting the continuance of the monarch's favor.

During the boisterous times of the civil wars, when Cromwell's "crop-eared curs" were for smiting lovelocked cavaliers hip and thigh, the good Lord Essex, when general of the Parliamentary forces, marched into Fulham, and there quartered his officers, while he established himself at Putney. This was in November, 1642, immediately after the battle of Brentford. The Parliament feared that after the victory Charles would march to London, and ordered Essex to impede such progress if attempted. The shrewd earl, having no means of communication between Putney and Fulham, made a bridge of boats, and constructed forts at each end to conceal his operations. These forts were earthworks, constructed to look like rising ground when viewed down the river; and the middle of the elevation had an opening which admitted the ponton, and protected, as it concealed, the soldiers. These earthworks were visible to the naked eye so late as 1812. The ponton erected by Fairfax prepared the way for a bridge over that part of the Thames, which was completed in 1729 and called "Walpole's Lock," in honor of the great Prime Minister. In 1757 the ice got hold of this bridge and "nobbled" one of the piers just as a coach-and-four were passing over.


AT PUTNEY.

At the Fox and Hounds is a bill for breakfast for the Lord Mayor and his Court of Conservancy, on a fine April morning in 1747.

The Right Hon. the Lord Mayor's Court of Conservancy Dr., 1747, April 14 :

To Bread, Butter and Cheese - - - -	£0	6s.	0d.
" Sage and Radishes - - - - -	0	2	6
" Cold Tongues - - - - - -	0	12	0
" Lamb - - - - - -	0	7	0
" Pickles and Anchovies - - -	0	2	6
" Cool Tankards - - - - -	0	14	0
" Wine - - - - - - - -	0	[illegible]	0
" Chicken - - - - - -	0	6	0
" Common Hunt (Putney Heath, Wimbledon)-	0	5	0
" Barge-master - - - - -	0	2	6
" Water Bailiff's Deputy - - - -	0	1	0
" Lord Mayor's Servants - - - -	0	5	0
" Watermen - - - - - -	0	5	0
" Ringers - - - - - - -	0	5	0
" The Poor - - - - - - -	0	10	0
" Paper - - - - - - -	0	1	0
" Ale - - - - - - - -	0	2	6
" Marshal's Men - - - - -	0	2	0
" The Use of Room - - - - -	0	10	6
Total - - - - - -	£5	2s.	6d.

Cool tankards and cold tongues seem to have been most in favor with the worthy conscript fathers. To-day, when his lordship and conservators go a swan-hopping in a gorgeously gilded barge, which they do once a year with touching regularity, turtle and champagne are to the masthead, and a beggarly fiver would simply go nowhere; not even to Putney.

And lo! here comes the barge, towed by twelve enormous horses, lent by Barclay & Perkins, the brewers, for the occasion, bedizened with ribbons and topknots, like the mules that lug the dead horses out of a Spanish bull-ring. My tourist and I hang over the bridge and watch the long, gilded boat coming toward us, while strains of music are mingled with the crackings of whips, shouts of postilions and the cheers of the unwashed, who keep up on the banks with the gallant equipage. Carved and gilt as the gondola from which the Doge of Venice wedded the Adriatic, is the Corporation barge—rich, magnificent, mediæval. An awning covers the deck. At the stern is the band of the Guards, led by Dan Godfrey, and whirling to Strauss's newest waltz are the sons of men high in the city with the daughters of personages of equal importance; the elder male and female being engaged 'tween decks taking those pleasures which bud in the forties and mature with age, like the wine they are joyously but decorously imbibing.

"If that boat went over, *wouldn't* she turn turtle!" Uttering this chestnut, my tourist and I proceed to explore Putney and take the road from the bridge straight through the town.

The old town—the town of history—where Fairfax quartered, lies between the railway-station and the Thames. Fairfax House remains. We visit the church, where the sun-dial grimly tells us "Time and tide wait for no man." The porch is filled with ancient tablets of singular workmanship, some of them 300 years old. The groining of the church roof is a thing of exceeding beauty.

Very fine old-fashioned dwellings still remain in this street that runs through Putney from the bridge, but they are the last of an old time. The regularity of irregularity, the individuality of commonplace, the blending of the internal comfort with the merest tint of external ornament, marked the quaint High Street from the bridge to the station; but it is fast becoming a series of splendid modern shops. We are disgusted, and turning back, strike the towpath along the river, and, rejecting offers of river craft of every sort, shape, size and description, from exceptionally ancient mariners with exceptionally husky voices, stride onward toward Barnes.

There are Barn Elms many among the estates of the English gentry, but none to compare in historical interest with Barn Elms in the parish of Barnes, next to Richmond. There Francis Walsingham did himself the honor to surrender his house to the reception of his royal mistress Elizabeth, and to enact upon that rich plateau a pageant equal to that of Leicester at Kenilworth; and there Cromwell and Fairfax made what people denominated "a merry desecration." Cooped in by a bend in the river, but open to the fine country on the Richmond side of the county, it had, and has, all that can charm an observer and inspire a strategist.

A decade of years have passed since I attended a garden party at Barn Elms, being under the wing of the genial Sir Robert Rawlinson. The little lady who then graced the noble old hall as Chatelaine was a "pocket Venus," and if her person was exceptionally *petite*, her ideas on Woman's Rights were exceptionally extensive. I luxuriated, reveled, in describing to my American tourist the wondrous color of that Summer day, when I discussed Woman's Rights beneath the elms that shaded the Good Queen Bess. The green of that velvet sward! The majesty of the grand old trees! The kaleidoscopic glitter of the *ravissante* toilettes! The gorgeousness of the servants' liveries! The sheen of the silver service, and the noble hall, a fitting background to the whole scene! *Ay de mi*, the hall is a Summer clubhouse now, and mankind, save on special occasions, talk horse and dog, and rod and gun, and discuss the latest professional beauty or the fastest demi-mondaine to the tune of B. & S. under the then lordly boughs.

We pass Lonsdale House, and tap Barnes Common and the Barn Elms. The Virgin Queen's visit was a necessity of her anxious life, and her courtiers had no pleasant time of it. Shrewsbury's son, Lord Talbot, speaking of it in a letter to his father, says: "This daye Her Majestie goethe to Barn Ellmes, where she is prepared to tarry all day, to-morrow being Tewsday, and on Wednensday to return to Wytehall again. . . . I pray God my diligent attendaunce there may procure me a gracious answere in my suite at her return, for whilst she is heir nothing may be moved but matter of delyghte, and to content her, which is the only cause of her going thither." She had granted to Walsingham and his heirs her interest in the lease of the manor, and the Minister lavished more than he could afford in giving her welcome. The place had borne the name of Queen Elizabeth's Dairy, and was one of her occasional residences.

Subsequent times robbed it of its glories. The little newspaper, *Mercurius Politicus*, in 1659, May 5th, has this advertisement: "Barn Elms House, in Surrey, with orchards, gardens, coach-houses, stalls and grazing for a couple of geldings or cows; spring water brought to the house in leaden pipes; pleasant walks by the Thames side, and other accommodations, is to be let, or otherwise may be divided into two convenient dwellings, with garden, orchard and water to each of them. Enquire farther of Mr. Marshall, a stone-cutter, living in Fetter Lane."

On January 17th, 1667-8, a sort of battle royal, between three combatants on either side, took place in a close near Barn Elms. The parties were George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, attended by Sir Robert Holmes and Captain William Jenkins; and Francis Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, attended by Sir John Talbot, a member of the Privy Council and M. P. for Knaresborough, and Bernard Howard, a younger son of the Earl of Arundel. "It was all about my Lady Shrewsbury, at that time and a good deal before a mistress to the Duke of Buckingham, and so her husband challenged him, and they met; and my Lord of Shrewsbury was run through the body from the right breast to the shoulder; and Sir John Talbot all along up one of his armes; and Jenkins killed upon the place, and all the rest in a little measure wounded." A pardon under the great seal was granted on February 5th following to all concerned in this tragedy; but Shrewsbury died in less than a year, and Buckingham did not long survive. As for the "lady in the case," Pepys says, she held the duke's horse in the disguise of a page. She was the daughter of Cardigan, and after her husband and her paramour had joined the majority, she married the son of Sir Thomas Brydges. It was at Barn Elms that Monk Lewis wrote his "Crazy Jane," and the scratchings of Fielding's pen have been re-echoed by the oak wainscoting. Congreve loved it, and it was here that the celebrated Kit-Cat Club held its meetings.

We sit by the river side and admire the various craft as they pass us, almost as if in a dream; but I shall speak of the river life further up. At a particular bend here the current is swift if not strong, and invites a tow for those lazy ones who toil not nor spin. Sun-kissed fresh water mariners are keenly on the alert with two ropes coiled on their tattoed arms, and at a glance seem to mark down their prey.

"'Ave a tow, sir? *Do*, sir? 'Aul you h'up to Kew, sir, a shillin'. Don't kill yourself, sir! You'll want it h'all for Richmond. Don't tire the lady, sir."

These and blandishments of a like nature are used by these gentlemen of the "long rope" to earn their beer money. They succeed very often, not with the lads who spurt past with saucy chaff, but with "the gent as takes his gal out for a 'appy day," and with *paterfamilias*, who is puffed after the first five hundred yards.

Hammersmith has always had a notoriety. Of it Bowack writes (1705): "This village . . . for about a hundred years past has been a Summer retreat for nobility and wealthy citizens, especially from about the year 1620 and the late unnatural rebellion." Hammersmith boasts a suspension bridge—no, not quite so extensive as that which connects Brooklyn with New York, but in its day just as great a wonder. The traditions of the riverside are not of much value to my companion and me. Such as they are we go over them *con amore*. In the Mall was a house frequented by wits, known as Dove's Coffee House. Thomson is said to have written one of his "Seasons" in an up-stairs room overlooking the river toward Chiswick. The Duke of Sussex had a cottage beside Dove's, in which he kept a collection of meerschaum pipes.

To the bricks given by Sir Nicholas Crispe, Hammersmith owes St. Paul's Church, consecrated by Laud. Crispe stood by the King (Charles I.), raised a cavalry regiment at his own charge, and led them on. Against the north wall of the chancel stands a fine bronze bust of Charles I., having an inscription: "This effigie was erected by special appointment of Sir Nicholas Crispe, knight and baronet, as a grateful commemoration of that glorious martyr, King Charles I., of blessed memory." Under it is a pedestal of black marble, on which stands an urn containing the loyal heart of Crispe, with suitable inscription.

About a quarter of a mile from the Suspension Bridge once stood Brandenburg House, the most noted of all the Hammersmith mansions. Crispe spent £25,000 in building it. In 1647, during the revolutionary troubles, Fairfax made the house his headquarters. After the Restoration Crispe again occupied it till his death in 1666. In 1683 Prince Rupert bought it and gave it to his mistress, Margaret Hughes, the actress, familiarly known as "Peg," who was kissed by old Pepys, and of whom he speaks as "a mighty pretty woman, and seems, but is not, modest." The old mansion changed its owners, till, in 1748, it came to the celebrated George Bubb Doddington. Here, till 1762, he led a joyous life with his associates, and then the house passed to his nephew. It was subsequently let to Mrs. Sturt, and became noted for that lady's frolicsome festivities. The Margrave of Brandenburg Anspach, after selling his ancestral estates to the King of Prussia, bought this house in 1792, and gave it its modern name. It was rented in 1820 by Queen Caroline at the time of her famous trial, and the whole neighborhood was kept in incessant excitement by the popular enthusiasm. Here, in 1821, the unfortunate Queen died, and in the following year the house was pulled down and the material sold. A small private lunatic asylum now occupies the grounds.

Sir Samuel Morland and William Kidd resided at Hammersmith. Morland had Vauxhall House, and there exercised his marvelous inventive powers. The side table in the dining-room had a large fountain, and the glasses stood under little streams. His coach had a movable kitchen with clockwork machinery, with which he could make soup, broil steaks or roast a joint. Adjoining his house in the Mall he put up a pump with an inscription: "Sir Samuel Morland's, the use of which he freely gives to all persons; hoping that none who shall come after him shall incur God's displeasure by denying a cup of cold water, provided at another's cost and not their own, to either neighbor, stranger, passenger, or poor thirsty beggar. July 8th, 1695."

For Sir Samuel is claimed the invention of the steam engine, and he must be admitted to have been one of those who then touched the border of the great discovery.

To William Kidd belongs the honor of placing the animal and intellectual creatures on a common platform, regulated by love. He had but to sit upon a stile between two fields, in both of which were grazing creatures, and without a sign from him they would be all about him in a very short time, looking up in his kind face, and receiving his kind touch. He used to say of the dog that there was an alphabet in the wagging of his tail, and that he knew the whole language by heart.

Having endeavored to acquire the alphabet alluded to from the tail of a surly-looking coach-dog—white with black spots all over—and learning little to reassure us, we walked onward to Chiswick, the river at this point almost horseshoeing. In tapping the Church of St. Nicholas we stumbled upon a very treasury of sacred remains. In the churchyard we stood by the tomb of William Hogarth, and read and committed to memory Garrick's inscription:

"Farewell, great painter of mankind!
Who reached the noblest point of art;
Whose pictured morals charm the mind,
And through the eye correct the heart.

"If genius fire thee, reader, stay;
If nature touch thee, drop a tear;
If neither move thee, turn away,
For Hogarth's honored dust lies here."

My American tourist considered Johnson's lines to be much better, claiming for them more freedom, and he repeated:

"The hand of him here torpid lies
That drew the essential form of grace;
Here, closed in death, the attentive eyes
That saw the manners in his face."

The readers can decide for themselves.

One of the superb residences of the Dukes of Devonshire—the Marquis of Hartington being heir to all—is here at Chiswick, and is called Chiswick House. In Lady Chatterton's most tiresome "Home Sketches and Foreign Recollections" are some fragments that deserve a better setting. "*Wednesday, 10th July.* This delightful day we spent at Chiswick, wandering over the beautiful gardens and interesting rooms of the Duke of Devonshire's villa. Besides the fine pictures which adorn the walls, and the lovely views from the windows, the historical recollections connected are most interesting. Here died two of the most celebrated modern statesmen, Fox and Canning. Mr. Rogers, who had visited Fox several times in his last illness, showed us the room. And we saw in another room, to which it had been removed, his deathbed. We then went up-stairs to see Canning's room, described by Bulwer in the *New*

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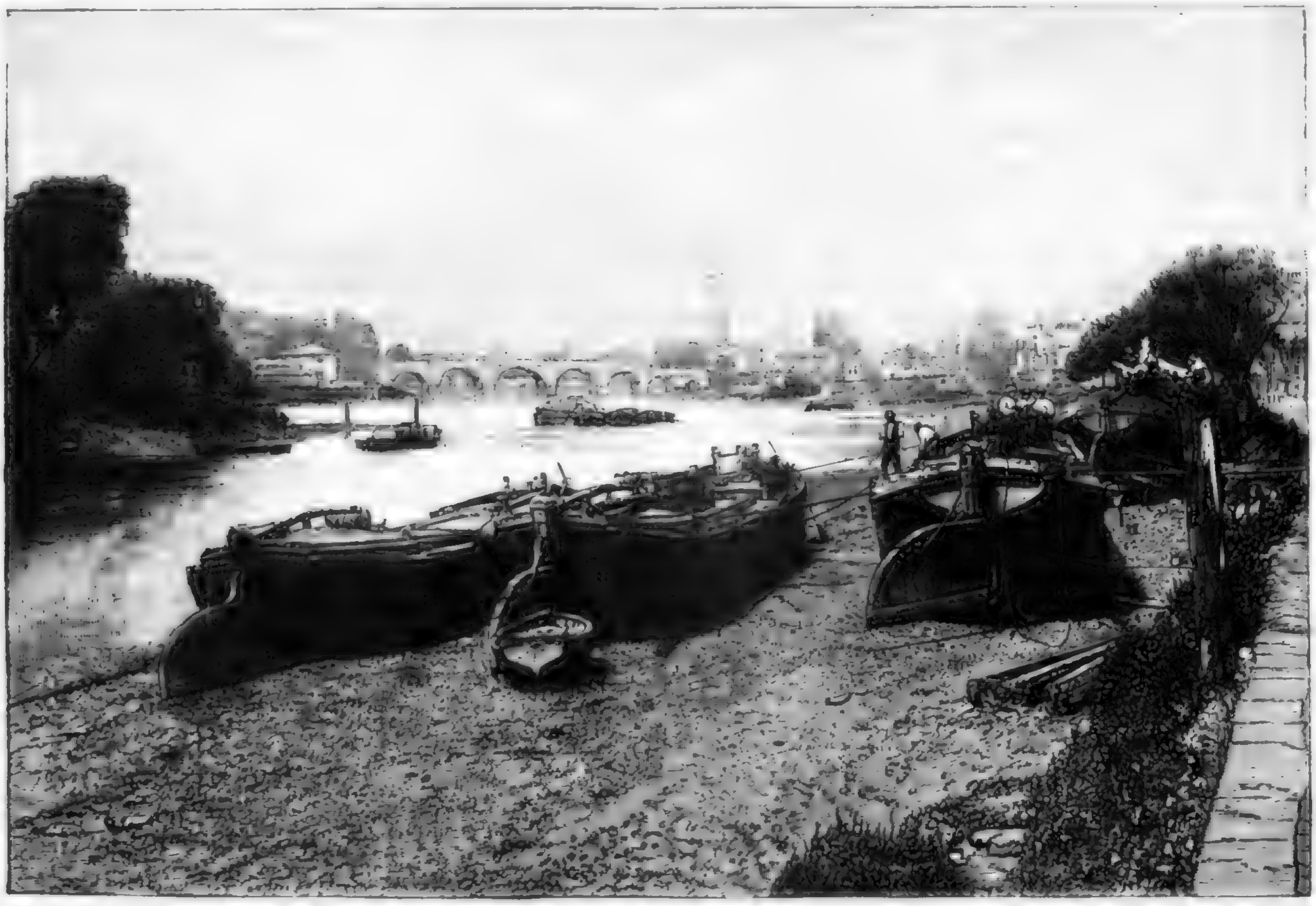
Monthly Magazine. It is a small, low chamber in which Canning died. He chose it for himself; it had formerly been a sort of nursery, and the Duke having slept there just before Canning came, it was considered more likely to be aired and free from damp than any other apartment. It has not even a cheerful view, and nothing can be more common than the wall-paper and furniture." Canning passed the last three weeks of his life at Chiswick. The housekeeper showed the downstairs room where he read family prayers on Sundays.

But, besides in these instances, Chiswick was the scene of many of the incidents in the life of the beautiful Duchess whom Gainsborough portrayed most effectually, and who was the professional beauty of that period. Fox, in his contest with Pitt at Westminster, resided here. Pitt frequently made Chiswick his home. The two rest together in Westminster Abbey, and my companion quoted Byron:

> "— Where are they—the rivals; a few feet
> Of sullen earth divide their winding-sheet.
> How peaceful and how powerful is the grave,
> Which hushes all! A calm unstormy wave,
> That oversweeps the world!"

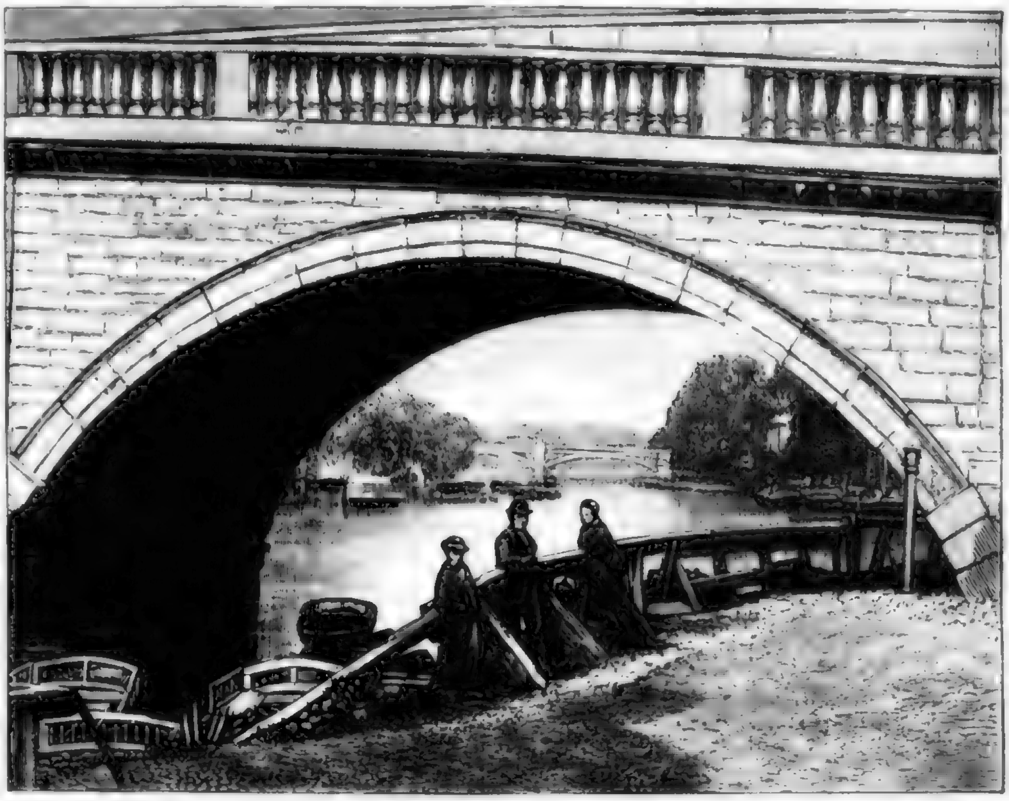


THE THAMES AT KEW.

A world-known collection of pictures is within the walls of Chiswick House. Ah, me! I spent a long and red-letter art day among them with two men of light and leading: one, genial Tom Taylor, art critic for the *Times;* the other, John Chippendale Montesquieu Bellew, whose elocution still causes my blood to leap as it recalls itself while writing his name. That *was* a day. What a feast on Vandyke, Holbein, Rembrandt, Paul Veronese, Zucchero, Reni, Poussin, Titian, Domenichino and Salvator Rosa. A supreme panorama in art history.

The most charming Queen-Anne residences are here to be had for $200 a year. From the oldest time the malting and brewing business had a home in Mortlake. When Chelsea ended its porcelain days, Mortlake had a good share of such distinction, and held it worthily. In James I.'s and Charles I.'s reign there were also famous tapestry-works under royal patronage, under Sir Francis Crane, in imitation of the royal works of France. James and his son Charles carefully patronized that artist; found him capital and ultimately a pension. Mention is often made of the work done there for embellishing mansions, as at Knole, where are portraits and pictures from Crane's factory. Charles, who was the most generous and best-qualified friend of the liberal arts in Europe, had three suits of gold tapestry made there at a cost of £6,000. He settled an annuity on Crane of £1,000, and subscribed £2,000 a year to keep the manufacture booming. Upon the artist's death, in 1635, the King bought the factory, and, at the suggestion of Rubens, purchased Raphael's Cartoons, in order to their being copied at Mortlake, depositing the originals at Hampton Court. They are now to be seen at South Kensington. After the King's beheadal the tapestry house was seized until the Restoration, but Charles II. did not revive the works.

But Mortlake has to deal with the mysterious sayings and weird days of Dr. Dee, the celebrated astrologer, and likewise of Partridge, the almanac-maker, whose death was so humorously predicted by the witty Irishman, Jonathan Swift, sometime Dean of St. Patrick's. Dee, who had studied astronomy, put it to solid worldly uses. He was charged with practicing enchantments to the prejudice of Queen Mary's life, but was acquitted. On Elizabeth's accession Leicester desired him to adopt the astrologer's art, in order to "fix" a lucky day for her coronation. This he did. Her most gracious Majesty took him into her service, became his pupil, and, as he says, made him numerous but unfulfilled promises of advancement. The honest inhabitants of Mortlake, whither Dee repaired in dudgeon, burnt his books,

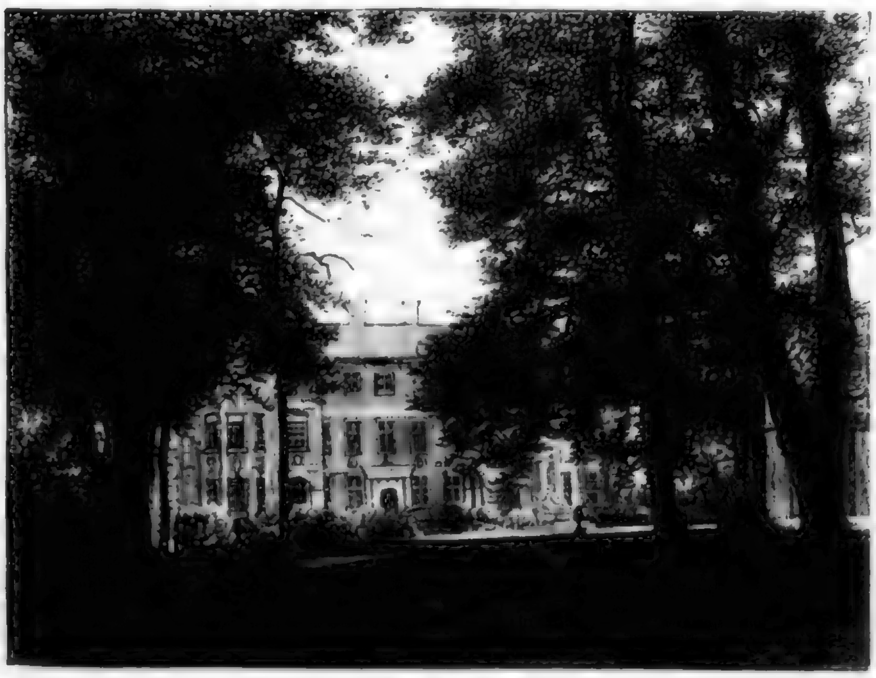


RICHMOND BRIDGE.

stuffed lizards, snakes and other *impedimenta* of his occult profession, and things looked very blue for the luckless astrologer; but a comet came to his rescue, upon which he lectured before Her Majesty for three days in succession, and being restored to grace, was "commanded" to compile a geographical description of the countries of the earth discovered by Englishmen. His love for incantation, however, led him astray, and he became a sort of swell tramp, till he announced that he had discovered a powder that would transmute baser metals into gold. Fortune smiled upon him, and he obtained the Chancellorship of St. Paul's, with other pickings. James, the canny successor of Elizabeth, gave the astrologer no countenance, and Dee died in 1608, and was buried at Mortlake, his secret for turning lead into gold disappearing with his dust.

The church at Mortlake was first built in 1348, and has been rebuilt again and yet again. The parish accounts begin with Elizabeth, and here are some quaint items illustrative of the habits of the times, which my companion carefully entered in his memorandum-book:

Paid for a covenant, and a frame to set it in -	3*s.*	0*d.*
Paid 2 men for taking down the fount - -	14	0
Laid out when they carried the Common Prayer Book to Margaret's Hill in Southwark, and then to Kingston - - - - -	14	0
Paid to a poor man that had been plundered -	0	4
Paid to a poor minister - - - -	1	0
Paid for blotting out the cherubims in the church	2	6
Paid for a frame and whip that hangs in the church for drunkards - - - -	1	0



LION HOUSE.

There are many old monuments in the church, and old tombs in the churchyard, rich food for the note-book. John Partridge's (the almanac-maker) tomb is in the yard. He did not imitate Dr. Dee, but, like the modern Zadkiel, made obvious prophecies of sufficient ambiguity to allow for some fulfillment, and, in fact, profited by the ignorant credulity of the time. He became sworn physician to Charles II. and William and Mary. At Mortlake dwelt Sir Philip Francis, the reputed author of "The Letters of Junius," and the house looked "sweet and solemn" as we gazed upon it.

We stroll by the river in the direction of Kew, created by the wife of the podgy-heroic George II., Queen Caroline. She wanted a place for her boy Frederick, and selected this. Kew, as a botanical institution, is unsurpassed in the world, and has given to every nation under the sun more than it has ever received from them all.

The following eulogy is, as *Dick Swiveller* would say, "a one-er."

"So sits enthroned, in vegetable pride,
Imperial *Kew*, by Thames's glittering side.
Obedient sails from realms unfurrowed bring
For her, the unmarred progeny of Spring.

"Delighted Thames through tropic umbrage glides,
And flowers antarctic, bending o'er his tides;
Drinks the new tints, the sweets unknown inhales,
And calls the sons of science to his vales."

When Frederick, Prince of Wales, set up housekeeping, he leased the estate from the Capel family, the fee-simple being purchased by George III. His mother, the Dowager Princess, took great interest in the improvement of the grounds, and the house was adapted to her wants at a great expense. She erected strange fantastic temples about the place, all of which have vanished

XUM

except the Temple of Victory. The Temple of Victory is supposed to immortalize the battle of Minden. King William IV. added the Pantheon. The Pagoda is a curiosity. It is more than 160 feet high, and 49 feet diameter at the base. It has 10 stories, each of which is one foot shorter than that below it. The exotic gardens, museum and other features were begun by George III.'s mother. It was in these gardens that Frederick caught the cold of which he died, at the age of forty-five. A wit of the *genus* Labouchère dismissed the subject thus:

"Here lies Fred,
Who was alive, and is dead.
Had it been his father,
I would much rather.
Had it been his brother,
Still better than another.
Had it been his sister,
No one would have missed her.
Had it been the whole generation,
Still better for the nation.
But since 'tis only Fred,
Who was alive, and is dead,
There's no more to be said."

The old Observatory was presented to the British Association by the Crown, and the large one was converted into a public receptacle for botanical specimens, as a means of dispensing a knowledge of botany. The old botanical garden belonging to the Crown occupied eleven acres, but the present arrangements cover 300 acres, and permission has recently been given to smoke anywhere, everywhere, a concession sought for many a long day.

George III. took an especial delight in horticulture, as he was especially fond of the delicacies of the season (a boiled leg of mutton and turnips was His Majesty's favorite dish). His fruit-trees were cultivated to great perfection. No expense was spared in rearing esculents of all kinds, and to superintend their culture he frequently visited Kew Gardens. It was in one of these visits he saw and noticed William Cobbett. This young man, with a few half-pence in his pocket and Swift's "Tale of a Tub" in his hand, had been so captivated by the wonders of the gardens that he repaired thither in search of employment. His Majesty saw the clownish boy with stockings tied about his legs by scarlet garters, inquired concerning him, and desired that he might be continued in his service.

One more little story as Madame d'Arblay tells it. In it we have the sycophantic simplicity of the little countess, and the unintellectual homeliness of the household. The King was the country squire. An attack had been made on his person, and Miss Burney thus claps it into her diary:

> "*Aug.* 8, 1786. An exceeding pretty scene was exhibited to-day to their Majesties. We came, as usual, on every alternate Tuesday, to Kew. The Queen's Lodge is at the end of a long meadow, surrounded with houses, which is called Kew Green, and this was quite filled with all the inhabitants of the place—the lame, old, blind, sick and infants—who all assembled, dressed in their Sunday garb, to line the sides of the walk through which their Majesties passed, attended by a band of musicians, arranged in the front, who began 'God Save the King' the moment they came upon the Green, and finished it with loud huzzas. This affected the Queen to tears, and speaking of it afterward, said, 'I shall always love little Kew for this.'"

The church, or rather, chapel, was built by subscription, in 1714, on a site given by Queen Anne, and in her honor the church bears the name of St. Anne. George III. enlarged it, and George IV., in 1823, placed in it the organ—said to have been Handel's—on which his father had been wont to perform.

In the church are several monuments, one to an old courtier, Sir Peter Lely, celebrated as a fashionable portrait-painter, who lived and died at Kew. There is also a monument to Gainsborough.

As this is in no sense a guide-book article, but merely a walk in the country, I may confess to repairing from the church to a tea-garden, where my tourist and I had more beer, and, yes—why not?—a game of skittles, on a lawn that was as green and as smooth as a billiard-table, with no awe-inspiring rules as to *massé* shots or tearing of the cloth. Others are having beer and skittles, and elders were looking approvingly on, smoking long churchwarden pipes, and chuckling over either the good or the bad play. We "Lunnoners" attracted no attention. We were a pair of clerks out for a holiday, or out of work. So we drained our pewters and played our game, and, refreshed all round, started once more along the river for Isleworth.

Nordon writes, 1593, that "Thistleworth or Istleworth is a place scytuate upon the Thames, not far from whence, between it and Worton, is a copper and brass mill, where it is wrought out of the oare, melted and forged. The oar or earth whereof it was contrived is brought out of Summersetshire from Mendip Hill, the most from Worley Hill. Many artificial devices there are to be noted in the performance of the werke." This industrial character Isleworth has maintained to the present day.

I drew my companion's attention to Gordon House, a magnificent mansion close to the river, embosomed in trees and rising from a very Turkey rug of bloom. This dwelling was inhabited by the late Earl of Kilmorey, who died about seven years ago at the age of ninety-four; and, if Ninon de l'Enclos retained her admiration for the sterner sex into the eighties, *on dit* the evergreen Earl held on to his for the fairer one far into the nineties. Wicked, gossiping and lying people gave Gordon House a harem-ful name. The present Lord, then Newry, did not hit it off with his frolicsome parent, and went to India with the Prince of Wales. He is a jolly good fellow, and the lads of the Marlborough and Brooks Clubs gave a sigh of relief when came the tidings of the old chappie's demise, giving Newry the title and the "ready."

From Gordon House to All Saints' Church, the Thames affords one of its most picturesque charms in the well-known Isleworth Cut. A delightful bit of road leads to the famous Scyon House, the Duke of Northumberland's London estate. The site of Scyon was at first a monastery of the Order of St. Bridget, the only one of the kind in England. It was suppressed by Henry VIII., who reserved it for his own use. It was presented by Edward VI. to the Protector Somerset, and after his attainder and execution to the Duke of Northumberland. Lady Jane Grey resided here when the crown was offered to her, the accepting of which led to her death and that of the Duke, when the estate once more reverted to the Crown, and was restored by Queen Mary to the Sisters of all the Saints, and especially of St. Bridget. Elizabeth, however, dispossessed them, and gave Scyon to the Earl of Northumberland, in whose family it still remains.

The character of the scenery at this part of the Thames can never be exhaustively described. Every change in the clouds, or in the position of the sun, moon and stars, and every ebb and flow of the tide, with the eddying currents of the water and wind, exhibit new beauties, and call forth exclamations of enchantment. And as you gaze upon or wander about the place, oh! what past story rises to the mind! The whole locality is for the exercise of contemplation and rumination; and there is scarcely a phase of character prominent in English history, political, domestic or social, that has not its intense associations with this spot. It is here that I would wish to see the American student of England's history, book in hand, conjuring up the past, the silver Thames at his feet "swishing" past him to the sea.

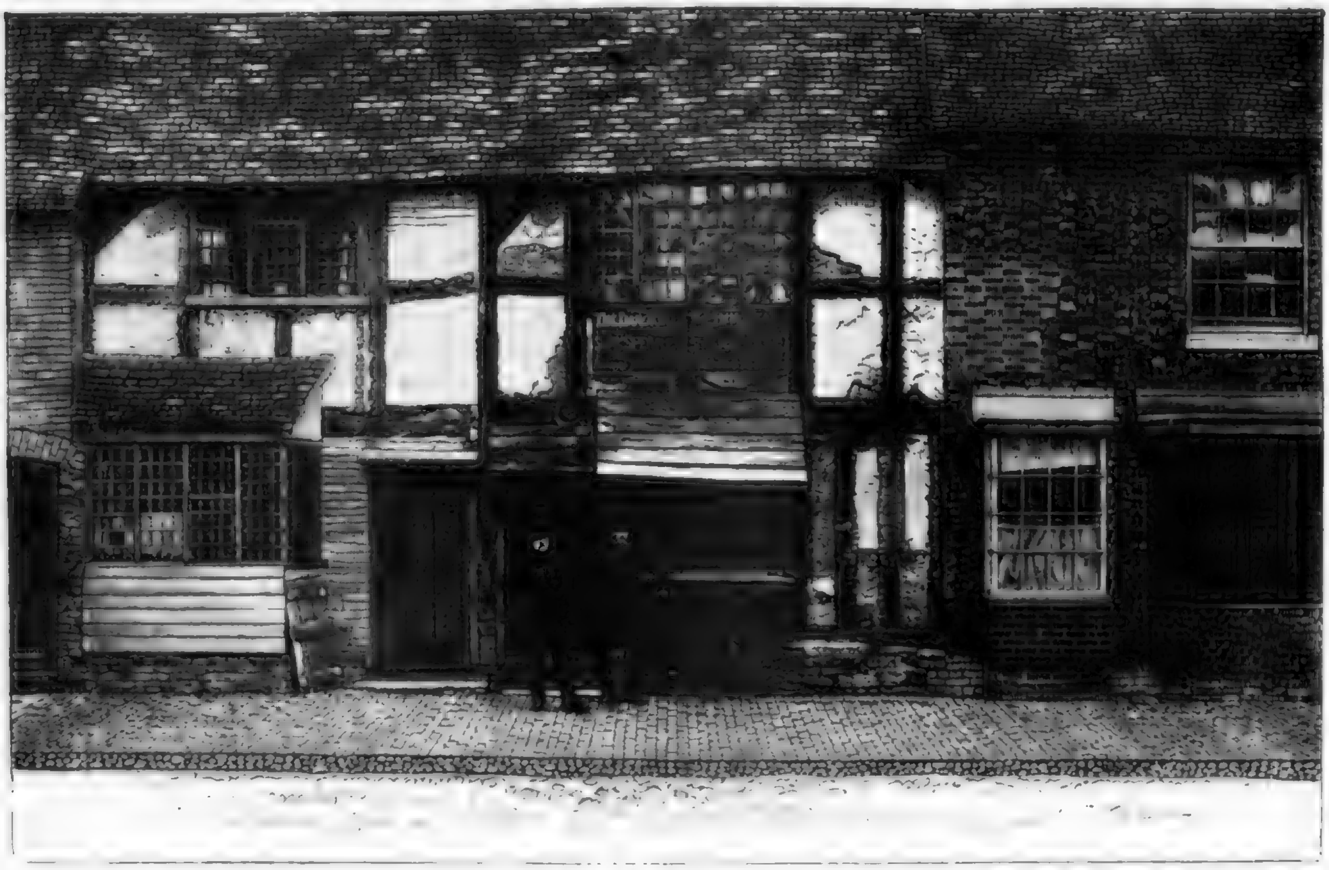
On that broad greensward in front, upon which peace seems to be perpetually smiling, was fought the culminating battle between the Royalists and the Parliament in 1642, of which Dr. Lingard reports: "Charles had left Oxford and was wasting time at Reading, thereby permitting Essex to march unhindered toward London. Kingston, Acton and Windsor were garrisoned for the Parliament, and the only passage to London lay through the town of Brentford. Charles had reached Colnbrook, where he was met by the Parliamentary Commissioners suing for peace. The conference lasted two days, during which Essex threw three regiments into the town, which made Charles indignant because of the breach of faith. Two days after, notwithstanding the obstinate resistance of Essex, he took Brentford, after driving part of the garrison into the river, and taking fifteen pieces of cannon and five hundred men. The men he set at liberty, and the treaty between the King and Parliament came to an end. The Parliament reproached the King that, while he professed the strongest repugnance to shed the blood of Englishmen, he had surprised and murdered their adherents at Brentford. Charles indignantly retorted the charge on his accusers. They were the real deceivers, who sought to keep him in his position till they surrounded him. The upshot was that both gathered their forces, and the two armies faced each other on the green, but neither ventured to charge.

Distinguished men of all sorts have occupied the parsonage belonging to the church at Isleworth. Notably in the Commonwealth, one Richard Byfield obtained preferment from the then patron of the living, Sir John Evelyn, and when in office did not consult his chief to the extent that courtesy would dictate. Presently a quarrel ensued concerning the repairs of the church, and the vicar, being a very warm zealot, went to Cromwell with his complaint. Cromwell contrived to get both of them together, and listened until Evelyn charged Byfield with aspersing him in his preaching, when Oliver told the vicar that he had committed a breach of manners; for Sir John was a man of honor in the country, who, if he had done aught amiss, should have been complained of privately and with respect. Byfield protested that he had no malicious intent; and thus Cromwell made them good friends at parting.

Sir Richard Walpole's house—called Lacey House, from having been built by Lacey, the actor—was at Isleworth, and was afterward the residence of the famous Richard Brinsley Sheridan; and then the Duchess of Kendal's mansion—she who made infamous one of the Georges by her scandalous courses—was here, but changed by the whirligig of time into a concert hall, if not an eighteenth-century variety show. Mrs. Clive resided— But this is not a house-agents' list, and we must on to Richmond, where, at the Star and Garter, a bottle of G. H. Mumm is on ice, and several Maids of Honor (of whom more anon) await our coming.

As we strolled along the "silvern Thames," drinking deep, deep draughts of the beauteous scenery around us, we called to mind that Richmond, which we were now approaching by such delightfully easy stages, had been, as Syenes, Sheene or Sheen, one of the earliest-known residences of England's Kings. A great number of public acts of Edward I., II. and III. are dated "from our Palace at Sheene." Edward III. and the Queen of Richard II. both died here, as did also Queen Elizabeth. The original Palace has become dilapidated. Henry V. rebuilt the whole structure, and resided there in his later days. When Henry of Richmond had ended the long strife of the Houses of York and Lancaster on Bosworth Field, he retired to Sheen, and, having rebuilt the Palace, renamed the place after Richmond, in Yorkshire, from which he received his title, and died here in 1509.

Henry VIII. preferred Windsor to Sheen, but dwelt there during the last days of the life of Anne Boleyn. A hill in the Park, commonly called "King Henry's Mount," is still shown as the spot from which he watched for the rocket announcing her execution. When Wolsey, "the great Cardinal," had to resign Hampton Court, Henry permitted him to occupy the Palace of Richmond, where he kept up an almost royal state, although then under a cloud. The people, taking their inspiration from the popular King, made epigrams more or less severe on "the butcher's doggie who doth lie in the Manor of Richmond," but Wolsey heeded them not. While the King kept Christmas in London solemnly, because of a visitation of the plague, Wolsey, at Richmond, bated no jot of his accustomed splendor. Later sovereigns delighted in Richmond, notably the Virgin Queen, who staid there frequently. Charles I. educated his children here, improved the Palace, followed his hounds, and inclosed the Park with a brick wall. After his death the Commissioners of the Long Parliament took possession of the Palace and Park and made a survey. The Palace is therein described "as a large and fair erection of 3 stories, covered with lead, and having 14 turrets." The principal features were the great hall and the chapel. The former was a singularly beautiful room, 140 feet long and 40 feet wide; the latter, a noble structure, 96x40 feet "with cathedral seats and pewes." This the Parliament destroyed in 1650, the materials realizing £10,782. The Parliament ordered a sale of the Palace, but the Commissioners only dismantled the building, confiscating the furniture, tapestries and pictures, and a great part of the lead on the roof. In this condition Charles II. received it at the Restoration; but the Merry Monarch, being in his usual hard-up condition, and having no funds to repair it, it fell into a ruinous condition, and during the last century a greater part was taken down. Near by stood a Carthusian Priory, founded by Henry VII. to expiate the death of Richard. The Gatehouse for a long time remained, a superb specimen of fifteenth-century Gothic. The historic associations of the Priory should have saved it from the iconoclasm of the last century. It was within its sanctuary that Perkin Warbeck took refuge on the failure of his enterprise, and from it was removed to the Tower to enter that portal of doom known as "The Traitors' Gate." In the Priory, Cardinal Pole lived in studious retirement for two years, and Stow tells that when the Earl of Surrey returned from Flodden Field he brought with him the body of the Scottish King, and would not bury it. Stow says he saw it lying, wrapped in lead, in a lumber-room at the Priory in 1552. Here Sir Wliliam Temple took to gardening and to raising cherries "from May to Michaelmas." Here William III., of "great, glorious, pious and immortal memory," now being so freely invoked by the Ulster Orangemen, walked and talked with Dean Swift, offered to make him a "captain of horse," and showed him with his own royal hands how to cut asparagus in the Dutch manner. And here lived Esther Johnson, or Stella, Swift's



HOUSE AT PUTNEY.

Richmond Park, through which my companion and I walked almost listlessly in our keen appreciation of its beauties, is one of the noblest domains in England, its area covering upwards of 2,000 acres of undulating and beautiful timbered land, with twelve miles of wall. In the Commonwealth it was given to the citizens of London for ever; but at the Restoration the easy gift of the Long Parliament was canceled, and the Park became again loyal, and many were the tricks and jobberies at court, and great the "boodle," concerning the offices belonging thereto. Queen Anne gave Rochester the Rangership, and his successor sold the whole back to George I., who at once granted part to Walpole, who built the great Lodge in the Park at a cost of £14,000, and resided there to enjoy his craze for hunting. The Princess Amelia subsequently became Ranger, and tried to exclude the public, whereby she raised a storm that compelled her resignation.

In Richmond Park Sir Walter Scott, in his delightful novel, "The Heart of Mid-Lothian," causes *Jeanie Deans* to meet the Queen on the memorable occasion when she pleaded for her sister's life. Queen Charlotte lived at the Lodge in 1762, and George III., in one of his "fits of fancy," had it pulled down.

The White Lodge in the Park was for some time the residence of George II. whilst Prince of Wales, who kept his little court in the gayest fashion. Among its frequenters were the lovely "Molly Lessel," of whom Thackeray reports certain royal scandals, but who is said to have been the original "Lass of Richmond Hill"; the two Miss Gunnings, one of whom ran away with the Duke of Hamilton, and was married to him at Mayfair Chapel at half-past twelve at night with a brass curtain-ring. Walpole calls them double-duchessed. The Maids-of-Honor attached to the Court were too numerous for the accommodations at White Lodge, and the Prince of Wales built a small row of houses for them, called "Maids-of-Honor Row," and for their delectation the royal confectioner invented a cheese-cake which he named after them. A Richmond confectioner obtained possession of the receipt, found the cheese-cake exceedingly popular—I vouch for it—and in a few years retired with a small fortune. The original receipt was sold for £300 or $1,500.

Donkeys belong to the traditions of Richmond. Their milk had the reputation of special efficacy in consumptive cases, and as animals of service were much in request for climbing the hills. Here is the "correct card" of a donkey owner:

"Excellent ass's milk I sell,
And keeps a shed for hire
Of donkeys famed for going well—
They seldom ever tire.

"One angel honored Balaam's ass,
And met her on the way;
But Carroll's troops through Richmond pass
With angels every day."

Few of the surburban retreats within easy reach of London can compare with Richmond, and fewer still surpass it. Poets have sung its praises, and prose has attempted to describe its attractions. Sir Walter Scott spoke in rapture of the "huge sea of verdure" which spreads around Richmond Hill, and of its "crossing and intersecting promontories of tufted grass tenanted by countless flocks and herds." Sweet glimpses of river scenery await us at every turn, and lanes where Nature discards *parterre* primness in order to lounge in green *déshabille*, are found in bewildering variety. Richmond has sufficient attractions in the stretch of Thames over which it looks to make it famous. Dotted with swans sailing gracefully past its verdant islets, the river glides along as softly as a dream. Here Collins commemorated Thomson, who lived and died at Richmond, in the words:

"Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore
Where Thames in Summer wreaths is drest,
And oft suspends the dashing oar
To bid his gentle spirit rest."

Looking over the same scene, Wordsworth still more poetically commemorated Collins, sometime a resident at Richmond, in the stanzas, the verse of which gives, as no other poet has ever given it, the spirit of the scene:

> "Glide gently thus, for ever glide,
> O Thames! that other bards may see
> As lovely visions by thy side
> As now, fair river, come to me."

The best view of the surroundings of Richmond is obtained from the Terrace, a wide, graveled walk at the top of the hill, shaded with giant elms, and provided with seats. Far in the distance, to the right, the proud towers of Windsor Castle may be seen, cameo-cut against the sky, while on the left the horizon is bounded by the soothing outlines of the Surrey Downs. The whole intermediate space is apparenly one vast vriginal forest, a hazy calm of bluish smoke here and there denoting the existence of some lordly dwelling-place.

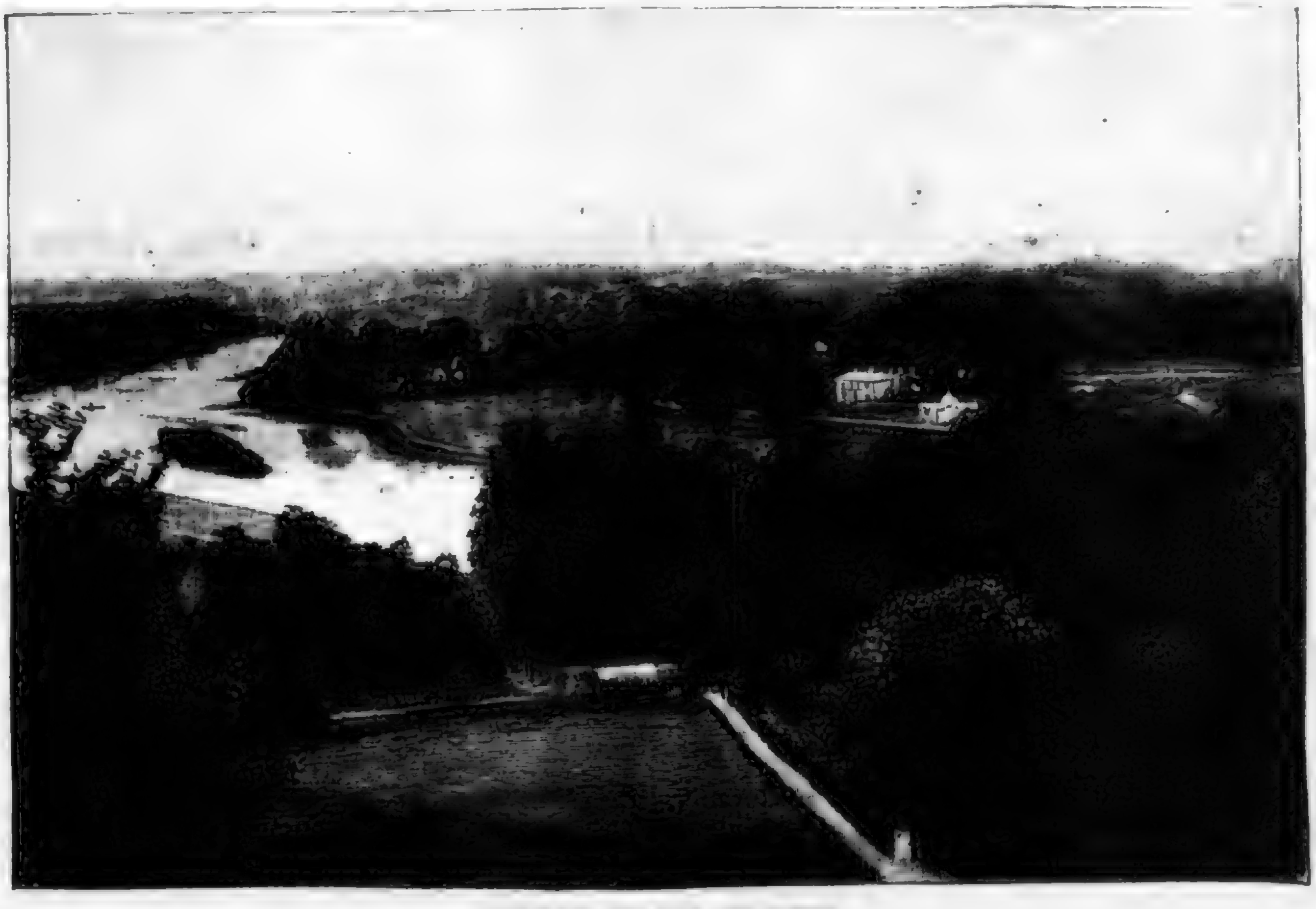
At the top of the hill is that famous hostelry known as the Star and Garter, whither my companion and I wended our way.

To "tool" a four-in-hand from town to the Garter for a little dinner is high fashion, and on a bright July evening, ere the season breaks up, the space opposite the hotel is lined with the best turn-outs in London—in the world. The swells are the swelliest, and the womenkind either the swelliest or the fastest. The duke is jostled by "some fellow on 'Change," the duchess by a "rapid" actress under protection. The Guardsmen are after Ouida's own heart, the fair ones in *toilettes* by Felix or Worth. Here is the tailor-made costume seen in its perfection, and Smalpage in his glory.

My companion and I stood "a long hour by Shrewsbury clock" gazing at all this "frivol," then we turned in to our little dinner: ox-tail soup, sole, a leg of Welsh mutton, roasted, a bit of Stilton, and a dozen or so apiece of maids-of-honor, washed down by a couple of bottles of G. H. Mumm, *frappé*. Here Edward Duzer and I lounged upon the terrace bathed in moonlight and perfumed with the odors of rarest flowers, and then we resolved upon stopping at the Star and Garter for a week, and—we did so.

THE accident patients of a general hospital are of all classes. When a man is injured on the railway or in the street, no one stops to ascertain his social position, or whether he can afford to pay the heavy fees of a fashionable surgeon; the general impulse is, to get him to the nearest hospital as quickly as possible. In this manner scarcely a day passes without the papers mentioning the admittance into a hospital of individuals very far removed in the social scale from the Lazarus class, on whose behalf hospital appeals are commonly made. The late Lord Shaftesbury made many such appeals for money for hospitals, never thinking, probably, that these institutions would be of any use to himself. Yet when, in a moment of insanity, he shot himself in Regent Street, London, it was to a hospital he was driven to receive surgical aid, and thereby afforded a striking illustration of the value of the hospital to the rich as well as to the poor.

TIME IS MONEY.—A gentleman who died recently in Paris left a legacy of $5,000 to his niece in Iowa, who, it appears, died about the same hour of the same day. The question which died first turns upon the relation of solar to true time, and must be determined by the difference of longitude. If the niece died at four o'clock A.M. and the uncle at ten A.M., the instants of their deaths must have been identical. Assuming that to be the hour of the testator's death, if the niece died at any hour between four and ten, although the legacy would apparently revert to his estate, it would really vest in her and her heirs, since by solar time she would actually have survived her uncle.



VIEW FROM THE STAR AND GARTER.

XUM

WHENCE ARE POEMS.

(DEDICATED TO MISS BERTHA MAY IVORY.)

By Benjamin G. Smith.

Whence are poems, do you ask me,
Are they made or do they grow?
I will very gladly tell you
All the little that I know.

Poems may be chains of silver
With alternate links of gold,
Here and there a flash of diamonds
Of a value can't be told.

If you say such chains are costly,
Wealth so great is found with few;
Why then make your little poems
Out of drops of morning dew.

String on silken cords the finest
By the smallest spider spun,
Hang between two blushing rosebuds
Where they tremble in the sun.

True, the dew is evanescent,
Only water, soft and cold,
But than flashing diamonds clearer,
Brighter far than links of gold.

Plait you then a crown of flowers,
Red and white, with leaves of green,
Daisies and the early primrose,
Little drops of blood between.

String you then a fairy necklace
For the wearer of the crown,
Out of tiny ovals speckled,
Little eggs of blue and brown.

Look around then for the fairest,
Find the fairest of the fair;
Beg her kindly take the necklace
And the floral crown to wear.

Or take rays of lunar rainbow
Weave with threads of morning cloud;
Weave a poem or a garment
Fit for bridal or for shroud.

But, alas! the swiftly woven
Work of fancy disappears;
Hopes or castles built in cloudland,
Pass away in falling tears.

Poems sometimes flow as rivers,
Sometimes like the mountain streams,
Making mystic music murmur—
Such as may be heard in dreams.

And sometimes a poem grander
Sounds along a lonely shore,
When old ocean, rolling restless,
Wails his song of "Evermore."

Poems sometimes rise as towers,
Telling from their heights sublime,
Story through the ages hoary,
In a ringing rhythmic rhyme.

Solemn poems, born in darkness,
May the nightly stars unroll,
While with glimmer, glow and glitter
Slowly pacing round the pole,

These with rhythmic grace and movement,
All their lights and shadows fling,
Telling tales of growing wonder,
Ever while they march and sing.

Everywhere are poems written,
Where God's love and truth entwine;
All creation is symbolic
Of the word and work Divine.

All the outer forms and spaces,
From the star-dust to the sod,
Grow and glow from mystic poems,
Written by the hand of God.

New York. —*St. Louis "Spectator."*

THE WISDOM OF COCKS.

There is no poetry about the hen. She does not appeal to the finer feelings in any way. No housewife would pay any attention to a moral lesson to be derived from a hen. She has no morality; her diligence and intellect are equally inconspicuous; the one is not called for, the other is irremediably wanting. Milton damns her informally. The poets generally look upon her with but contemptuous recognition of her existence. The sight of her comfortable form and homely presence inspires the boy with irresistible longings to throw stones at her and chase her clacking round the farmyard. His mother, indeed, cuffs his ears for this contraband method of developing his physical powers and accuracy of aim; but the hen is too foolish to watch the retribution even from the door of the hen-house, and is as undignified and noisily alarmed on every subsequent occasion. The good wife herself does not scruple to take advantage of the hen's lack of ratiocinative power, and induces her to lay hundreds of eggs, instead of the paltry dozen or so nature intended her to produce.

The hen never suspects that she is being made a convenience of, and goes on year after year, endeavoring to make up a nest, taking no lesson from the happier experience of more favored birds, or even of the occasion when she herself was allowed to bring up a brood and grow proud and self-sufficient among her companions. Who ever heard of a hen that fed abstemiously that she might remain slim and not be eaten? She comes rushing along with unseemly haste whenever any one calls "Tucky tuck-tuck-tuck tucky"—itself an absurd and demeaning formula, suitable only for a hen—gluttony in every feather, and lack of grace in every movement. She never distinguishes between the cry of the boy who summons her for his private ends and of the mistress who is perhaps going to select one of the flock for dinner. Up she comes and takes no warning, and shows no concern when her sister is snatched away from her side, has her neck drawn, and is actually plucked in her presence. Perhaps she even carries off some of the feathers to decorate that make-believe nest of hers.

The cock is an important bird. He is historical. A cock assured Themistocles of his victory over Xerxes. Aristophanes tells us that he reigned supreme over Persia before the time of Darius and Megabazus. Numa Pompilius was inspired by a cock, and Romulus was influenced by the same bird in his decision as to the site of Rome. He was sacred to Mars, Apollo, Mercury and Æsculapius. Mohammed found a cock in the first heaven, so huge a bird that his crest touched the second heaven. The Moslem doctors say that Allah lends a willing ear to him who reads the Koran, to him who prays for pardon, and to the cock, whose chant is divine melody. When this cock ceases to crow, the day of judgment will be at hand. The cock on church spires is to remind men not to deny their Lord as Peter did. Peter le Neve says that the cock was the warlike ensign of the Goths, as it is to the present day of the Malays, and that it was put up for ornament in Gothic churches.

The crowing of the cock has always exercised an indefinable influence on mankind; it covered the shuffling Peter with shame; it has furnished innumerable poets with stocks of phrases; it has even become a means for the expression of Parliamentary opinion. In some places, it is true, the cock is regarded with not altogether unmalevolent sentiments. An African tribe complains bitterly that it was all through the cock that they remained black, and different from the rest of mankind. The great creating Spirit, it is said, set himself during the daytime to model the human race. By sundown he had fashioned about fifty different figures out of clay, but they were all more or less brown, and some of them were quite black. He set them up in a row and inspected them before it got quite dark, and then it appeared that they would look better if they were white. So he mixed a great pot of whitewash, and set about daubing them by the light of the moon. But it was troublesome work, and he did not get on very fast. At last, when he had still a score or more to whiten, day dawned, and the cock crew, and he came to the conclusion that the rest must remain as they were. And so it has come to pass that some of the races of mankind are red and brown, while the poor negro has remained quite black—and all through a troublesome cock, who would crow when he was not wanted.

The Orang Subimba have little greater regard for domestic fowls, though they carry their aversions further, and will have nothing to do with them, whereas the African at least consoles himself for his wrongs by eating his enemy. The Malayan tribe in question were wrecked on a voyage to the Island of Celebes, and, as they were not able to get themselves new boats, had to remain in Bantam. They staid for some time on the seacoast, and lived by fishing; but the cocks they had with them acted as vile betrayers, and constantly brought down attacks from pirate praus and robbers, who discovered the villages, however carefully concealed, by the persistent crowing of the cocks. Accordingly, the Subimba abandoned their ravaged settlements, and moved up into the interior, where, before establishing new communities, they took a solemn oath that they would never again keep fowls or till the ground. The noisy village cocks attracted the enemy, and the tilling of the ground attracted from the jungle the wild birds, who, besides committing great ravages themselves, did not scruple to crow as loudly as if they belonged to the place. Therefore the Orang Subimba rejected their national bird, and when they wanted to see a main of cocks went to the villages of their more fortunate neighbors, who were strong enough to protect themselves against robber bands.

Both these tales, if they are not altogether creditable to the cock, at any rate recognize in him an importance which is denied to the bird by prosaic westerns. But elsewhere the rousing bird of dawn is in much greater estimation. The Burmese credit him with a knowledge of astronomical lore which is wanting in mankind of these latter days. In the last world-cycle before the Buddha had come upon earth to "preach the Law and give the millions peace," cabalistic learning had attained very great importance, and was most elaborately worked out and written down in a series of books. When, however, the hermit Prince had attained the supreme wisdom, and was traveling about expounding his doctrines, there was nothing he so much denounced as the taking of life and the exercising of uncanny arts. Accordingly he so worked upon the feelings of the people, that one day in Baranathee he prevailed on them to destroy all their deadly weapons and the forbidden books of the black art. All the spears and swords and javelins and bows and arrows; all the fishing-nets, harpoons and fish-hooks, gins and snares, and traps of all kinds were gathered together, and piled in a great heap, and on the top were placed the books of the Baydin containing the harmful spells, incantations, and other sinful mysteries. Then fire was set to the pile, and it was burnt away. Dewadat, the graceless, plotting cousin and brother-in-law of the Buddha, managed to steal away one volume of the cabalistic books, and it is from this time that the knowledge of divination and necromancy still existent among mankind is derived. But when the great heap was entirely consumed and the smoldering embers had died out, there came a flock of fowls, who pecked away at the ashes and assimilated so much of the lost books that the knowledge of the Mantras pervaded their whole system. The most obvious manifestation of this power is in their constant knowledge of the exact time of day. The cocks descended from these fowls, who have since always remained in Buddhist countries, unite together in crowing at four periods of the day—at day-dawn, at midday, at sundown, and again at midnight. Their persistent crowing at midnight is the clearest proof of their faculty, for it cannot be supposed that the cocks have any particular enjoyment in exerting themselves at that untimely hour, any more than the performance is agreeable to the majority of their human auditory. It is, therefore, manifestly a proof of their innate astrological lore. The cocks find respect for this in Burmah. In Europe, it is to be feared, the practice would not be endured. The stern justice of the Middle Ages would have treated such proceedings with very great severity. The cock and his magic powers would have been felled with the rod of witchcraft. According to the Chronicle of Basel, a cock was actually burnt in August of the year 1474, on the Kühlenberg, for evil practices—to wit, that he had been so far worked upon by the demons of the under-world as to commit the indiscretion of laying an egg. Such a performance was undoubtedly undignified on the part of the cock; but there is not much to be said for the men either.

But the estimation in which the cock is held by the Burmese is as nothing to the regard that the Karens have for him. The Karens are another colony of the tribes that migrated southward from the great Tartar plains; and, having been gradually dispossessed of the fat lowlands by the more energetic Burmans, now live mostly in the hilly country to the east of Burmah. Their veneration for the bird is the more singular, since, according to their own traditions, they have but little cause for it. In ancient times, so their myths relate, God gave to the Burmese a book of palm-leaves, to the Chinese a paper manuscript, and to them a sheet of skin, each severally containing the divine laws and a system of writing. The Burmese and Chinese carefully preserved their books, and studied them diligently. The Karens, on the other hand, were careless of their skin, and a pig got hold of it and tore it in pieces. These the cocks of the

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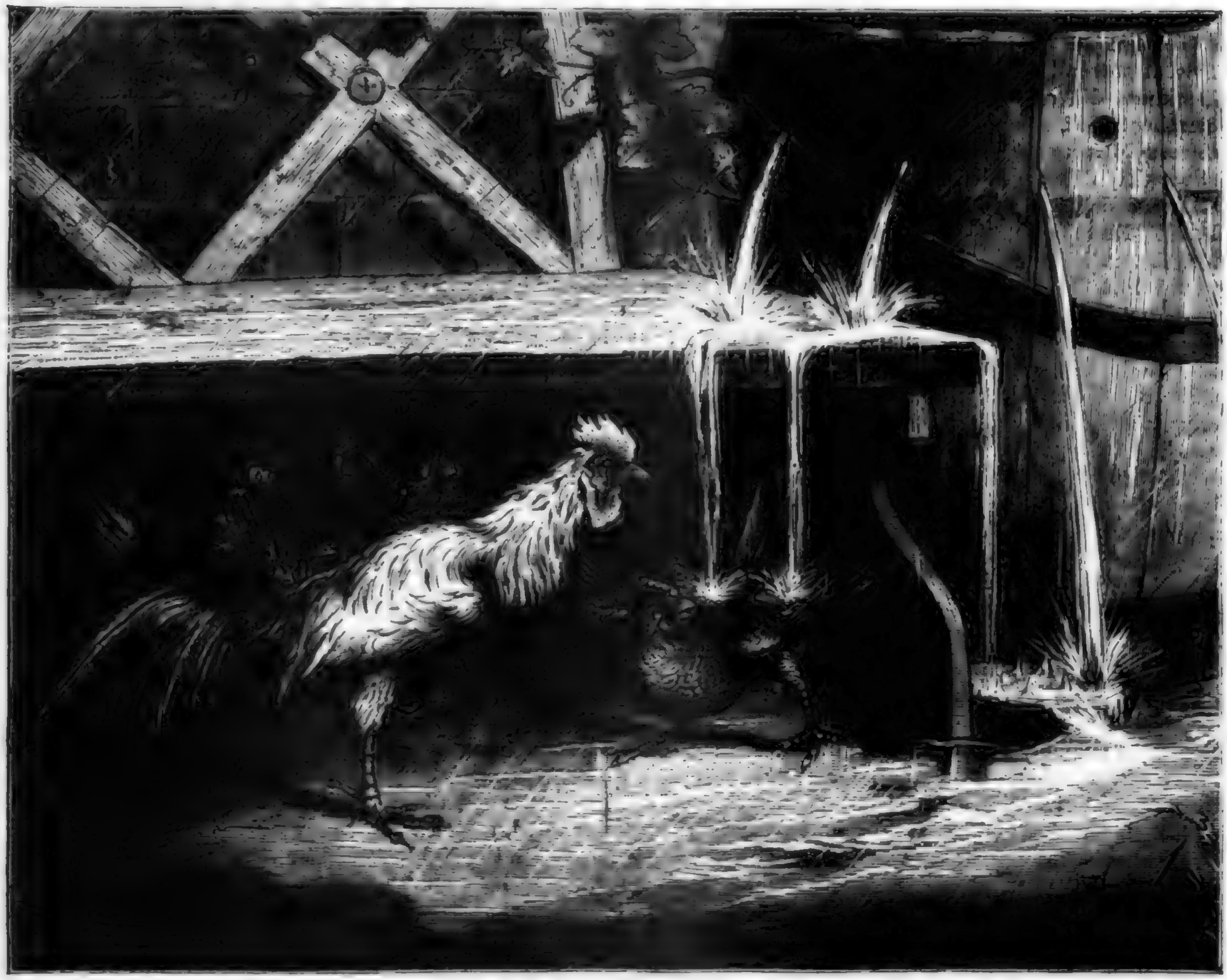
settlement got hold and ate up. Thus it has come to pass that the Karens have never had a national literature, and have always been subject to the more learned Burmese and Chinese. But they wisely considered that it was little use revenging themselves on the greedy fowls. On the contrary, it was more than likely that those birds were wiser than themselves. For, since the original laws had been deposited in their bodies, it was beyond a doubt probable that, with the assimilation of the fragments of hide, there had remained with them a knowledge of the precepts taught by the first code. The best thing the Karens could do was, therefore, to appeal to the cocks for guidance in their affairs. The method in which this appeal is made supplies to a vengeful nature solace for the wrong originally committed by the poultry. A great part of the Karen religion consists of spatulancy—an endeavor to find out from the markings on fowl's bones how the inquirer should be guided in his undertakings. The usual plan is to agree beforehand that there shall be such and such similarities in the marking of the bones, most commonly the thigh-bones. The indentations where the tendons join on shall be identical or different; they shall be stretched out or contracted; deep or shallow; there shall be faint lines on them, or these shall be altogether wanting.

The correspondence of these stipulated particulars with the appearance of the bone on inspection, determines the character of the conclusion to be derived from the augury. The rite is always a very solemn matter, and is preceded by prayers and incantations. The number of nice distinctions in the form and markings of the bones is very puzzling, and the whole question is a special science, not to be trifled with by ordinary laymen. How the science may be degraded may be seen in the custom still prevalent at English dinner-tables in the country, where the young people break the merrythought of a fowl between them with the object of finding out who is to be married first. It is much to be feared that there is more laughing than praying over this rite.

But the Karens are very much in earnest about the matter. Practically, nothing is done among them without previous reference to the haruspices. A Karen will not go to the next village or marry a wife, swallow medicine or name his child, sow out his crops or send a message, without being assured by inspection of a cock's thigh-bones that misfortune is not likely to come upon him. In the absence of conclusive evidence the village authorities decide by scrutiny of thigh-bones whether an accused person is innocent or guilty, and subsequently revealed facts have no power to overthrow the decision obtained. The girl will seek evidence that her plighted lover will not draw back from his vows; the warlike chief will consult about the probable issue of a foray or a hostile expedition; all trust implicitly in the omens to be derived from Thieken's fowl, Mokhie's fowl, the bird of India. This recognition of the wisdom and knowledge of the cock is no doubt embarrassing in its consequences. It is a question whether it compensates for the loss of life. But it is certainly better to die in order to guide a man's actions than to satisfy his appetite.



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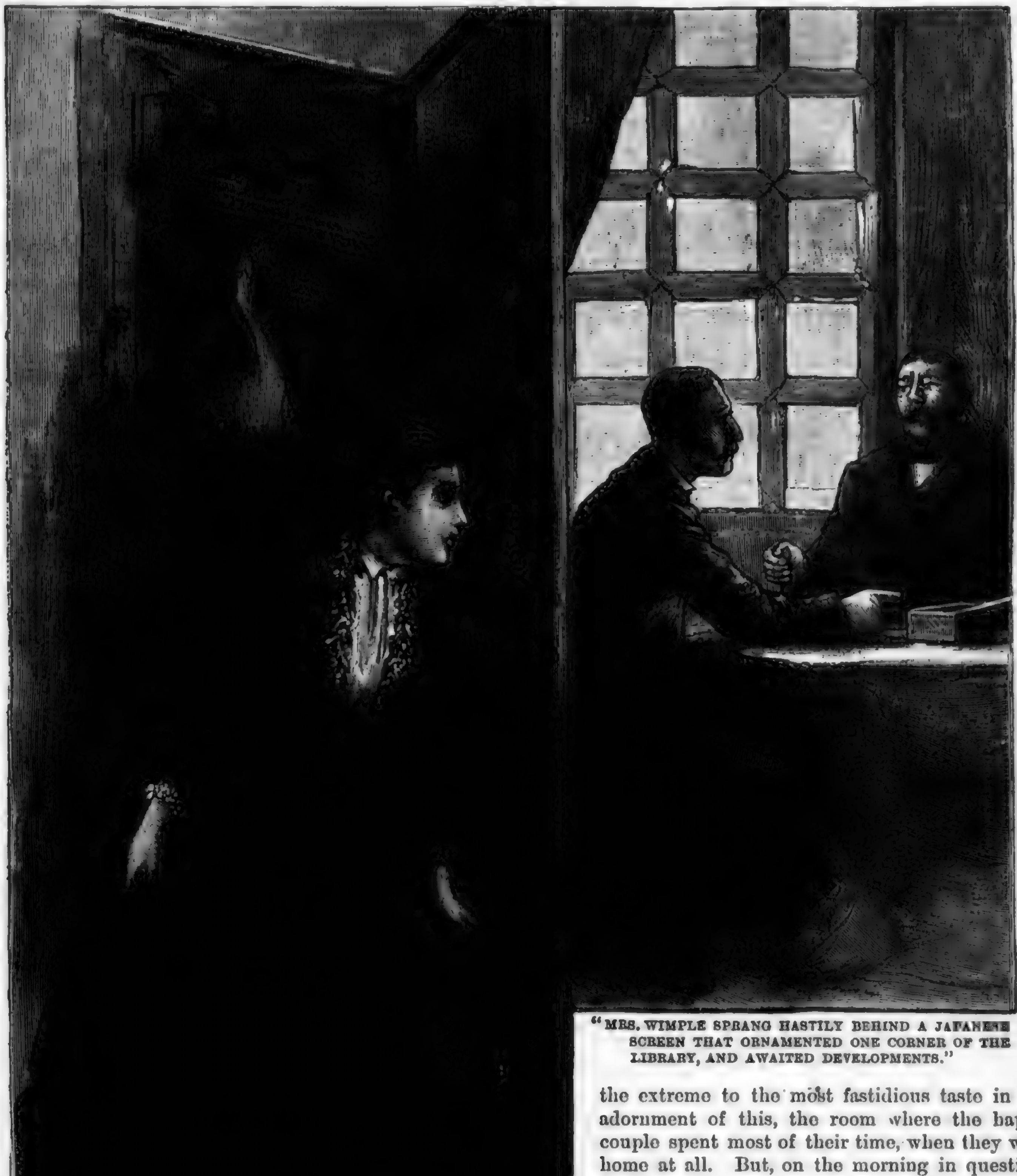

"MRS. WIMPLE SPRANG HASTILY BEHIND A JAPANESE SCREEN THAT ORNAMENTED ONE CORNER OF THE LIBRARY, AND AWAITED DEVELOPMENTS."

THE WIFE'S STRATAGEM.

By Mrs. J. H. Walworth.

CHAPTER I.

COME BACK TO STAY.

Mr. Horace Wimple's library, in his handsome house on West Fifty-second Street, was, in its normal condition, the most attractive room among its many attractive rooms; for with the wealth of the husband was combined the good taste of the wife, and the result was pleasing in the extreme to the most fastidious taste in the adornment of this, the room where the happy couple spent most of their time, when they were home at all. But, on the morning in question, the beautiful apartment was not in its normal condition; on the contrary, it was bestrewn with packages and wraps and rugs and bags and other evidences of a sudden and voluminous arrival, so to speak.

Nor was the smiling face of Mrs. Wimple's first maid, Mollie, in its normal condition. It was puckered into all those lines and creases which, to the initiated, indicate the very acme of dissatisfaction. With a parrot-cage held disgustedly at arm's length and a sleek Maltese cat squeezed spitefully close to her side by a very strong and very plump arm, Mollie stood in the middle of the room sourly surveying the still accumulating pile of feminine belongings. Her displeasure found wordy wrath as Pritchard, Mr. Wimple's stately butler, appeared in the doorway with the last installment of luggage, consisting of a lunch-basket, an umbrella and an air-pillow. Mollie's gray eyes snapped ominously as Pritchard

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dumped his load down, with a visible exasperation: "My goodness gracious me, Pritchard, if it ain't enough to turn a body against life to have her coming back with all this dunnage! You don't suppose she's come back here to live, do you?"

"Oh, not at all likely," Pritchard answered, in his most sarcastic vein. "Maybe it's the style where you come from for folks to pay morning calls with five trunks and an express wagon full of traps."

"Five trunks, Pritchard?" Mollie emphasized her horror with upraised hands and voice.

"Five!" Pritchard repeats, with solemn emphasis; "neither one more nor one less. And she standing down there at this blessed minute trying to beat the expressman down to half rates!"

"Oh, she's a sweetener! I've lived with her, Pritchard. I know her. She used to keep house for the master here before she fooled her husband into marrying her. A lively time us girls used to have under her, too, I can tell you. And, as I never did hear that vinegar improved with time, God help us all, I say!"

"God help the coming mistress, I say."

Close upon the heels of Pritchard's indiscreet observation, the object of these somewhat severe comments and the cause of all this commotion in the Wimple mansion, appeared on the threshold.

The self-possessed Pritchard started visibly, as a searching voice asked:

"What is that, Pritchard? No prevarication, if you please!"

"No offense, I hope, mam! I was just saying to Mollie that you'd be a God's help to the young mistress, mam!"

Pritchard's face was even redder than usual from the low-stooping effort to straighten the Smyrna rug under the centre table, to which household duty he had directed sudden energy as Miss Prior had loomed in the doorway.

"No offense, Pritchard," the lady answered, in a mollified tone, "but it is always best to have an understanding at once. It will save trouble later on. If there is one thing I do pride myself on, it is moral courage, and I never pass over a half-heard sentence!"

From Mollie an audible groan escaped. Mrs. Prior quickly turned her batteries of tongue and eye in that direction.

"What is that, Mollie?"

But poor Mollie was clasping the hand just released from the parrot's cage to one of her rosy cheeks.

"Just a twinge of the toothache, mam. The same old tune tooth, I mean!"

And as Mrs. Prior had turned to finish her remarks to Pritchard, the meaning glance that Mollie shot at the butler was entirely lost on her.

"You may depend on it, Pritchard, when things don't go to suit me, I shall tell you of it. Mollie knows me of old." With which ultimatum, she turned toward the large mirror between the front windows and began taking off her wraps and hat. "You may go now, Pritchard, and see after my trunks. I can't tell you exactly where to put them, as Mrs. Wimple has not thought enough of my coming to have a room prepared, nor even to stay at home to bid me welcome. A pleasant reception, I must say, into my own brother's house; my own home by birthright, too!"

Mrs. Prior was evidently discomposed, but confined any further evidence of it to a somewhat vicious display of energy in drawing off her new black kid gloves.

"The mistress was looking for you to come to-morrow, Mrs. Prior, and she told me you was to have the blue room. I'll show you up now, mam, if you say so," said Mollie.

"The blue room?—it's as chilly as a vault! I don't suppose there's been a fire in it for a year."

"There's a register in it," Mollie began, apologetically.

"A register! As if I didn't know that, Mollie, before you were born—well, no, not quite so long ago as that!"

"And I was going to build a fire in it to-morrow morning early, seeing as how your letter said——"

But Mrs. Prior interrupted with exceeding asperity.

"Never mind what my letter said. To-morrow! Always to-morrow! Mollie, I am afraid you are the same old procrastinating creature who used to try me so sorely. I shall examine the room myself," with which Mrs. Prior disappeared from view with magical celerity, taking her evident years into consideration.

"And *you* are the same old exasperatin' creature that used to try *me* so sorely," said Mollie, sulkily, loading up with a few of the smaller packages; but before the loading process was complete Mrs. Prior loomed into sight once more, her humor by no means improved by her short excursions.

"Now, Mollie, you know me of old for a straightforward, plain speaker and plain dealer. I never was afraid to tell the truth in spite of everything. If there's one thing I do pride myself on, it's moral courage. It is very evident to me that things have been going on at sixes-and-sevens here ever since my poor Horace put a butterfly of fashion at the head of his establishment."

At which all Mollie's *Irish* was up in a second, for next to the Holy Catholic Church and her father confessor, Mrs. Horace Wimple ranked as the object of her adoration.

"Who calls Mrs. Wimple a butterfly of fashion?"

"I have good authority for thinking her one, Mollie."

"Then, mam, beggin' your pardon, all I've got to say is, that if you're goin' to pitch into the young mistress, I'd be obliged to you if you'd pick out another listener. May I show you to your room, mam?"

"'Pitch into your mistress'! Mollie, when I was at the head of this establishment, a servant who was given to such vulgar language would have been dismissed without a moment's warning. As for your showing me to the blue room, or any other room, no! here I stay until Mrs. Wimple sees fit to make me welcome. I suppose she does sometimes come home, doesn't she?"

"She's mos' as good as a nigger slave for keeping in doors," Mollie, answered, in her most resentful manner.

Mr. Prior settled herself rigidly among her lares and penates on the sofa, as she said, loftily:

"You may go, Mollie. It is evident time has not improved your disposition, which always was one of the very worst I ever saw. But, as I have some feeling for dumb brutes, I would like to have my cat and parrot fed. You can take them with you."

Mollie laid one ungentle hand on the cat, who was stealthily exploring his new quarters with a mind evidently ill at ease, and got scratched for her lack of civility, and another ungentle hand on the parrot's cage, who resisted the familiarity by pecking viciously at her through the top bars of his prison-house.

"It's evident time hasn't improved your disposition, which always was one of the worst I ever saw," she said, addressing herself pointedly to the parrot, whose cage she held at arm's length as she slowly made her exit.

Mrs. Prior's gaze followed her until she disappeared behind a door that really banged behind her. It was with a sense of defeat that the lady settled herself still more uncomfortably among the countless packages.

"A more impertinent creature than that girl Mollie never lived. Nor a more efficient housemaid. Not that I'd have her hear me acknowledge that much for worlds. There'd be no standing her another moment. Well, this is a home-coming to me! One might as well be at the railroad waiting-room for all the welcome one receives. Dear, dear, what quantities of money Horace must have squandered since I left him. This room alone tells the tale. Ebony and satin and gilt and marble and bronze, till one's very eyeballs ache with the glitter of it. Brocatelle and plush were considered good enough for me. Hush! That's the carriage now. It's Fanny, at last, I suppose."

A sudden languor of great fatigue overtook Mrs. Prior's angular and upright form. It was a limp and dejected vision that fell upon pretty Mrs. Wimple's astonished eyes when she reached the library-door. Her surprise found apologetic expression as she came forward with hands cordially extended.

"Why, my dear sister Eliza, how could we have made such a mistake? I am quite sure Mr. Wimple said you were to arrive to-morrow. I should never have left your welcome to the servants. You must really pardon us all around, Horace for mistaking, and me for seeming neglect."

Mrs. Prior extended one long, thin hand, upon whose rigid fingers the rings rang metallic chimes. Her face was coldly unresponsive to the sweet apology that beamed in her young sister-in-law's eyes.

"Oh, it doesn't in the least matter, Fanny. It's nobody but me. I supposed you would be coming home some time between now and night. But I confess I am somewhat astonished at Horace. He used to be the soul of exactness and courtesy, but I suppose he is falling into slipshod habits, too," she sighed, profoundly, as if the universal degeneracy of the Wimple household was bearing too heavily upon her tender heart; but Mrs. Wimple answered, with that serenity in which she had long since resolved to panoply herself against Sister Eliza and her darts—this was not their first encounter:

"Not with slipshod habits, Sister Eliza, but Horace has become a perfect slave to his business. He seems absolutely crazed on the subject of money-making. You must help me to lecture him."

She was not unconscious of the close scrutiny her rich attire was receiving while she was talking, but that was another of Sister Eliza's "ways."

"Poor fellow!" Mrs. Prior said, finally. "Perhaps he finds it necessary to overwork himself in order to stop leakages. Depend upon me to do my duty by Horace as well as the rest of you, Fanny. You are very young. I am almost old enough to be your mother. If there is one thing I do pride myself on, Fanny, it is the possession of enough moral courage to tell the truth, and to fit the cap to the right head every time."

"Yes, yes, dear," Mrs. Wimple began, rather nervously, adding, with that sweetness of voice and manner which made the capture of hearts such an easy thing for her always:

"I hope you will be with us long enough, sister, to scold my dear husband out of his gloomy preoccupation, and out of all the bad habits I have allowed him to fall into. Now, then, I must go see if your room is nice and warm."

She rose from the sofa where she had made a place for herself by Mrs. Prior's side and started toward the door, but turned back as Sister Eliza said, tartly:

"Stay?—I hope I'll stay long enough! Your remarks would seem to suggest something migratory or transient about me. Perhaps it is just possible, Fanny, that you did not see the letter your husband, Mr. Wimple, my brother Horace, wrote me upon the death of poor dear Mr. Prior?"

"No," said Fanny, with gentle dignity; "I did not see the letter, Sister Eliza, but its contents, I make no doubt, were just what they should have been. Whatever arrangements my husband has seen fit to make for the comfort of his sister meet with my entire approbation. Horace was so confident of that, that he did not think it worth while to submit his letter to me first."

While she had been talking, Mrs. Prior had been fumbling excitedly in her pocket for something which evidently was not there; upon which she seized her lunch-basket, but fortunately discovered the nature of its contents in time to prevent a catastrophe, violently exchanged it for her hand-bag, which she emptied incontinently into her lap, fished out a letter and, with melodramatic effect, offered it to Mrs. Wimple.

"You will oblige me, sister-in-law, by reading this letter before I can possibly consider myself welcome."

Mrs. Wimple drew back, proudly.

"I positively decline such a breach of courtesy. I beg you to consider me entirely at one with Horace in making you welcome."

"All that sounds very wife-like and amiable," says Mrs. Prior, adjusting her glasses to read the letter herself, "but Eliza Prior never was the woman to put her foot down without knowing exactly where she was putting it. You will oblige me!"

With sharp emphasis, she then read aloud the following letter:

"MY DEAR SISTER ELIZA—The sad intelligence of your bereavement has just reached me, and I write to tell you that the old home is ready to open its doors to you once more. You have no children, neither have we, so make up your mind to cast in your lot with us. I am not entirely unselfish in this. I want you to come for Fanny's sake more than my own. My business necessarily absorbs the most of my time, and she is the sufferer by it. She is left too much alone. She does not complain, but I sometimes fancy she is not as happy as I would have her. Perhaps the cares of housekeeping are too much for her. You might relieve her of them. Perhaps she misses the freedom of her country home——"

Here Mrs. Wimple's soft voice broke in upon Mrs. Prior's rather declamatory style of reading:

Sister Eliza, "I decline listening to another word."

"Well, I'll skip all the gush and sentimental nonsense, and read the important part of the letter. That you shall hear!"

"As you please," said Mrs. Wimple, with cold resignation.

"You will understand by the foregoing that you are invited to come and make your home with us, and I hope you will ease my young wife's shoulders of any burdens which I, in my clumsy ignorance, may have laid upon them."

"So you see, Fanny," Mrs. Prior continued, folding the letter up, triumphantly, "I have good cause to feel that I am needed here."

There were tears in Mrs. Wimple's voice, if not in her lovely eyes, as she answered:

"Horace is very good to me, but he should not have written so to you."

"If not to me, pray then to whom?"

"To no one," said Fanny. "If I have burdens to bear I shall find the strength to bear them alone."

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"You acknowledge, then, that there is a skeleton in this handsome closet?"

But for all answer to this cruel thrust, Mrs. Wimple turned toward the bell, rang it for Mollie, and, with a glance at the clock on the mantel said, quietly:

"We dine at six, Sister Eliza, and it is now half-past four. You must rest awhile before dressing."

Mollie, answering the bell promptly, once more made of herself a laden burden-bearer, and preceded Mrs. Prior out of the library.

Not until she was quite alone did Mrs. Wimple indulge herself in the tears that it had been so hard to repress in presence of this coldly selfish woman, who had come like a serpent into her Eden more than once before, but this time—oh, horror of horrors!—it was to stay! And with the current of her tears ran a bitter soliloquy more pregnant with reproach than anything her gentle heart had ever harbored toward her husband.

"And so," she sighed to herself, "this is the remedy my poor husband has sought for the woes of his own inflicting. How can I tell him that he is at the bottom of my only trouble, my desolate loneliness? What are we both but slaves—bond slaves? He to his counting-house and ledger; I, to the vapid routine of a fashionable woman's life! We are housed together and eat at the same table, but are strangers yet. Never an hour of restful communion! never a moment of blissful repose! When I plead for a little more of his dear society, he chides me; gently, it is true, but chides me with lack of interest in his advancement. Advancement to what? To a few more thousand dollars in bank? a few more feverish chances in Wall Street? a few more care-worn creases in his brow? a few more hurried paces to the grave? That is all. Oh, I would be happier milking the cows on my father's farm, with Horace cradling the wheat out in the glad sunshine, than treading this wearisome round of frivolity! Why do men marry women if the union means no unity of life? Oh, Horace, let me enter into your inner life, be partaker of your cares and sharer of your hopes! not simply the lay figure that indexes the degree of your prosperity for a gaping crowd; and you will not need another's help to cheer your wife!"

Plunged in her sad reverie, Mrs. Wimple did not notice the closing of the front door; did not hear approaching masculine footsteps; did not hear anything until her husband's voice fell on her ears very near the library-door. It was only a casual remark to some one with him. Doubtless, they were pausing by the hat-rack to divest themselves of their top-coats.

She glanced about her in terror. It was Horace, and a stranger with him. And she sitting there, all tear-stained and woe-begone! There was no time for reflection, no avenue of escape! Doubtless he would take his guest into the dining-room presently for a glass of wine. Until then—well, until then—— Mrs. Wimple sprang hastily behind a tall Japanese screen that ornamented one corner of the library, and, crouching breathlessly upon a hassock that chanced to be there, awaited developments.

CHAPTER II.

A STARTLING DISCOVERY.

Apparently her husband had much to say to this unexpected guest of hers, for she could hear his voice in earnest monologue until they entered the room where she lay perdu, and then he only broke the thread to indicate a seat to the stranger, and to seat himself, whereupon he immediately resumed, in tones of what sounded like earnest gratitude:

"I assure you, Steinray, I am completely overwhelmed by your unexpected proffer of assistance. Gratitude never finds easy expression with me."

As the name of "Steinray" fell from her husband's lips, Mrs. Wimple cowered closer to the screen, and for a moment hid her blanching cheeks in her trembling hands. Steinray! What memories of pain and shame and anguish the very name awoke! How many years since she had heard that name; and, oh! how she wished she might never have heard it again. Of course this friend of Horace's was never that Steinray! Fate could never play so malicious a trick as that. In a whirl of agitation these thoughts swept through Mrs. Wimple's brain during what seemed to her an interminable pause of silence before her husband's guest made any answer. When he did, the cool, cynical tones had something horribly familiar in them. She could fancy him clinching his teeth as he said:

"There, there, my dear fellow, don't gush! Whatever you do, Wimple, don't gush! Such dem'd bad form, you know. As for gratitude, there's no question of it in this case. You've got yourself into a deuce of a mess in Wall Street, and I've placed a few idle thousands at your command to tide you over the rocks! That's all. Trust me for getting it all back with interest."

The cynical laugh with which the stranger supplemented his words did away with the last remnant of doubt in Fanny Wimple's agitated heart. It was *that* Steinray. But what was he doing here, under her own roof, and apparently occupying the position of her husband's benefactor? Fate, then, could be very ironical and very cruel.

"It is kind of you," she heard Horace say, "to make so light of so great a favor. But my sense of obligation is just as great."

"What if I should tell you I had already begun to draw interest on my loan?" said Steinray.

"I should say that I didn't in the least know what you meant."

"I mean this——" Fanny's heart beat in thumps! How deliberate he was. She could hear Horace push the cigar-box toward him. The smoke of the cigars they had lighted soon after coming in was already floating through the lonely room and into her lungs. "I mean this," Steinray said once more. "You have insisted upon supplementing a business transaction with a social benefaction. You have promised me an introduction to your lovely wife. The fame of Mrs. Wimple's goodness and beauty has penetrated even to my vagabond ears——"

But Mr. Wimple interrupted him with an earnest protest:

"Vagabond! My dear Steinray, how can you underrate yourself so? I am sure with your mind and culture and address——"

But Steinray interrupted in his turn:

"My dear fellow, don't gush! Whatever you do, don't gush! Such deuced bad form, you know!" Laying one finger on his left cheek, he leaned across the table by which they were both sitting, to ask, in a voice of concentrated bitterness: "Do you see this beauty spot, Wimple?"

"Well, yes," Wimple answered, reluctantly. "One is compelled to see it, you know, Steinray; but then, after all, what does it amount to? Otherwise, you know, you are a strikingly handsome man."

"Thanks!" said Steinray, with his harshest laugh.

"I have long since gotten past all need of solace. I've grown quite used to hearing people say, 'Steinray would be a very good-looking fellow but for that scar.' In fact, I've outlived every emotion in connection with it but one."

"And that is?"

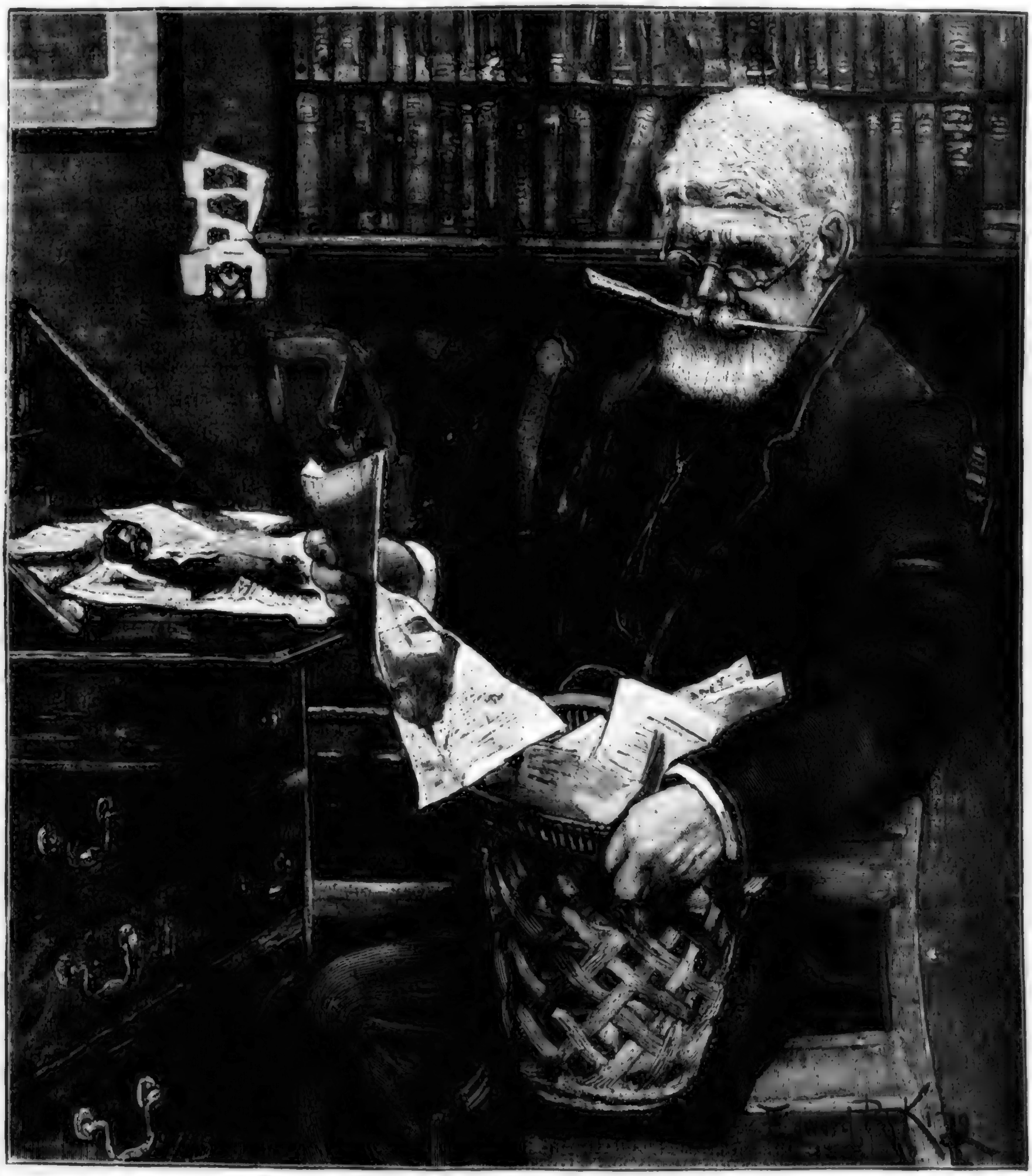
"The determination to have revenge for it."

"It is not a birthmark, then?"

"No. It's not a birthmark."

"Nor the result of accident? Excuse me, Steinray, I don't want to seem curious; but, then, since you've spoken of it, I don't want to feel indifferent. Perhaps you wouldn't mind giving me the story."

"No, sir, nor the result of accident. It was the work of a—bah! what am I about. How came we to stumble on this interesting topic? I'm not used to being so egotistical."



"ENRAGED!"—DRAWN BY EDWARD R. KING.

As these words fell upon her ears, hissed, almost, as they were, in a voice of savage earnestness in her husband's, Mrs. Wimple clasped her hands about her slim white neck as if to stifle any audible outcry. Oh! if Horace would only get up and go away from this serpent that had crawled into her Eden! How calm and well-bred and placid her husband's voice sounded following after Steinray's passionate hiss.

"Well, I really don't recall what led up to it. It began by your calling yourself pretty names."

"Thanks! Vagabond, exactly. I believe, on the whole, if you will be indulgent, I should enjoy a little egotism for once. I had social aspirations myself once, Wimple.

XUM

Meant, when the proper time came, and I had made enough money, to get married and set up an establishment, and take a pew in church—in short, to hang out every sign of respectable citizenship. But now—well now I don't care a continental for anything out of Wall Street."

"But why not? You are young, you have a colossal fortune, a splendid figure, fine carriage——"

"My ability to give my wife a fine carriage would be more to the point," said Steinray, sarcastically.

To which Mr. Wimple, bent upon the *rôle* of comforter, replied, encouragingly:

"Why, just look around you at the one-legged, one-armed, one-eyed, lop-sided fellows that get married every day. You know there's such a deuced variety of motives that actuate women nowadays in marrying. What half of them marry for the evil one himself can't find out. But you! Come now, Steinray, place your case in my hands. You deserve the blessing of a good wife; some one to love you and to cast an aureole of brightness about your days."

"My dear Wimple, don't gush! Whatever you do, don't gush. Such excessively bad form, you know. Since this accursed mark was put upon me I have shunned the presence of woman as I would shun the fiend incarnate. The woman who would marry me now would take me for my money alone. I am not insensible to the refined influences of a home like yours. Perhaps in the presence of your lovely and devoted wife I may find rational enjoyment; but this is an experiment. This is the interest on my loan."

"My Fanny will gladly make you welcome to our small circle. The dear child will never know what a load of obligation you have placed her under. She is such a child that I keep my business troubles from her. I would as soon think of harnessing a butterfly to a dray as of burdening her with my sordid anxieties. Now, then, let us get through with these papers and adjourn to the parlor, when Mrs. Wimple will join us."

It seemed an age to the woman, crouching there on the hassock behind the tall Japanese screen, before Horace found the papers he was in search of in the desk between the windows! An age that the two men consumed in examining them, and folding and unfolding, rejecting and accepting and indorsing. She wanted them to go away and leave her at liberty to fly to her own room, and there, on bended knees, to ask God to protect her darling Horace from the evil influence that had come into his life so strangely.

Upon the subdued voices of the two men and the rustling of papers, a shrill clamor suddenly arose. There was the commingling of a parrot's metallic shriek, a dog's jubilant barking, and a woman's wild protest.

Mr. Steinray looked up in undisguised amazement. Could that shrill feminine outcry proceed from the throat of the lovely and refined Mrs. Wimple? Horace Wimple rose suddenly with an amused smile on his face.

"Excuse me; but those familiar sounds inform me that my lately widowed sister has arrived. She is a day in advance of her promise. With your permission I will go and bid her welcome and announce your presence to Mrs. Wimple."

He went, and it seemed to Fanny an age before he came again. She was glad that the rustling of the papers had gone on uninterruptedly in his absence, otherwise the beating of her frightened heart would certainly have made itself heard.

"It is much later than I thought it was," said Horace, coming back more briskly. "We will adjourn to the parlor at once and leave these papers for office hours to-morrow."

Upon which he swept the papers into one pile, laid them back in the desk, turned the lock with a click, and said, with peremptory cordiality:

"Come, Steinray."

At last they were gone! Like some hunted, wounded thing Fanny Wimple dragged herself up from the hassock and came out into the deserted room. Was that the bright-eyed, smiling creature who had hidden herself behind the tall screen little more than an hour before?

A deathlike pallor had overspread her face. Dark rings encircled her great, lovely eyes; her lips were tight-drawn and white. For a moment she stood motionless near the table where the two men had been sitting, then the pain in her face and heart found voice:

"Frederic Steinray here in my home! It bodes no good to me. Oh! it bodes all of evil to my precious Horace. I shall tell him all as soon as the serpent crawls away to his own hiding-place. Horace must not, shal not, take aid from the worst enemy I have on earth. Oh! what an ordeal this dinner-time will bring me."

With her hands clasped tightly about one another she slowly traversed the long room and disappeared. Her footsteps lagged, her proud head drooped, her heart ached.

CHAPTER III.

A MENACE.

SURELY Mrs. Wimple must have possessed some of the chameleon's boasted powers of self-transformation, for when, a very few moments later on, she swept into the parlor, self-possessed, serene, in full dinner costume, with a big bunch of jacqueminot roses pinned against the jetted vest of her black silk dress, she was yet another woman from the pallid creature that had crept from the shelter of the Japanese screen.

With what pardonable pride Horace Wimple took her little jeweled hand in his, and led her forward to make her known to his friend Steinray! With what a burst of inward rage and jealousy Mr. Steinray bowed low over the little hand, as he muttered some conventional commonplace about "honor done him," "supreme pleasure"! etc. With what a brave show of calmness, while her heart was beating so violently that the jacqueminots in her corsage rose and fell tumultuously, Mrs. Wimple went through with the farce of a first meeting with this man who had crossed her pathway in life; once to his own hurt and now again to—whose? What a fine thing good-breeding is! What a necessary thing the society mask is! How else could these two people have sat out the tedious decorum of that dinner-table and have given no sign of the smoldering fires within? How else could they so intelligently and intelligibly have discussed such abstractions as Irving and Terry and Patti and all the other glittering mortals that make life a holiday for the gay and rich, the while memory was sweeping away the dust of years, showing them to each other as they had last stood face to face with fire in their eyes and hatred in their hearts.

As in a dream Mrs. Prior's voice came to Fanny's ears across the table. She was talking to Horace, and her voice and words were both plaintive. She was telling him of the hardships of her railroad ride; of the insolence of the officials; of the inadequate arrangements for the comfort of the traveling public. Mrs. Prior was never without a quiver full of grievances, and Horace was listening to her with that half-amused patience which had always made Fanny feel so sympathetically inclined to take Sister Eliza off his hands; but while she saw and heard it all, she did not feel sorry for him this time. What was Sister Eliza, with her ancient grievances and her somewhat prolix way of laying them before her friends, to this new trouble that threatened Horace?—a trouble of which he was so innocent and she so powerless to avert, unless—unless—— Yes, she must show herself this man's equal in duplicity and craft. Craft and duplicity toward Horace? No. Never. If she had only told him at once that she knew this man! She had had no opportunity to plan her campaign, it had all come upon her so suddenly. But she would tell him yet. She would tell him as soon as they were alone together. She felt better when she had come to this decision, and beamed upon Sister Eliza with a sweetness deserving of better results.

It was Sister Eliza who drew Horace bodily away from the drawing-room door as they all went back from the dining-room, saying:

"I'm going to take you away from your company for about ten minutes, Horace. Fanny hasn't found time to bestow much thought on me yet, and I'm that worn out with my railroad trip that I can't think of sitting up another half hour. I want to consult you about poor Miggs."

Miss Miggs was the honorary title that Horace had long ago bestowed upon Mrs. Prior's parrot, and with a laughing apology to Steinray he turned aside from the drawing-room door and disappeared, with his sister clinging tenaciously to his arm. And so it was that Mrs. Wimple found herself alone with her most unwelcome guest. With an impulse toward directness which she did not stop to analyze, she raised her eyes to his face and said, in a voice she could not make quite steady:

"Mr. Steinray, you are here for no good purpose. Any true friend of my husband's would be most gladly welcome to me. I accidentally overheard your conversation with my husband. Foolishly alarmed at being caught unprepared for company, I hid myself behind the screen in the library, supposing that my husband would simply pass through that room on his way to this one, with his guest. When Horace comes back to us I will tell him that he must not accept assistance from you of all men."

They were seated opposite each other in front of the asbestos logs, that kept up a gaseous fiction of a wood fire. He did not once take his great, blazing black eyes off her face as she uttered this threat with a tremulous voice, and with the swift color coming and going on her soft cheeks. He was pulling at his long mustache vigorously, and the scar on his cheek flamed red, a sure sign of anger with Mr. Frederic Steinray.

"Why from me of all men, Mrs. Wimple?" he asked, in his suavest tones.

"Because—because——" Her self-possession was completely gone. That merciless stare unnerved her. That flaming scar routed her. Rising, she said, huskily: "I will recall Horace."

But intercepting her with a commanding gesture, Frederic Steinray said, authoritatively:

"You will call no one, if you please. I think a few moments' reflection will convict you of precipitation."

Fanny resumed her chair haughtily, and said, with a defiant ring in her soft voice:

"I accept the issue."

"Brave words! Ignorantly spoken!"

He was standing up now—had risen to intercept her flight, by force if need be, and as he folded his arms and looked coolly down upon her, with that accusing scar gleaming in angry redness upon his cheek, it was with an effort that she answered him, calmly:

"Perhaps not so ignorantly as you imagine. I know that you desire to help my husband for no good purpose. I have discovered thus, accidentally, that he is financially embarrassed! Accident has placed it in the power of the only enemy I have on earth to aid him——"

"Let me interrupt and correct you, Mrs. Wimple. Accident has had nothing to do with the coming together of Frederic Steinray and Horace Wimple," said Steinray, in his slow, even tones.

"Then you knew he was my husband?"

"I have never lost sight of you since one memorable May morning, gone six years now, when I was a Summer boarder at your father's farm, and you were—well—were given to horseback exercise and the use of riding whips."

She looked up at him as he almost hissed the last word out. She could see nothing but implacable resentment in his eyes and the red fury of that scar! Her hands came convulsively together on her silken lap. It was a cry, not an inquiry, that fluttered over her lips.

"Then tell me!—and, oh, tell me the truth—why have you come here in the guise of friendship? I can see that time has not softened your sense of injury."

His answer was both insolent and irrelevant:

"You are certainly very handsome. Even more lovely than when in that soft springtime you stole my heart and brains. More tony, as one might say."

Mrs. Wimple flushed to the temples with hot indignation. Once more she attempted to sweep past him to leave the room. He seized her hand and laughed mockingly at her indignant protest. With much show of gallantry he led her to a sofa and seated himself by her side.

"You forget that I am a wife," she said, while the jacqueminots rose tumultously, "a wife under the protection of a husband who would be only too quick to punish the slightest disrespect shown me."

"I forget nothing! Come, let me show you how absolutely retentive my memory is. As for condign punishment and all that sort of thing, we will discuss it later on." He extended a long, sinewy, brown hand and possessed himself forcibly of hers, as it nervously toyed with the red roses at her breast. "It is a little hand! A soft white and pink thing, with pearly nails and delicate blue tracery. Who could imagine that this tiny wrist and hand had ever ruined a man for life?"

In vain she struggled to release her hand as she said, hastily:

"My hand rashly avenged the wrong put upon my dignity. I deplored the act the moment it was done. I deplore it now. You thought the farmer's motherless girl fair game for the gallantry of the city boarder. Only a kiss, you pleaded! But what good of all this retrospection? Horace Wimple's wife will not need to do battle in self-defense."

But he only tightened his hold upon her hand, as he said, unabashed:

"Your attention, if you please, while I vindicate the accuracy of my memory and refresh yours. Retrospection is not only a good thing under some circumstances, but a necessary thing."

"Mine needs no refreshing," said Fanny, shuddering at this close and enforced contact; "the memory of that hour has never left me."

He touched the scar on his cheek with his left forefinger, as he answered, in tones of concentrated bitterness: "It has remained with me visibly."

XUM

"You are merciless!" she moaned.

"You were merciless!" he answered; "but we wander from the text. I am going to vindicate the accuracy of my memory and then give you a specimen of my knowledge of palmistry. This little, soft white-and-pink hand gives me the power of second sight. It waves me backward and beckons me forward. In the past"—looking intently into her hand—"it shows me a blithe, light-hearted, gay young man, handsome and possessed of the average mortal's satisfaction in his good looks. It shows me this city youth domesticated as a Summer boarder, with a farmer's daughter, his entertainer's child. The farmer's daughter was pretty, refined, bright, and possessed of aspirations. What was the inevitable result? The city sojourner lost his heart to the country maiden. But his people were a proud and relentless lot"—Mrs. Wimple had long since moved from her seat by his side on the sofa, where he, with a good imitation of the seer, sat going over an episode in their common past, which was full of pain for them both—"and he hesitated with natural reluctance to ask the farmer's daughter to exchange her milk-pans and chicken-coops for the aristocratic mansion where his tony sisters held sway. Sit down, if you please, Mrs. Wimple," as his tortured victim rose once more to her feet; "if you have your husband's best interests at heart you will hear me patiently to the end. I know this part of my vision is a little unpleasant in the recital, but you and I will understand each other comfortably before we get through."

Horace Wimple's fair, young wife resumed her seat. Her cheeks were deathly pale, but there was a fire in her eyes that would have scorched anything less seared and hardened than Frederic Steinray, known among his own familiars as the woman-hater.

"But he could not leave his fair enslaver, so he dallied and delayed long after the changing leaves and the chilling frosts had warned him to be gone. At last comes a peremptory demand for his return to his own home. The farmer's daughter was addicted to horseback exercise. The city sojourner pleaded for one final gallop through the beautiful Autumn woods. In those days he was afflicted with a tendency to gush. He never gushes now. Deuced—ah, beg pardon—bad form, you know! They went. Their young love made sad havoc with good resolutions. As good or ill luck would have it, the maiden's saddle-girth broke. The necessity for mending it brought the enslaved into dangerous proximity with the enslaver. There, in the cool, fragrant woods, he laid his case plainly before her and asked her to consent to a secret marriage, the secret to be kept until his father's death and all danger of disinheritance past. He represented to her that the old gentleman was in his dotage, and, inflamed by love, he placed an embracing arm about her waist, claiming a kiss as the reward for his efforts in her behalf. He implored her for an answer. She gave it! Promptly! Gave it in one quick descending blow of a cowhide riding-whip, whose sharp lash cut into the flesh of the wooer's face, converting him in one hot moment from a handsome, light-hearted lad into a smarting, scarred revenge-thirsty woman-hater! Bah, I gush! Gush is such deuced bad form, you know, Mrs. Wimple."

She put out her hands with a motion of disgust.

"I feel your hot breath upon my cheeks now, as you tried to force your plan upon me. The punishment may have been severe, but it was deserved."

"Bear those words in memory, Mrs. Wimple. You will have occasion to use them again, only the application will be somewhat different." She looked up at him with frightened eyes, as he now stood by the mantelshelf leaning against it in careless grace.

"Oh, I know what you would do. I know what you mean. You would wreak your hatred of me upon my husband's innocent head. But it will be easy for me to thwart you. I am not afraid to tell him the whole truth. I will do it this night, before he has placed himself under any obligations to you."

"Rash as ever," he said, sneeringly. "Your plan might work admirably, if financial embarrassment were Mr. Wimple's only difficulty. But you interrupt me. That is bad form."

"I have endured long enough. Not one more word. My husband shall know all about that miserable episode in my past life before he sleeps to-night."

"Even at the expense of his personal liberty?"

"I do not understand you."

"It is scarcely to be expected that you should. It is not necessary that you should know more than this: I have that in my possession," he said, lowering his voice to a menace, "which would disgrace Horace Wimple in the eyes of the world that does him honor now. It is my wish that he know nothing of our previous acquaintance until I appoint the time. At *his* peril you will make any allusion to this interview."

Upon these strange words, Horace Wimple's own bright, cheery voice broke in apology, and his wife's lips were sealed.

CHAPTER IV.

A CHAIN FORGED.

"Upon my word, Steinray,"—Mr. Wimple came forward, saying, heartily—"there's no knowing what you do think of me, but things are a trifle complicated with us this evening. My sister, Mrs. Prior, recently widowed, has come back to make her home with us, and, by some mistake, she is a day ahead of the time we expected her. She seems to fancy all the world combining—you know how these things are—to make her a little more wretched than she is. So I had to stay with the dear old lady a little longer than I expected to."

"No apologies, my dear Wimple; I could have found it in my heart to forgive you and your estimable sister if your condolences had occupied another half hour," Steinray answered, with a light laugh, adding, as he glanced smilingly in Mrs. Wimple's direction, "you left me in most excellent hands."

"I don't know that I am sorry that you and Fanny have had such a fine opportunity to cultivate each other," Horace said, his great, earnest eyes resting fondly on the face of the wife dearer to him than everything else in the world; adding, to her: "My dear, it is no mere addition to your list of fashionable acquaintances I have brought you in Steinray. He is already enrolled among my best friends."

"How many *bests* have you?" said Steinray, laughingly, forestalling Fanny's evident effort to say something.

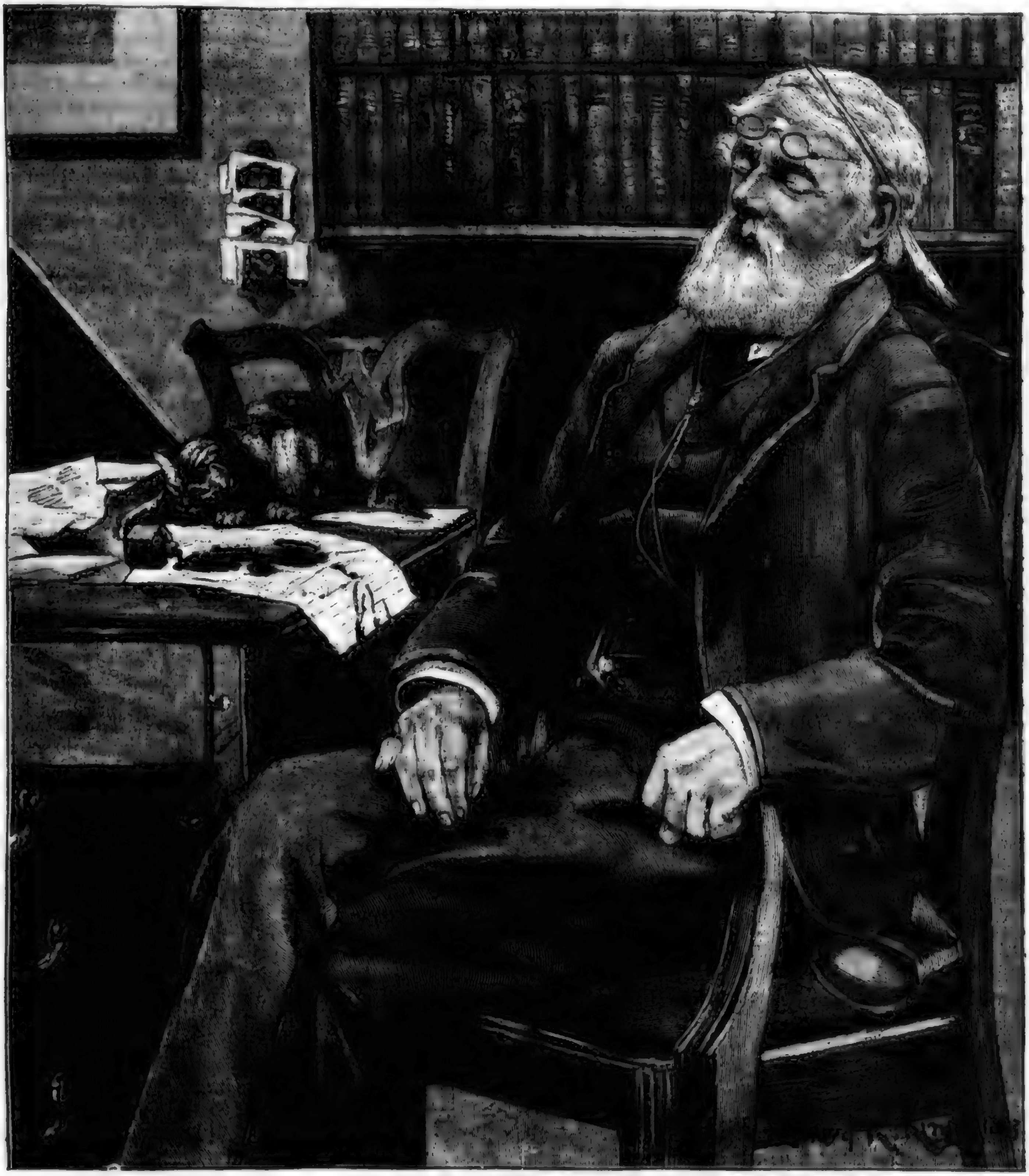
Perhaps even in that hardened soul pity found temporary lodgment and pleaded for the innocent young wife who sat there, writhing with the pain of a first concealment from the husband who was the sole owner of her affections, and before whom, up to this present moment, her every action had been gladly opened for inspection.

"I am afraid, she said, finally, in her low, sweet voice, consciously putting deceit into words for the first time in her life, "that Mr. Steinray would make a sacrifice to politeness in claiming my acquaintanceship as an acquisition. I have been ineffably stupid all the evening."

"Then," said her husband, gayly, taking her hand and leading her to the piano, "you must do penance therefor. Steinray, you have not heard my song-bird yet."

Fanny seated herself docilely. There seemed nothing for her to do to-night but to follow the bidding of others.

"It is all for the want of a little time," she thought, bitterly, as she turned the leaves of her music book with a hand that trembled with nervousness. "If I could have had time to decide on a course of action. As it is, I have forged the chain. I should have told Horace at the moment of introduction that I knew this man, and then the explanation would have come before that dreadful threat!"



"THE CAUSE!"— DRAWN BY EDWARD R. KING.

Her selection was made. Her voice swelled out upon the hushed air in a full volume of melody. Behind her, in well-bred silence, sat her two auditors. Two men in dinner costume, with placid faces, and every indication of being at ease with themselves and all the world. What a queer showing there would have been if some potent hand should have, all of a sudden, appeared, and traced on the delicately tinted wall of Mrs. Wimple's drawing-room, the secret thoughts of each one of those three members of good society. As thus:

Fanny: "This song will do as well as another. He does not care for singing, and if I were a Patti I could not divert him for one moment from the evil purpose of his life. I have forged a chain for my own bondage. Now, if I should dare speak, he would, simply because he has menaced me, do Horace all the injury he could. At his peril! How the words ring in my ears. How he hissed them out! How dreadful his eyes looked when he said that. I will go to him to-morrow and make him tell me what he means. I will send for Dick. If it is money only, Dick shall find it if he has to sell the farm to do it. My poor Horace! To think that this should come upon him through me. I, who love him better than life, to be the one to involve him in peril!"

And all the while she sat there upon the piano stool, her slender form, with its gracefully sloping shoulders showing to the best advantage in the smoothly fitting black silk, her profile to the two men; such a refined profile it was, with a small, straight nose, and the pensive droops to the eyebrows, and the soft blonde hair drawn simply back behind her pretty ears. Mrs. Wimple had never desecrated her beautiful hair by wearing it in bangs or covering it with foreign frizzes. It was unusual, this simple arrangement of her hair, but it gave a clearness and decision to her profile not remotely suggestive of a cameo in bold relief.

"How handsome she is," thought her husband, never wearying of the sweet face, nor of following the little flying fingers, where the gems of his own lavish bestowing flashed and glittered in the gaslight; "but she looks a trifle tired to-night. I hope Sister Eliza won't prove an incumbrance rather than a relief to her. God bless her. When I get out of this snarl I'll devote more time to her at home. She is such a proud, reserved little soul she'd never complain if red-hot pincers were tearing her flesh. Ah! well, it will be all right soon. Steinray's offer has come just at the right moment. It will set me square on my feet once more. It's no small favor he's shown me. Queer he should have done it, too. He passes for one of the coldest blooded animals in Wall Street. But the devil himself is painted blacker than he is. Fanny is excelling herself to-night. I knew she could sing; but her whole soul seems to be going into that song. Steinray's face is aglow from it. Poor fellow. He's evidently thawing out. Must make him come up again soon."

"Fool that I was to make such a mess of things that Summer! Fool, to let her slip from my grasp. She is absolutely peerless. Holds her head like a stag at bay. What might life not have meant for me with a home and that woman at the head of it. Bah! I thought every sensation but one was dead in me. I will not see her beauty and sweetness and helplessness. I will see only a man—let us call him the scarred villain for convenience sake—in full possession of the facts that will bring mine host low. When I've lodged Horace Wimple in the Tombs I will erect a monument to the parrot that caused his sudden exodus, leaving his papers in my possession. Dishonorable? curse the dishonor. I've got but one ambition left in life, and that is to get even with that graceful, soft-voiced thing yonder on the piano stool. The *rôle* of honored friend is one that I have selected to play while I am waiting for the iron to get hot and I am ready to strike. Strike her through him. She loves him. She loves him as I once would have given worlds to be loved by her. Ruin and disgrace to him, mean anguish and torture to her. Not the loss of money alone. That she wouldn't mind so much, though by Jove she fits into her luxurious surroundings like a gem into pure gold. What a throat she has! a soft white pillar. She might have been mine! Fool, bungling fool that I was! Wimple is her slave. Ah! well, we're all slaves to something or some person. I am to—revenge! Revenge for my slighted love! Revenge for my embittered life! Revenge for this scarred face!"

Then, as the last notes of the song fluttered from Mrs. Wimple's white throat, words of polite praise quivered from Mr. Steinray's lips, and presently he got up to go away, and thanked his hostess for a most enjoyable evening, and took his leave of her with a look full of fell meaning, which Horace did not see, for he was putting on his overcoat to "walk a piece" with his friend. And everything was just as smooth and regular and nice as well-oiled social machinery could make it; and if, hidden out of sight, there were plenty of ugly cogs and wheels that it would be unsafe to come too near to, what matter? Society, polite society, is blind. It does not care—perhaps does not dare—to look beyond the smoothly moving, carefully oiled, nicely adjusted face of the machine.

Horace did not walk very far with his new friend. He just wanted to add one or two words touching business—words that it was not necessary for Fanny to hear. She was standing in front of the bright asbestos logs when he came back, one little foot resting on the low brass fender. Her folded hands dropped in front of her, the jacqueminot rose gleaming redly under the gaslight. She did not lift her drooping head when Horace's footstep fell upon her ears. Would she ever again be able to look him freely in the eye? He came up to her, and gathering her in his arms, said, tenderly:

"My darling!"

Then her head fell upon his shoulder and the hot, blinding tears fell unrestrained. But no words came. Not even when, distressed and surprised, he drew her, still encircled by his arm, toward the sofa, and, seating her, begged her to tell him what it all meant. Not even when he showered kisses upon her wet lids and flushed cheeks and quivering lips, declaring to her, in most earnest accents, that there was nothing on earth he would not do, or leave undone, rather than cost her one tear. She could not speak.

"At his peril you will make any allusion to this interview." These were the words Frederic Steinray had used, and enforced them with a look full of menace and determination. At *his* peril! Not hers. If it had been hers she might have risked everything, even Horace's knowledge of what in her morbid sensitiveness she looked back upon as a disgraceful episode in her past life. But it was at his peril, and she had no means of knowing how great that peril was, or what catastrophe she might bring down upon his beloved head by defying her mortal enemy.

And so she lay in her husband's arms, adoring him and deceiving him, while he was remorsefully taking himself to task for having rashly brought Sister Eliza home.

"She is hard to get along with, my sweet one," he said, putting his own conclusions into words, "but remember I am always ready to shelter you, and I felt as if there was nothing else left for me to do."

While Fanny only clung a little closer and cried a little harder.

CHAPTER V.

MRS. WIMPLE SENDS A SUMMONS.

It was not a common thing for Mr. Frederic Steinray, the proverbial woman-hater, to receive lady visitors at his place of business, so it was scarcely to be wondered at, that when, on the next day, a tall, elegantly dressed woman, closely vailed and suffering nervousness to a degree that made her voice tremulous, demanded of the clerk, in his outer office, if she could see him in his private office. There was a smile of impertinent significance on more than one face in that outer office.

The clerk disappeared to inquire, and returned with Mr. Steinray's permission for the lady to enter. It was Horace Wimple's wife that penetrated into his private office. He had guessed as much before she threw back her vail, showing him her sweet face all blanched with fear, while the great black rings around her eyes told of a sleepless night. But he did not falter in presence of her distress.

"I have come," she said, without any preamble, "to see if I can get a clearer idea than you gave me last night of the trouble my husband is in. I will not believe that Horace has ever done anything to involve him in disgrace. He is the soul of honor and probity."

"Your faith is wifely and creditable," said the man, who was looking at her coldly from the other side of a handsome office-desk, "but no amount of credulity on your part will have any effect upon the hard facts of this case."

How hard and merciless and altogether unmanageable he looked. After all, what folly might Horace not have committed? what pitfall might he not have fallen into in that consuming race for money that engulfed all Wall Street? These thoughts flashed through her brain while Steinray was answering her in that coolly deliberate voice which was in itself an aggravation, but which was torture to her now.

"His trouble is one that money would relieve him from, you will tell me that much?"

She was pleading to him with clasped hands.

"I think it is scarcely fair for us, Mrs. Wimple to be discussing Mr. Wimple's entanglements behind his back. Permit me, in the spirit of friendly interest, to draw your attention to the extreme rashness and impropriety of your presence here." (A flood of crimson swept over Mrs. Wimple's white face. How he gloried in his power to insult her!) "Bear me witness, please, that this interview is entirely of your own seeking."

"I came to ask you to relieve me from the stipulation you enforced last night. I allowed myself to be terrified into silence. I was very weak."

"At your husband's peril you break that silence. I have nothing to take from nor to add to that stipulation," he answered, in icy tones, that left her no room to hope that she might win him from his scheme of vengeance.

"You are merciless," she said, bitterly.

"You are importunate," he answered, insolently.

She rose to her feet. She was trembling visibly. Her hand rested on the back of the chair she had just left and against which she leaned heavily for support. One more appeal:

"I do not believe you have anything against my husband individually. He is too good and true and honorable to incur the ill will of any man. You say it is in your power to disgrace him?"

"To put him into the Tombs," said Steinray, with brutal directness.

"And you will push this matter to extremes if I tell him why you seek to injure him?"

"I will, by all we both hold sacred!"

"It is through him that you would strike me?"

"Your acumen does you credit, madam."

"Then—if I were—if I were—dead, or out of the way, Horace would be safe."

"With you living or dead, his financial entanglement would remain the same. Certainly the *dénouement* would be lacking in dramatic interest for me personally."

"Are you man or monster?" she asked, looking down upon him with eyes full of horror.

"I was a man. I am a monster by the grace of a girl's decree."

Then he took his gold watch from his pocket, consulted it deliberately, looked blandly up at Horace Wimple's wife, and added:

"I don't like to seem discourteous, Mrs. Wimple, but it lacks just five minutes of the time when Mr. Wimple will be here to conclude our little business transaction. How very unfortunate that you should have been tempted to hide behind that Japanese screen last night. Please bear in mind that it is none of my doing that you should have learned all about your husband's affairs. All for a little personal vanity, too. When I marry I shall carefully exclude tall screens from my wife's apartments. They are positively dangerous, you know. Encourage evesdropping and such immoralities."

These darts he hurled while, with trembling hands, she was tightly twisting her thick vail about her face and neck. She turned from him without another word. Why should she abase herself in the dust before so coarse and heartless a wretch? She had meant to have implored him. But to what avail? her first wrong step had been when, at the moment of introduction, she had failed to inform her husband of a previous acquaintance with him. To do so now would be to excite Horace's liveliest surprise. She was already enmeshed. With no outward sign of the storm raging within her breast, she reached the outer office once more. What a failure this errand had been! She had come resolved to go away a free woman. She was going away bound by the chains of secrecy more securely than ever, and her whole pure nature revolted at the bondage. "At his peril!—at his peril!" All her thoughts seemed revolving around these three words. All her ideas were set to that menacing refrain.

Steinray's eyes followed her retreating form until the office-door swung noiselessly to, and shut her from his view. Then, with a bitter, mocking laugh, he said, aloud:

"Score one against the handsome Mrs. Wimple!"

While Fanny, groping her way down the dark stairs outside, beset with the added fear of meeting Horace on his way to this interview, was saying, resolutely to herself:

"If money can do it, Dick must do it, even if he has to sell the farm to raise it—must and shall. I'll telegraph for Dick, and then I'll go to see Nellie Raymond. I think if I could tell her some portion of my trouble it might be better. She's so thoroughly sensible and practical and trustworthy. And Horace is very dear to her."

With this final resolution, Mrs. Wimple found her way to the nearest telegraph-office, telegraphed for her brother, and then, taking the street-cars, was soon at the front door of her "dearest friend," Miss Nellie Raymond, of Park Avenue.

"Yes, Miss Raymond was at home," so she would not sit and wait for her in stiff formality in the long parlors down-stairs, where she saw her own white and distressed face looking at her with ghostly shadowiness from mirrors here, there and everywhere. Up-stairs into Nellie's own charming chamber she mounted, to find the mistress of it luxuriating in dressing-gown and slippers in a big rocking-chair, drawn up into the sunny alcove where her canary-bird hung in its gilded cage, and where the air was redolent of mignonette and heliotrope and tea-roses.

"Why so lazy?" Fanny asked, stooping to kiss the

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broad, smooth brow of her friend before she had succeeded in ridding her lap of an accumulation of lace and ribbon and working implements.

"Lazy!" Miss Raymond echoed the word reproachfully, holding up in refutation a tapering white finger capped with a dainty gold thimble. "I've been hard at work for an hour! Do sit down, dearie. It was real good of you to come so soon. Of course you've heard?"

"I haven't the least idea what you are talking about. I came because I wanted to see you. But I can't see any special goodness in that. No, I haven't heard anything."

"No! True, you were not at the Dolbeys last night. Then you haven't heard, and it's not a visit of condolence."

"Condolence for what, and for whom?" asked Mrs. Wimple, listlessly, reaching over to examine the lace trifle Miss Raymond was hard at work on.

She did not find it easy to introduce the subject of her own troubles.

"Condolence for me! Frank Mapleson was there with his wife!" After which announcement Miss Raymond's lips parted in a flashing smile, and she lay luxuriously back against the silken head-rest of her chair, with her bright eyes fastened on Fanny's pale face. "Bless me," she added, energetically, "what is the matter with the divine Mrs. Wimple? My dear, you look absolutely *triste*."

"Oh! Nellie, I am utterly wretched, and if I don't tell you all about it I shall just die—die outright."

"Oh! no, not entirely. Just a partial suspension of animation. Let's compromise on fractional death."

"You've never been married! You can afford to jest," said Fanny, in tones of sharp reproof.

"Well, I do assure you, if I can't afford to laugh after I'm married, I can't afford to marry, that's all. Heaven knows the temptations to matrimony are few enough as it is. Come now, see how generous I am." She turned laughingly and reached out toward the stand in the bay-window, took from a glass dish a rich floral combination of roses and heliotrope. "I've selected my very latest floral offering from that dear, darling, dandy dude, David Dawson. The headache or heartache that would not vanish before such loveliness must be deep-seated indeed." She laid the flowers on Mrs. Wimple's lap, and looked caressingly up into her face. "What? tears! I do declare, if matrimony involves so much humidity I don't want to be married. I abhor dampness in all its phases. I should break my husband on pocket handkerchiefs. Now, my dear, do dry up. That sounds awfully slangy, but it is the only request at all appropriate under the circumstances."

"Nellie!" said Mrs. Wimple, with sudden fervor, leaning forward until she could clasp her friend's hand in both her own, "if you were married and loved your husband, and knew that he was on the verge of ruin, and knew that he didn't know that you knew, and you had to go on acting as if everything was as serene as a May morning, what would you do?"

"Stop," said Nellie, gayly telling the propositions off on her fingers. "How is it? If I knew that he knew that I didn't know, why, then, I just wouldn't know, that's all there is about it. Oh! you foolish darling, climbing the hill Difficulty before you get to it, just when I was beginning to have such hopes of you, too. Mrs. Wimple, you know I feel personally responsible for you, and you really must do me more credit, or else I shall abandon you as a hopeless case. My dear, don't you know emotion is entirely out of date? Why, the other evening, when that gawky English lordling, Mrs. Murray's latest catch, was admiring your 'statuesque repose,' I felt a thrill of positive pride in you."

"I shall never know repose of any sort again, Nellie," Mrs. Wimple answered, drearily, ruthlessly plucking Mr. David Dawson's carefully selected floral offering to pieces.

"Oh, yes, you shall," Nellie answered, briskly, "even if I have to administer the chloroform myself. Nothing makes a woman hideous quicker than the loss of sleep."

"I mean mental repose. Nellie, do please be serious."

"Well, I will." Miss Raymond folded her hands and looked majestically at her friend. "Frances Wimple, what have you done, or what have you left undone? Which one of the commandments have you broken now? you superb sinner."

But Fanny was not to be jested out of her gloom. There was a ring of irritability in her usually sweet voice as she answered:

"Nellie Raymond, I came to you because I felt the need of a friend in whom I could confide, and you turn my distress into a jest in a most heartless manner. Where else can I turn for comfort?"

Miss Raymond grew serious immediately. She was Fanny's senior by some few years, and was one of those strong, self-reliant natures that drew more timorous souls to rest upon them involuntarily. An affection of many years' growth existed between these two women, both of them brilliant leaders of society, and at the same time sweet, pure natures. She said, now, remorsefully:

"Indeed, my dear, dear Fanny, I was just trying to jest you out of your tears before offering you my help and sympathy, if either will avail. Now then, dear, tell me all about it."

With a sudden, graceful movement she sank upon the hassock at Fanny's feet, and crossing her plump arms over each other, rested them caressingly on Mrs. Wimple's lap.

Society wondered that Miss Raymond should so long have retained her maiden name when her beauty and sparkling wit and ample fortune gave her such a large range of choice in the selection of a husband.

Society whispered that she had once been in love with Horace Wimple, and that it was an act of unparalleled generosity on her part to yield him up to the simple country girl, her schoolmate, whom she had introduced into her own dazzling circle of fashionable life.

Society was puzzled at the evident degree of regard subsisting between these two women, who, by all the received ideas of its code ought to have occupied toward each other attitudes of armed neutrality.

Society, as usual, knew nothing at all about the matter, and all its guesses were ludicrously wide of the mark.

(To be continued.)

A POCKET LIBRARY.

Professor Porson, the celebrated Greek scholar, was once traveling in a stage-coach, where a young Oxonian, fresh from college, was amusing the ladies with a variety of talk, and, amongst other things, with a quotation, as he said, from Sophocles.

A Greek quotation, and in a coach, too, roused the slumbering professor from a kind of dog-sleep in a snug corner of the vehicle. Shaking his ears and rubbing his eyes, "I think, young gentleman," said he, "you favored us just now with a quotation from Sophocles; I do not happen to recollect it there."

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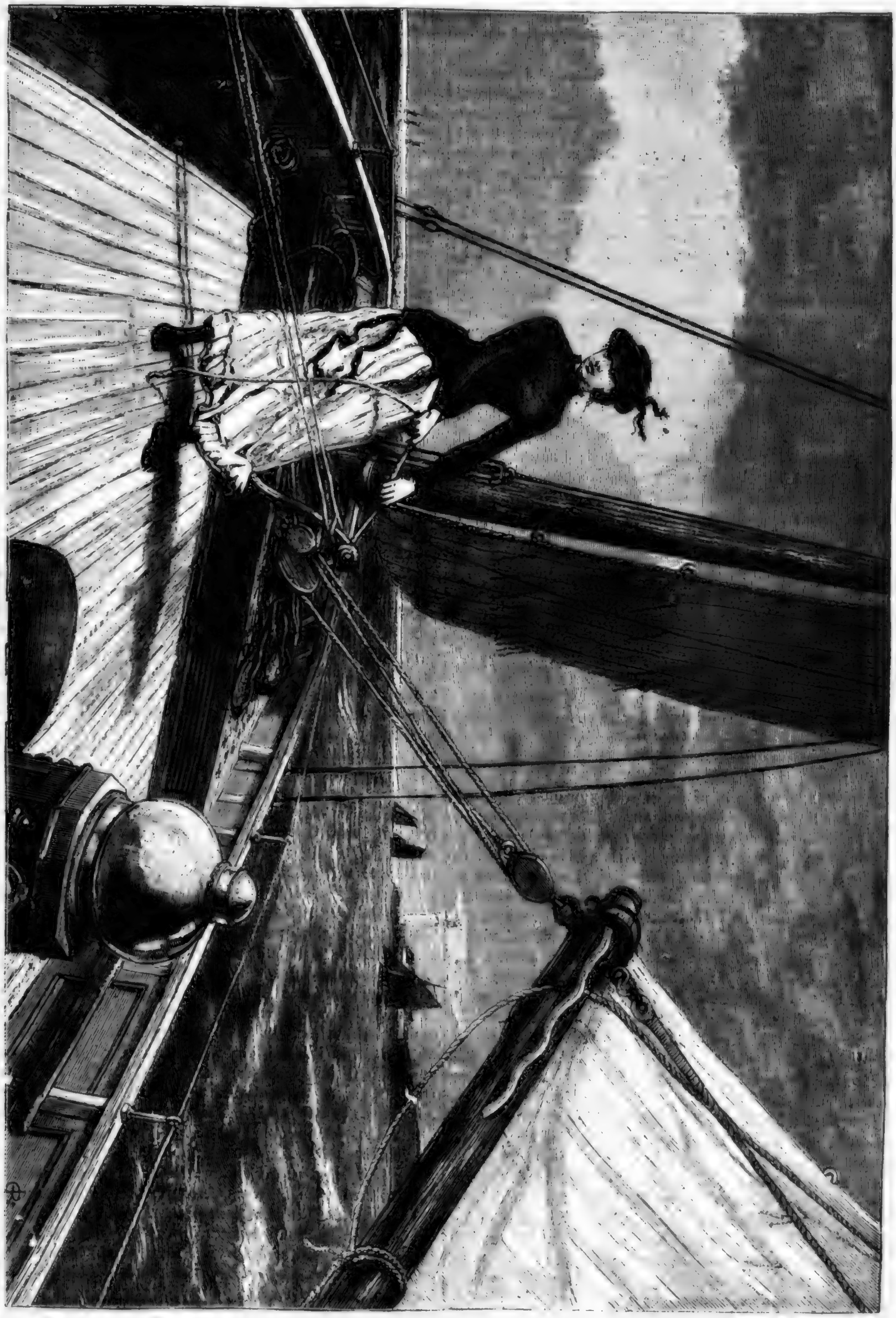

"YOUTH AT THE HELM."

"Oh, sir," replied the tyro, "the quotation is, word for word, as I have repeated it, and from Sophocles, too; but I suspect, sir, it is some time since you were at college."

The professor, applying his hand to his greatcoat pocket, and taking out a small pocket edition of Sophocles, quietly asked him if he would be kind enough to show him the passage in question in that little book. After rummaging the pages for some time, he replied:

"Upon second thoughts, I now recollect that the passage is in Euripides."

"Then, perhaps, sir," said the professor, putting his hand again into his pocket, and handing him a similar edition of Euripides, "you will be so good as to find it for me in that little book."

The young Oxonian returned to his task, but with no better success; muttering, however, to himself a vow never again to quote in Greek in a stage-coach. The tittering of the ladies informed him plainly that he had got into a hobble.

At last, "Why, sir," said he, "how dull I am! I recollect now—yes, now I perfectly remember—that the passage is in Æschylus."

The inexorable professor returned to his inexhaustible pocket, and was in the act of handing him an Æschylus, when our astonished freshman vociferated:

"Coachman! Hallo, coachman! Let me out! I say, instantly let me out! There's a fellow here has got the whole Bodleian Library in his pocket!"

THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

> "A man so various, that he seemed to be
> Not one, but all mankind's epitome;
> Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
> Was everything by starts, and nothing long;
> But, in the course of one revolving moon,
> Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon;
> Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
> Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking."

If ever all the essentials of a *bon vivant*—love of feasting, drinking, women, wit, and wild extravagance—were combined in one man, that man was George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, whom Dryden has so magnificently limned in the above lines. Eldest son of the first duke of that name, Charles the Martyr's favorite, who fell beneath the assassin's knife at Portsmouth, he was born at Wallingford House, Whitehall, upon the site of which the Admiralty offices now stand, on January 30th, 1627. After the death of his father Charles undertook the charge of the young duke, and had him educated with his own sons. Subsequently he was sent to Cambridge, and then traveled into France, the better to acquire that polish of manner and grace of bearing for which he afterward became pre-eminently distinguished. Whilst abroad, word was brought him that the Parliament was in rebellion; hastening back, Villiers joined the royal standard, and in several actions greatly distinguished himself by his bravery.

After the beheading of the King he returned to the Continent for a time, but it was not long before Villiers followed the fortunes of Charles II., at whose side he fought like a lion at the battle of Worcester. After that terrible defeat, disguised in mean attire, the pair wandered about together until they came to a roadside inn. The Roundheads were scouring the country in all directions, seeking the fugitive monarch, and every moment's delay endangered both their lives; but night was falling, and the clamors of empty stomachs, and stomachs that were not accustomed to vacuity, were imperative. "We may as well be shot as die of hunger," said the duke, and that reflection decided them to enter the inn. "Bring everything you have in the house," was the order. The *pièce de résistance* was a grand turkey, weighing some fourteen to sixteen pounds, which was at once put down to roast before a roaring fire, while the famishing guests assuaged, or rather whetted, their appetites with eggs and bacon and such like snacks. At last the huge bird was set upon the table. Wings, legs, breast, rapidly disappeared down those voracious maws, and, dividing the carcass between them, they picked the bones clean, and to clear their platters threw them into the fireplace, so that when the landlord entered in answer to their summons he was startled to find no vestige of the huge mass of food he had provided, not even of the skeleton. "Oh! we always eat the bones," said the duke gravely, interpreting his puzzled look. "Lord save thy stomachs, sirs!" cried Boniface, lifting up his hands. And now a new flagon of wine was brought in, and the uncrowned King and beggared noble, forgetting their troubles and dangers, pledged each other with all the fervor of bibulous affection, caroled merry songs until they were too drunk to speak, and then slid under the table in a glorious oblivion of their ruined fortunes.

The next morning the pair parted company as being safer for both; Charles took the direction of Reading, finding a hiding-place in Boscobel House, and what became of him afterward is a matter of well-known history. But the dare-devil duke made his way to London, thrusting himself into the very jaws of the Parliamentarian lion. Buying one of those many-colored fantastic coats that were worn by quack doctors' Jack Puddings, a hat adorned with a fox's tail and a bunch of cock's feathers, sometimes covering his face with a wizard's mask and sometimes daubing it with paint, he set up a stand at Charing Cross and recited lampoons of his own composition upon the principal people of the day, told fortunes, showed conjuring tricks, sold nostrums, and drew crowds about him daily.

All his estates had been confiscated by the Commonwealth, and a very large slice of them had been conferred upon General Fairfax. The mountebank business having attracted the attention of the authorities, the duke began to turn about in his mind a new device for bettering his fortunes, and hit upon the idea that only the most daring imagination could have conceived—to woo and win the general's daughter, and under an assumed name, and through a friend, he obtained an introduction to her. Buckingham was the handsomest and most fascinating man of his time, and the lady, who was plain and homely, was soon desperately enamored of her irresistible cavalier. With a price set upon his head, the duke went boldly to the father and solicited her hand, and though a Republican, Fairfax felt too much flattered by the prospect of so distinguished an alliance to refuse such a son-in-law, and the marriage was celebrated without delay. On hearing of this, Cromwell, who it was said wanted the duke for one of his own daughters, was so enraged that he threw the bridegroom into the Tower, from which he was not released until the Restoration. As for the poor duchess who had fettered herself to a life of misery, she was never anything but the most devoted slave to her fickle lord, carrying her complaisance so far, even, as to receive his mistresses beneath her own roof.

At first the King, not being well pleased with such matrimonial connections, treated his old companion with some coldness; but so witty a courtier could not long remain in the ill graces of the Merry Monarch, and in a very short time the duke reigned supreme at Whitehall. Possessed of a princely fortune, he lived in regal state at his great mansion in the Strand, that covered all the site of Villiers and Buckingham Streets, so named in commemoration of it, down to the old Water Gate. Here banquets were given that might have done credit to a Roman emperor. But far more delightful than these oppressive feasts were the glorious little suppers to a select few, at which "Old Rowley" himself was frequently present. Cooking, after a French fashion introduced by the Count de Grammont, had been raised to the dignity of a fine art in the English Court, nobles, nay, royalty itself, considering it no derogation of dignity to superintend and even prepare the choicer *plats.* An apartment on the ground floor was fitted up as a *cuisine*, and hither, on the occasion of these *petits soupers*, would repair the duke, his royal visitor, and other favored courtiers, and donning white jackets, aprons, and caps, set to work to prepare the feast. Each member of the party was famous for some particular dish, which was his especial care, and new ones were constantly being invented. The vulgar were never permitted to enter this arcanum, for the under-cooks were gentlemen and the scullions pages. The talk of these *gourmands* was all of flavoring and combinations of flavors, which were discussed with far more zest than would be state affairs next morning. All being prepared, the various dishes, sometimes as many as forty in number, would be intrusted to the assistant cooks, while the noble *chefs* would retire to make their toilets. In a splendid *salon*, immediately above this glorified kitchen, sumptuously furnished, the walls hung round with voluptuous pictures, the supper would be served. The guests were restricted to twenty, and you may be sure there was a goodly sprinkling of ladies; thither came Louise de Querouaille, La Belle Stewart, Lady Castlemaine, the Countess Dunois, and other famous beauties of the Court.

As a preparation for the feast a golden goblet of wine was passed round, which each guest, male or female, had to empty. When the first course was dispatched, the duke stamped his foot, and the table sank through the floor, and immediately afterward another rose in its place with a fresh set of covers. And this went on to the end of the feast, for no servants were admitted to this apartment; the most glorious vintages of France and Spain washed down the choicest viands that the skill of man could devise, and the orgy was often prolonged until the sunlight flashed upon the river and streamed through the window curtains upon the drowsy faces of such revelers as were still able to keep their seat at the board. Sometimes these revels were of a less reputable or less private nature. Our duke, an adept at disguises, in company with the no less profligate Earl of Rochester, would accompany his royal master to the vilest slums of the metropolis, get gloriously drunk with "the drabs and bloods of Drury Lane," or the sailors of Wapping—many a time at the risk of their lives. More than once these noble servants left their King in the lurch, penniless, to pay the drinking bill and get out of the scrape as best he might by leaving rings or jewels in pawn. At the death of the Merry Monarch the Duke of Buckingham abandoned the Court and retired to one of his estates, Helmsley, in Yorkshire. By this time all but the remnants of his splendid fortune had been dissipated.

Here, although luxuries could be indulged in no longer, his character as a *bon vivant* was maintained: country fare had to take the place of French dishes, and instead of kings and nobles for boon companions he had to substitute rude, fox-hunting squires; but it was open house at Helmsley—feasting, drinking, rioting; the old life under a new aspect. Returning from hunting one evening and being overheated, the duke sat upon the damp grass and caught a chill. By this time even the remnants of his wealth were exhausted, and so miserable had life become that he sought shelter at the house of an old servant at Bishop's Hill, York, where he died on April 16th, 1688, at the age of sixty-one.

A ROYAL ANSWER.

King Frederick VI., of Denmark, while traveling through Jutland, one day entered a village school and found the children in it lively and intelligent, and quite ready to answer his questions.

"Well, youngsters," he said, "what are the names of the greatest Kings of Denmark?"

With one accord they cried out, "Canute the Great, Waldemar, and Christian IV."

Just then a little girl to whom the schoolmaster had whispered something stood up and raised her hand.

"Do you know another?" asked the King.

"Yes; Frederick VI."

"What great acts did he perform?"

The girl hung her head and stammered out, "I don't know."

"Be comforted, my child," said the King; "I don't know either!"

ABBOTSFORD.

A strange specimen of the information contained in cyclopædias is the article "Abbotsford" in the undermentioned publications:

"During her [Miss Scott's] minority Abbotsford was handed over to a Catholic society for the establishment of a young ladies' institution."—*Conversations Lexikon* (Leipsic, 1864).

Real Encyclopædie (Ratisbon, 1865) verbatim with above.

"Since that period [1858], pending the minority of Miss Scott, the only surviving child, the mansion has been let for the use of a Roman Catholic seminary for girls."—*Appleton's Cyclopædia* (New York, 1874).

"During the minority of [Miss Scott] it was handed over to a Catholic society for the establishment of a young ladies' institution."—*Pierer's Universal-Conversations-Lexikon* (Oberhausen, 1875).

"For several years Abbotsford was let (about 1860) to a Catholic association, who there established a convent school for girls."—*La Grande Encyclopædie* (Paris, now publishing).

It would be amusing to learn how this absurd statement originated. Is it possible the Leipsic compiler may have allowed his notes to get mixed, and in writing them out transferred the above description to the wrong article? However that may be, it is curious to observe with what fidelity he has been followed by others.

Summing Up.—*A:* "I tell you that mathematics is an incontrovertible science—in fact, it is logic itself! For instance, suppose it takes one man twelve days to build this wall, then twelve men can finish it in one day. *B:* "Certainly; therefore two hundred and eighty-eight can do it in an hour; seventeen thousand two hundred and eighty in a minute; and, if one million thirty-six thousand and eight hundred men set to work, the wall will be up in a second!"

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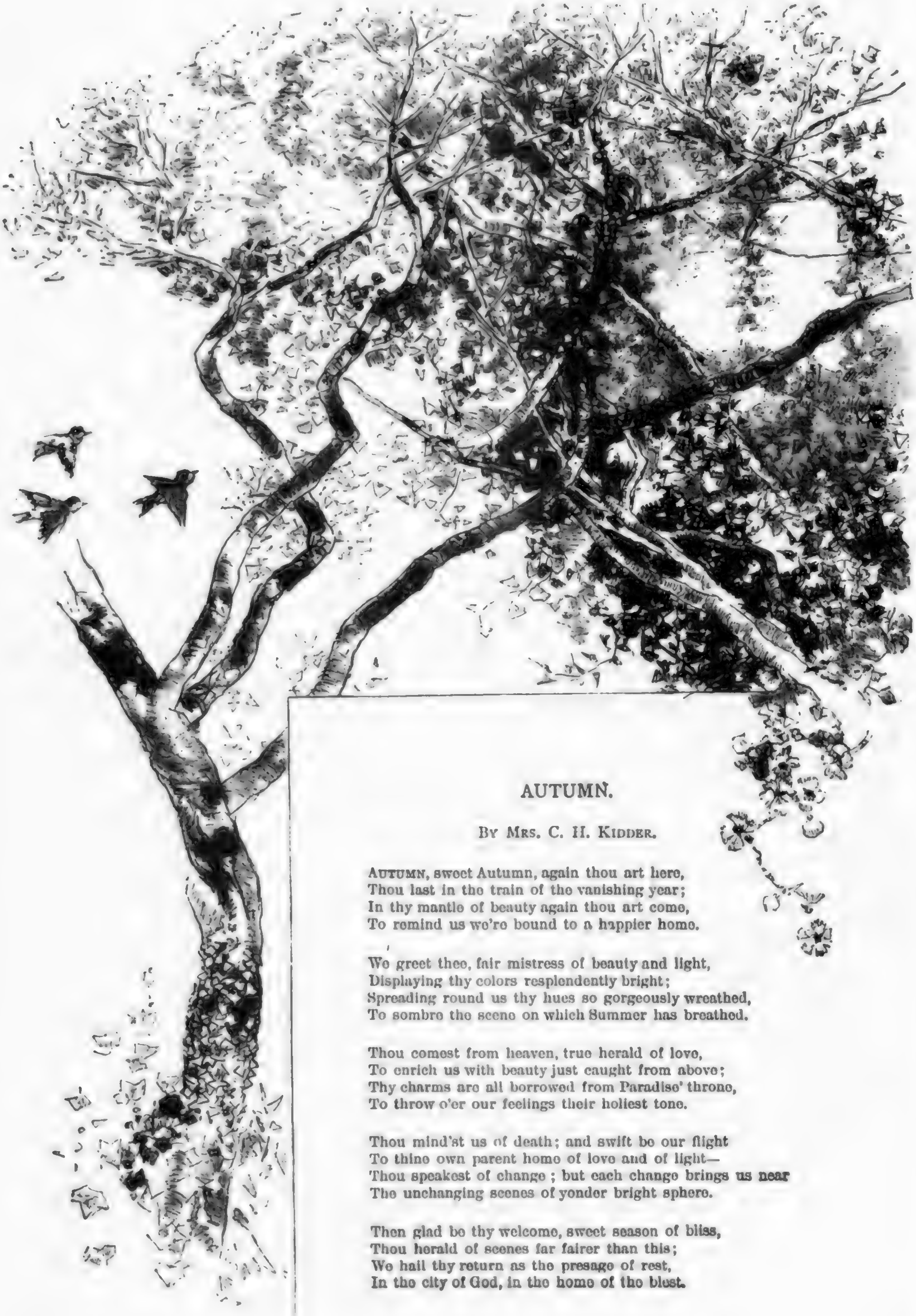

AUTUMN.

By Mrs. C. H. Kidder.

Autumn, sweet Autumn, again thou art here,
Thou last in the train of the vanishing year;
In thy mantle of beauty again thou art come,
To remind us we're bound to a happier home.

We greet thee, fair mistress of beauty and light,
Displaying thy colors resplendently bright;
Spreading round us thy hues so gorgeously wreathed,
To sombre the scene on which Summer has breathed.

Thou comest from heaven, true herald of love,
To enrich us with beauty just caught from above;
Thy charms are all borrowed from Paradise' throne,
To throw o'er our feelings their holiest tone.

Thou mind'st us of death; and swift be our flight
To thine own parent home of love and of light—
Thou speakest of change; but each change brings us near
The unchanging scenes of yonder bright sphere.

Then glad be thy welcome, sweet season of bliss,
Thou herald of scenes far fairer than this;
We hail thy return as the presage of rest,
In the city of God, in the home of the blest.

THE HAND ON THE LATCH.—"AFTER MUCH GROPING I SEIZE UPON SOME SLIMY LINKS OF A CHAIN, BY WHICH I AM ABLE, BY PUTTING FORTH ALL MY STRENGTH, TO LIFT, AND EVENTUALLY TO HAUL UP TO THE EDGE OF THE WELL, A WORM-EATEN, RUSTY, IRON-CLAMPED OLD CHEST."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

THE HAND ON THE LATCH.

By W. W. Fenn.

What is this coin upon my watch-chain? It is a Spanish doubloon—a very pretty piece of money. On one side is the head of Philip IV., with the date 1640; on the reverse, two upright pillars—the Pillars of Hercules—with the setting sun between them, and the motto "*Ne plus ultra*" beneath. How did I come by it? Curiously enough.

It was the old story, repeated, as it seemed to me, *ad nauseam.* An old house—haunted, of course—in which no stranger could pass a night, or, if he did, something awful happened. He would be found in the morning dead, mad, or speechless, unable to tell of what he had seen, and refusing to be questioned. I did not know at first what the tradition was, or what was supposed to occur in this particular instance. I paid little attention to the gossip; I only know that the house was pointed out to me as haunted, and I derided the notion.

Where was it? Well, it was situated in a rather unlikely spot for such a terror to take root in—viz., the outskirts of an ordinary market square in a country town not far from the sea—a region devoted twice a week to the sale of fat oxen, sheep, pigs and poultry. The town's name does not matter.

I consent, remember, to tell the story only on condition that no questions are asked. I am not going to be cross-examined, and I decline to reveal real names; but it might have been anywhere—any half-dozen localities down the eastern counties' line would answer to it, so utterly commonplace and uninteresting was its whole aspect. Yet the house itself was quaint, being red-bricked, low-roofed and narrow-windowed, and had been built at least a hundred and fifty years. Though modern structures now hemmed it in, and towered high above it on either side, it must originally have stood by itself, within its own garden, which still ran a long way to the rear.

It does not at all matter, either, what took me to the town. I had to live there—that is enough—and I lodged for years with some respectable people, who at the end of that time emigrated, and I had to find fresh quarters. Apartments were to let that would suit me, I was told, in the identical house, if I did not mind the tradition about it.

Mind the tradition! Not I, indeed! I did not really know what it was. My brain was as entirely devoid of superstition as any mortal's could be. I had seen a good deal of what is called spiritualism, which was in those days a novelty in England. I had seen tables turned and heavy furniture moved without any visible agency.

But this experience had only served to confirm my original opinion that everything of the kind was due to clever jugglery and imposture.

Ghosts, of course, I had no belief in; so I took the apartments—a large bedroom and a small sitting-room—that were to let in the house.

It was occupied by a foreman of some tan-works and his wife. He had got the short remainder of the lease on very low terms, because the house had been for years untenanted on account of its evil reputation—the old story again.

Mr. Tanner had been in it only a few months when I took the rooms, and we both laughed at the haunted notion when we spoke of it, for he was as great a skeptic as myself. Seen anything—heard anything? Not he.

"If there be's a ghost," said the honest fellow, "he will not go for to trouble himself with the likes of us—nor with you, sir, neither, I'll be bound."

And I agreed with him.

Weeks and weeks went by, only to confirm our views. Nothing whatever happened, of course, and, in fact, the thing passed out of my memory after the first few days. I grew to be quite at home in my new quarters, and was thoroughly comfortable.

The bedroom was that sort of apartment which modern phraseology describes as "particularly jolly." Being at the back of the house and on the first floor, it overlooked the long strip of old-fashioned garden, which, as the Autumn came on, was redolent with sweet perfume.

The brightness and cheerfulness of the chamber which delighted me were mainly due to a piece of vandalism committed by some previous tenant. The paneling, which ran round it to the height of about four feet, had been painted a creamy-white. Door and window-sashes had shared the same fate, and a wall-paper similar in tone gave a light and airy aspect to a room which otherwise might have proved dark and gloomy.

I am a great person for light—I always burn a night-light—so my surroundings suited me exactly.

Kept scrupulously clean as the proverbial new pin, a meal might have been eaten off any part of the apartment, or off its simple, dimity covered and curtained furniture. In a word, it would have been hard to find any place more unlike a haunted chamber. The two windows were to the right of the bed, the door to the left; a little beyond the foot, and directly opposite the bed, the fireplace.

On the 23d of October, 1841, I went to bed, as usual, about eleven o'clock. As I have said, I always burn a night-light, and, more from habit than any other reason, I always bolt my door.

Never a very good sleeper, the slightest sound awakes me; and I awoke on this night suddenly, about an hour and a half, I suppose, after I went to bed. Some noise had disturbed me—I was sure of that as I became conscious. What was it?

At that time of night the whole neighborhood was as silent as the grave, and the elements on this occasion were equally so. The sound was in the room—no, not actually in the room, but just outside at the door—and was made by some one trying to open it. Yes, undoubtedly.

I could hear it creak, as it yielded slightly to the pressure as of a shoulder from the outer side; and as, sitting upright in bed, I kept my eyes eagerly upon it, I saw the heavy, black, old-fashioned iron latch, conspicuous on the white door, rise. A hand was on it.

Presently it was allowed to fall softly—presently it was slowly and as softly raised again, and the shoulder again pressed steadily against the door. But the bolt below the latch was firm, and when the attempt to enter had been repeated three or four times, it was given up entirely.

Should I call out?—should I look out? No; my curiosity was checked by my prudence, perhaps by a slight qualm also.

I remained for a long while listening intently, but I could hear no sound outside—no movement, no footstep, no creaking of the floor or stair.

After watching and waiting for a long while, I got cautiously out of bed, slid back the bolt noiselessly, sud-

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denly threw open the door and looked into the passage, for I still heard no retreating footstep outside. Although the bright light from my room streamed into the passage as far as the head of the old staircase, nobody was to be seen. I was late; I had waited too long, or perhaps, whilst I was getting out of bed, the rustle of the clothes had prevented my hearing the would-be intruder retire.

Listening and peering over the stair-rail down into the darkness, I could still discover no sign of life, except for the heavy breathing of the sleeping landlord and his wife. They slept on the ground floor, and beyond their two rooms, my two and the kitchen, the remainder were unfurnished, for we were the sole inmates of the house.

Silence reigned everywhere, and in the course of half an hour I was back in bed, with the door bolted and the light burning brightly, as if nothing had occurred. But you may guess I did not sleep much, though, except by my thoughts, I was disturbed no more that night.

I had looked at my watch before returning to bed, and calculated that the whole affair had happened between twelve and one. And, now, what did it mean?

I will not bother you with my speculations on the point, for they simply landed me nowhere. I was puzzled. I never for one moment doubted my landlord's honesty, nor, on the other hand, my own senses. Some one had tried to get into my room—that was certain. Who was it?

I determined to keep my own counsel, at any rate until I should see if the attempt were renewed.

Before retiring the next night I was careful to take a look at the fastenings of the front and back doors. They were both secure, the latter, which led into the garden, however, appearing the least so; one heavy bolt only held it, but it was shot. Mr. and Mrs. Tanner kept earlier hours than I did, and I could hear they were soundly sleeping when I went to my room.

Uncomfortable? Yes, of course I felt a little uncomfortable—most people would, however amply endowed with moral courage; but, honestly, it was curiosity which principally possessed me. However, I bolted my door, lit the light, and went to bed as usual.

For an hour or more I lay broad awake, with eyes fixed on the black latch; but about a quarter to twelve, after looking at my watch, I began to feel drowsy, and, though fully intending not to sleep, I dropped off, I suppose, in another minute or two, for I was awakened suddenly by a recurrence of precisely the same sounds as those which had disturbed me on the previous night.

There was the slight creaking of the door from the pressure as before; there was the hand on the latch outside, causing it to rise and fall, as before. Then there was an interval, then a renewal of the effort to enter, then another interval, and so on for some minutes.

After that, all was quiet again. What should I do? Irresolute, and not without some misgivings, at last I slipped out of bed, and took a peep into the passage; but still there was nobody visible. Whoever had been there was not there now, and he or she must have got out of the way in the most mysterious manner; for I had never yet detected any indication of a footfall.

The third night came. I still rigidly determined on keeping my own counsel until I had got at the bottom of this queer experience. I resented the idea of being twitted with the cant and rubbish about the haunted house, as I knew I should be if I uttered a word concerning what had occurred; yet I confess I was perplexed. The notion of robbery was scarcely feasible. In the first place I had nothing worth stealing—a free access to my rooms could be had all day.

Well, as I say, the third night came, and with it an exact repetition, at the same hour, of all that had taken place twice before, except that, as the latch rose for the second time, I called out in a low, clear voice, before leaving my bed.

"Wait a moment, and I will let you in."

The latch fell on the instant with a sharp click.

"Ha, ha," I thought, "we are getting at it"; but before I could gain the door and open it the mysterious personage was gone—he was again too quick for me, and once more all was quiet for the remainder of the night.

The following morning I made a minute examination of passage, room, latch, door, floor, ceiling, above, below, and in every corner. There were plenty of opportunities for doing this, as Tanner and his wife were often away from home for hours together; but it led to no result—I could find no clew to the mystery.

For the two following nights nothing whatever occurred; evidently my examination had been observed, and I was guessed to be on the alert. But on the sixth night, exactly as before, the whole business took place over again.

This was getting tiresome; what with the uneasiness of mind it caused, and the watching and waiting, I had little or no sleep for nearly a week.

There was only one way for it, therefore, open to me now: I must leave my door unbolted and see what would happen. I thought it well to be prepared for emergencies; so, when I went to bed on this, the seventh night, which was on October 29th, I did not undress, but merely lay down quietly under the counterpane, with a good thick stick alongside of me.

It was soon after twelve that the strange and unpleasant performance always seemed to commence; and true to the custom, here it is beginning again. Here is the latch slowly and softly rising. I grasp my stick, and prepare to spring up on the intruder.

The door yields now to the pressure, of course, and is gradually and stealthily opened by—no one! Yet there it is, clearly wide open before my eyes! No mistake about that. I am sitting upright on the bed, regarding it with astonishment. And now I am aware, for the first time, that I am not alone in the room; a sensation perfectly independent of sight or hearing overtakes me and assures me of this.

But the door is closing again under the pressure of the unseen hand, and there is the latch rising as if lifted over the catch by cautious fingers so that it shall make no noise.

While I am gazing at it with intense wonder, and after a minute has elapsed, I am startled by the sound of a gentle though smart click, as of a spring which has been pressed. It comes from the direction of the fireplace opposite the foot of the bed; and there, as I look, I see that one of the panels by the side of the white, heavy wooden mantelpiece has sprung open, showing a deep, dark cavity.

I remain perfectly still, my whole being in my eyes. Presently, from the depths of the recess, there emerges an iron clamped box, about a foot and a half square. It seems that it is being drawn out by a human hand, only the hand is not visible; and now it is lifted by the same mysterious agency a little way into the room, and is then set gently down on the floor.

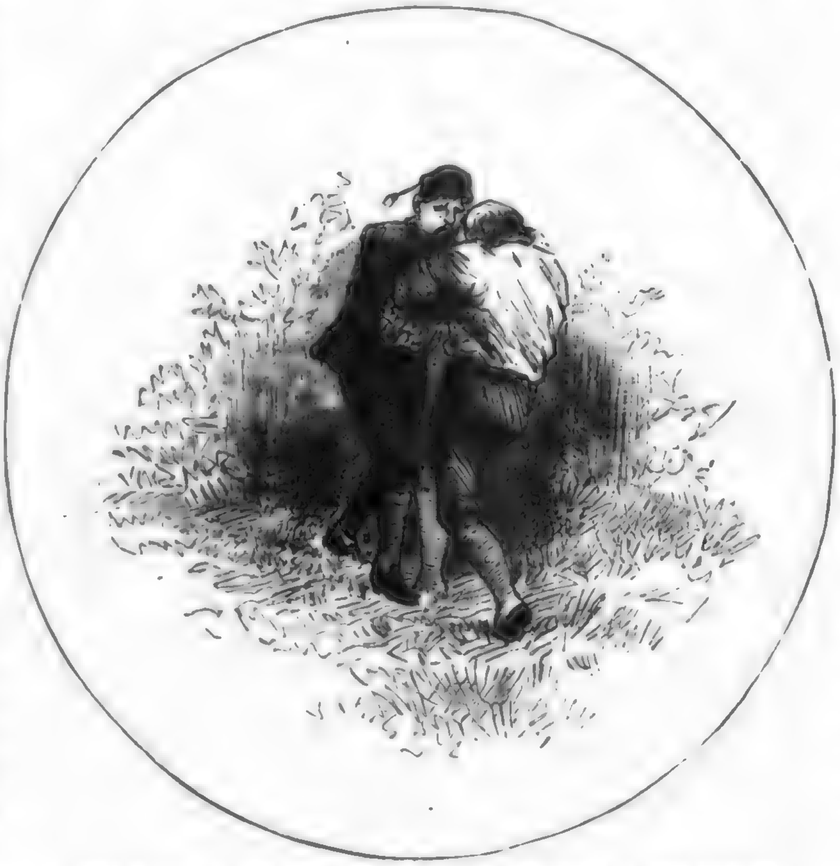
While my attention is engaged on the box, my eyes are again directed toward the panel, which has now been shut with the same click of the spring which had opened it; otherwise there is no sound, no footstep, no rustling garment.

The box being well in the light, I can see that it is very antique. The clamps and bosses are elaborately ornamental, and lead up to a central pattern on the top, where evidently is the lock. Over this is a strong iron handle ; and while taking in these details, I see this sort of treasure-chest lifted and carried, as it might be by a powerful hand, toward the door, which, after a moment's pause, is opened. Then the chest disappears, the door is gently closed, and I feel that I am alone.

Here is spiritualism, indeed, with a vengeance ; but I swear I will discover the jugglery, if jugglery it really is ; yet for what purpose the trick should be practiced upon me, I am at a loss to imagine. I have somehow got to believe that if I would see it out, I must make no noise ; so, treading with the utmost caution, I follow the chest into the passage, just in time to catch sight of it vanishing into the darkness of the staircase, from the bright light shining out of the room. For a sane man, with all his senses about him, to believe his eyes under these circumstances was difficult ; but you shall hear by-and-by what confirmation I can give of the facts.

At the head of the stairs I paused to listen ; the bolt of the back door is drawn, and I see a glimmer of the moonlight steal into the lower regions as the door opens.

When it is shut again, I creep downstairs, reopen it, and pass into the garden, looking radiant in its mantle of dew, which glistens in the moonlight of the tranquil Autumn night.



THE HAND ON THE LATCH.—THE DEATH-STRUGGLE IN THE GARDEN BETWEEN MICHAEL GRUBER AND THE ROBBER.

And there, sure enough, I behold the box moving away along the serpentine path, which I am aware ends in a dense tangle of a neglected thicket. Noiselessly I follow on the soft turf. With great difficulty I keep it in sight as it is carried in and out among the bushes, until it reaches the furthermost corner of the old wall-protected domain, but the strong moonlight aids me.

The box is set on the ground ; there is a rustling of the dense undergrowth beneath some gnarled and twisted apple trees thereabouts. The tangled herbage is gently moved aside as by feet and hands, and then I see the planking of a trap-door.

Soon this is raised with difficulty, and crushed back lightly upon the bushes. I cannot approach very near, for I am conscious of a slight return of the same sensation of not being alone which I had experienced in my room ; but I can see plainly what is going on.

The chest is taken up again, and poised for an instant over the pit or well, which the open trap-door has revealed. Then it is lowered, as it might be, by a rope of chain ; but this is no more visible than are the hands or the person of him who appears now to be letting it down into the well ; for well it is, as I can divine from the plash and gurgle which echo when the water is reached.

A minute or two elapse, then the trap-door is shut down, the bushes and undergrowth move and sway a little as they spring back over it into their place, and not a sound breaks the stillness of the night ; no footfall or rustling of the Autumn leaves, no motion, no sign of life amongst the shrubs as of any one leaving the spot ; but I am conscious of becoming once again the sole occupant of the garden, and stand gazing up at the glorious full moon, literally moonstruck for a while, and more bewildered than I have ever been in my life.

Of course I question myself as to whether I am awake or in my right mind ; and, of course, in the end, I go back to my room by the way I came, bolting the back door after me. Of course I examine carefully the region of the mantelpiece. Of course I can discover no spring whereby to open the panel, for it was evidently a secret one ; and as I did not see the hand which touched it, I cannot tell where it is situated.

But I can discover the position of the recess by the hollow sound which at length answers the rap from my knuckles, which I give each panel in succession. There is a cavity behind this one, without doubt, and its position corresponds with the place where the opening appeared.

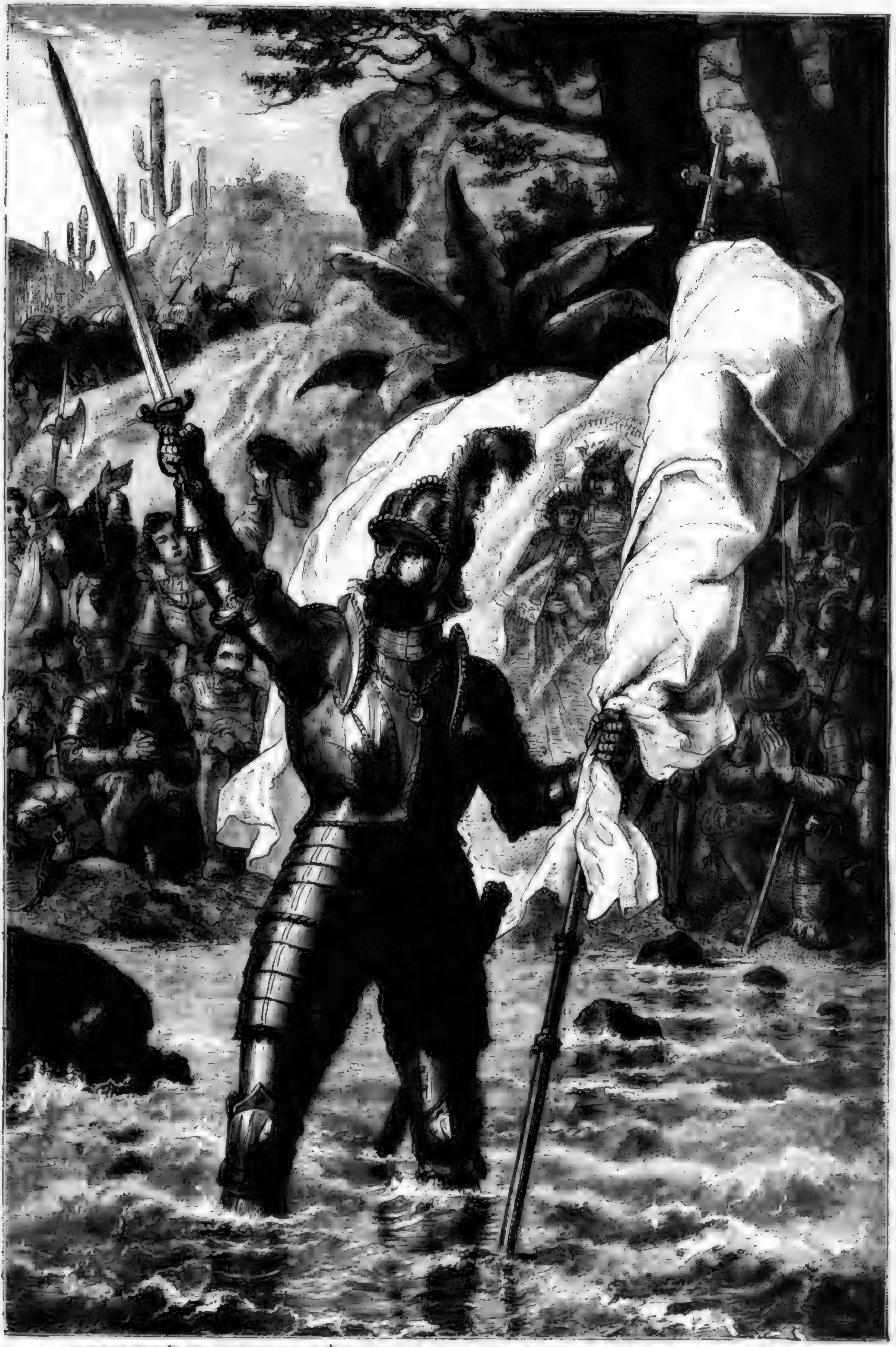
So far, then, at least, here is confirmation. In the morning I will endeavor to get some more. I will search beneath the undergrowth at the end of the garden, and see if the trap-door and well have really any existence. Then, after a lengthened debate with my reason, I turn in, and, oddly enough, sleep soundly the remainder of the night.

Daylight creates more doubt and perplexity of mind than did the moonlight mystery itself.

Have I been dreaming after all ? Surely there can be no other solution. If so, then I have been in a dream for seven days and nights. Still, there is a hollow behind that panel, of which I had no idea before ; that is a fact, though I cannot as yet find the way to open it.

What about that trap-door in the garden ? As soon as the coast is clear this will have to be investigated. I am not going to be such a fool as to let the laugh be turned against me, by saying a word until I am in a position of more certainty.

At length the coast is clear, and I am once more down in the thicket, and among the gnarled trees by the old



HERNAN CORTÉS AND THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO.— BALBOA TAKING POSSESSION OF THE PACIFIC.— SEE PAGE 471.

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wall, quite by myself, and screened from observation by distance and the lay of the land. No prying eyes from any back windows in the neighborhood can overlook me.

There is the place, in yonder corner, looking at first in the soft morning light much as it did by that of the moon. It is easily recognized; and in two minutes I had scrambled in among the bushes, and discovered, by prodding with my stick, what may possibly be a trapdoor; but if it be, it certainly was not opened last night.

The undergrowth, too, seemed to be much thicker than it did then. Dense creepers, grass, ivy, mold and dead leaves, in some places several inches deep, smothered it; and surely, unless carefully examined, no eye would have detected the existence of such a construction in such a spot. Nevertheless, here is partial confirmation again.

To clear away, for closer inspection, takes several minutes; but the end is that I get hold of a heavy rusty ring, by which, with great exertion, I manage to raise the rotten planking of the lid of an old brick well. A peep into its dark depths and a stone or two dropped down tell me that there is water about eight or ten feet below.

More confabulation with myself leads to my getting a ladder from a tool-house, and lowering it to the bottom, with the intention of descending. When, at last, the ladder is firmly adjusted, down it I go, for I am used to ladders. It rests steadily at the bottom, and I can tell when I reach the water that it is not above three feet deep. Then I stoop, and delve and poke about with my stick, which presently touches what, by degrees, I make out to be, possibly, a box.

Getting really excited now, and not being afraid to wet my feet, I get lower and lower on the ladder, until, half up to my middle in the icy water, I plunge my arm in to the shoulder.

After much groping I seize upon some slimy links of a chain, by which I am able, by putting forth all my strength, to lift, and eventually to haul up to the edge of the well, a sodden, worm-eaten, rusty, iron-clamped old chest, the very counterpart of that which I had seen last night, save for the effects which a long immersion would produce.

"Confirmation strong as proof of Holy Writ!" Surely what I had witnessed had some foundation; but to say that I was amazed beyond all expression is to say very little.

I shut up the well, hid it with bushes as far as possible, restored the ladder, and carried the box unseen to my room. What was in it? Its great weight and quaint exterior suggested treasure.

Rotten as the woodwork had become, there was not much difficulty in prising it open. It was chock-full of golden coin, apparently Spanish doubloons, with dates varying from 1660 to the end of the century.

When Tanner came home to dinner I inquired of whom he had taken the place. He named the chief solicitor of the town. I went to him and asked for a little information respecting the history of the house.

He was a dry old stick, with a complexion the color of his own parchments, but I corkscrewed enough out of him in time to give some clew to the foundation of my mysterious experience, though not enough to explain it.

He was but the agent for the property; its owner was a merchant in London, Gruber by name, and it was an ancestor of his—Michael of that ilk—who had built the house in 1690. He made a fortune—so the tradition ran, said my informant—by no very reputable means; in short, he was known to have been a lawless adventurer, one of the innumerable buccaneers who, during the greater part of the seventeenth century, waged piratical war upon the Spanish settlers in South America and the West Indies. It was said that he kept his treasure concealed in various parts of the house, which then stood quite alone on the outskirts of the town.

According to the lawyer, it was the tragic end of Michael Gruber which had given rise to the superstition about the place being haunted. It seems he was found at daybreak on the 29th of October, 1723, in a dying state in his garden, and lying near him was the dead body of a seafaring man, with whom he was known to have dealings. Evidently there had been a bloody encounter; and from what Gruber let fall in the delirium consequent upon his wounds, it is supposed the man had been disturbed in the act of plundering him, and not being able to escape with the booty, was hiding it in the garden, with a view to future removal, when Gruber surprised him.

Many facts went toward making good this supposition. Gruber, who was a very old man then, was only half-dressed, as though he had risen hastily and rushed from his bedroom after the thief; and a secret panel which was discovered in the apartment when the dying man was carried back there appeared t give him great concern; for he continued pointing to it, and declaring incoherently that his chest had been stolen. This seemed probable, as much valuable property was afterward discovered in the secret cupboard.

"And herein is the origin of the legend about the room being haunted, eh?" I asked, the mention of the missing chest and the date of the tragedy giving me the cue.

"Yes, truly," answered my informant; "nonsense of this sort is always attached to deeds of violence that have occurred years ago."

"Pray what is the exact nonsense in this case?"

"Well, indeed, I am scarcely capable of saying. I believe it is something to this effect: that any one who sleeps in that room during the month of October will see somebody attempt to enter it in the dead of night; but whether the somebody ever gets in, nobody knows. You, sir, I believe, have been sleeping there lately, and of course have seen nothing, though, truly, I have been assured that certain tenants have been greatly disturbed."

I evaded the point by saying:

"Was a search made for the chest which old Gruber said had been stolen?"

"I do not know. You see, it all happened a little before my time;" and the old chap chuckled.

"You cannot recall further details?"

"No, truly, not at this moment; though possibly I might be able to hunt them up if you desired it, and will favor me with your reasons for making these inquiries."

Then I favored him with my reasons by telling what I had found, but avoiding all reference to the strange way in which I had been led to look for the well. I merely said that I had been poking about for some ferns at the end of the neglected garden, and coming upon the trap door accidentally, had been induced to examine it, the result being the discovery of the old chest full of doubloons.

The lawyer's parchment-like face as he listened to my account was as good as a farce. Evidently he thought me a lunatic.

"Now, truly," he said, "this is very astonishing; we never knew of any such place."

"Very likely. It had not been opened for years, and was completely hidden by the undergrowth; but if you will come with me, you shall see it for yourself, and what I picked out of it."

* * * * * *

Here is my story. All that I have to add of importance is, that on communicating with the then living Mr. Gruber, he behaved in the most handsome fashion.

The "treasure-trove," which amounted in value to something over one thousand pounds in gold, of course was his, but he insisted on my retaining half of it—no mean reward for my enterprise.

One of the doubloons is here on my watch-chain, as you see; the remainder—well, I, not being a rich man, converted them, having given two or three to Tanner and his wife. They held on to the end of their lease, some two years and a half; and I remained their lodger until the house was pulled down at the expiration of that time.

Although I passed two more Octobers in that haunted room, no mysterious spirit ever tried to enter it again. I had laid the troubled ghost, exactly one hundred and eighteen years to the day after it had been "doomed to walk the earth," and to disturb periodically the peaceful occupants of the room which had been the scene of its crime. Until the present moment I have never revealed to a soul the spiritual side of my experience. I could never make up my mind to let the laugh be turned against my skepticism on the question of spiritualism.

Am I a skeptic now? Whether I am or not is of little consequence. My age is such that a few years more will, for me, clear up this as well as all the other great mysteries of the seen and the unseen—of life and death.

Explain it further? Oh, dear, no! I cannot attempt to do that. You must suppose what you please. I only know that if I had not seen what I saw, I should never have thought of looking for the confirmation of its truth at the bottom of a well, albeit that was the proper place.

HERNAN CORTÉS AND THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO.

VELASQUEZ, Governor of Cuba, dispatched a fleet, in 1518, under Grijalva, which, after sighting Cozumel, entered the River Tabasco. Then was the name of New Spain first applied to the surrounding country. Before Grijalva's return to Cuba, Velasquez fitted out a larger armament, and over this he placed Hernan Cortés, one of the young adventurers of those times, born at Medellin, in Estremadura, A. D. 1485, of a poor but noble family.

On the 18th of November, 1518, the fleet set sail. The banner of Cortés waved in the breeze, displaying a colored cross on a black ground, and around the border the words, "Let us follow the cross, and we shall conquer." The armament was composed of six vessels, containing five hundred and fifty Spaniards, about three hundred Indians, and a few negroes, twelve or fifteen horses and ten guns. Their leader was in the vigor of manhood. Cortés was in many respects the model of a Spanish hero. Bold and courageous to rashness, his fine person well set off by his handsome dress and manly bearing, full of zeal and high expectation, and well versed in all arts that captivate the hearts of followers, no man could have been more likely to crown his undertaking with success. But in its truest sense there was little nobility in his aim and purpose. Thirst for gold was probably the prevailing passion in his own breast, as well as in those of his companions.

As the fleet coasted along Cuba, Cortés carried off provisions from the king's stores at Macaca, and plundered a vessel that came in his way. On his arrival at Trinidad, he found an order from Velasquez to supersede him. But it was too late. Cortés had gained the affections of his little army, and refused to give up his office. He wrote Velasquez a letter of fair words, complaining of his unjust supicions, and promising devotion to his interests; but he added that, on the next morning, February 10th, 1519, he should sail for Cozumel. Success alone could now justify his daring disobedience.

A terrible storm fell upon the fleet, and the ship of Cortés, which staid to convoy a disabled vessel, was the last to reach Cozumel. The natives, who had gladly welcomed Grijalva, fled to the interior; for before Cortés arrived one of the captains had plundered their temples and terrified the inhabitants.

Having secured a good store of provisions, Cortés, early in March, resumed his voyage; but as one of the ships sprung a leak, he was compelled to return to Cozumel. Soon after, a canoe, manned by several Indians, arrived from the shores of Yucatan, and one of the men asked, in broken Castilian, whether he was among Christians. This man was Geronimo de Aguilar, survivor of a vessel sent from Darien to Spain some eight years before, which had been wrecked on the shores of Yucatan. He had been kindly treated by the cacique into whose hands he fell, but was overwhelmed with joy at meeting with his fellow-countrymen. His long residence among the people had made him familiar with their language, and he acted as interpreter during the expedition, to the great benefit of Cortés.

Leaving Cozumel, and passing by the coast of Yucatan, the little armament entered the mouth of the Rio de Tabasco. The shores were lined with dense woods and deep groves of mangrove, and among these the Indians might be discerned prepared to oppose a landing. But the superior strength of the Spaniards prevailed, and they established themselves upon the land. This first engagement was followed by a more severe conflict. The Tabascans were assembled in great numbers. "When we let off the guns," says an eyewitness, "the Indians uttered loud cries and whistling sounds, and threw dust and straw into the air that we should not see the damage we were doing them." But all their tactics were of no avail. The Spanish cavalry had been sent round to attack them in the rear, and when they rode into the battle, the Tabascans, who had never before seen mounted warriors, were panic-stricken, and fled.

The defeat of the Tabascans was followed by the submission of the whole people; their principal caciques came to Cortés with various offerings of peace, and, among the rest, twenty female slaves. One of these, afterward known as Doña Marina, proved invaluable to Cortés, whilst her fidelity to him was worthy of a more sacred relation.

At Tabasco, Palm Sunday was kept with a solemn procession to the temple. The idol was taken down, and a statue of the Madonna, with the infant Saviour, installed in its place. Mass was celebrated, and the soldiers joined in singing the chant; then, with the palm branches in their hands, they marched on board their ships. On the Thursday following they cast anchor at the Island

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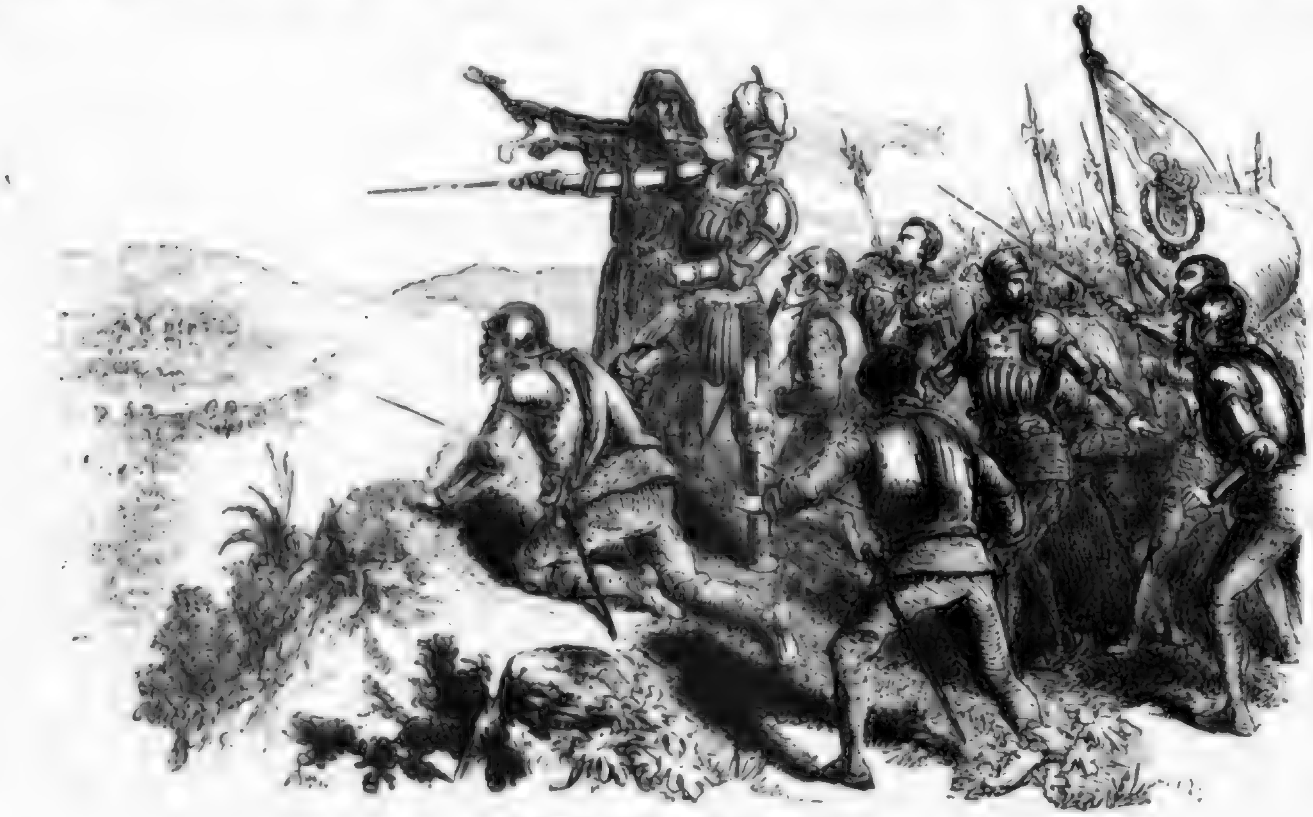
of San Juan de Ulua, that faces the port of Vera Cruz. Scarcely had the ships come to their moorings, when two canoes started from the mainland, and made direct for the admiral's vessel. A friendly intercourse was established, Doña Marina acting as interpreter, and such trifles as the Spaniards had brought with them for barter were exchanged for the gold trinkets and ornaments of the natives. Cortés, having ascertained that their country produced gold in abundance, landed his forces and artillery on Good Friday, April 21st, 1519. The simple people aided him in these labors, and brought mats and cotton awning to protect the newcomers against the scorching rays of the sun.

Two days afterward, Teuhtlile, the governor of the district, arrived at the tent of Cortés, to inquire, in the name of Montezuma, the Mexican emperor, why the Spaniards had visited these shores. Cortés received him with all the pomp he could assume; and informed him that he had been sent by the Emperor Charles, to hold communication with the Aztec sovereign, and demanded to be admitted to his presence. This request was received with evident astonishment. "You have been but two days in the country," said Teuhtlile, "and you expect to see the emperor!" As Cortés insisted, the governor promised to communicate with his master. The presents were then brought in which had been sent by the Mexican court; they comprised fine cottons, mantles made of curiously-wrought feather-work and a wicker basket full of golden ornaments. The cupidity of the Spaniards was awakened at the sight of these treasures. When Teuhtlile requested that a shining helmet, worn by one of the soldiers, might be sent to the emperor, because it was like that on the idol of Quetzalcoatl, in Mexico, Cortés assented, on condition that it was returned filled with gold-dust. When he gave as a reason for this request that he wanted to compare the gold of Mexico with that of his own country, and further added, that the Spaniards suffered from a heart complaint, for which gold was a cure, we may imagine that the native ambassador easily saw through his excuses.



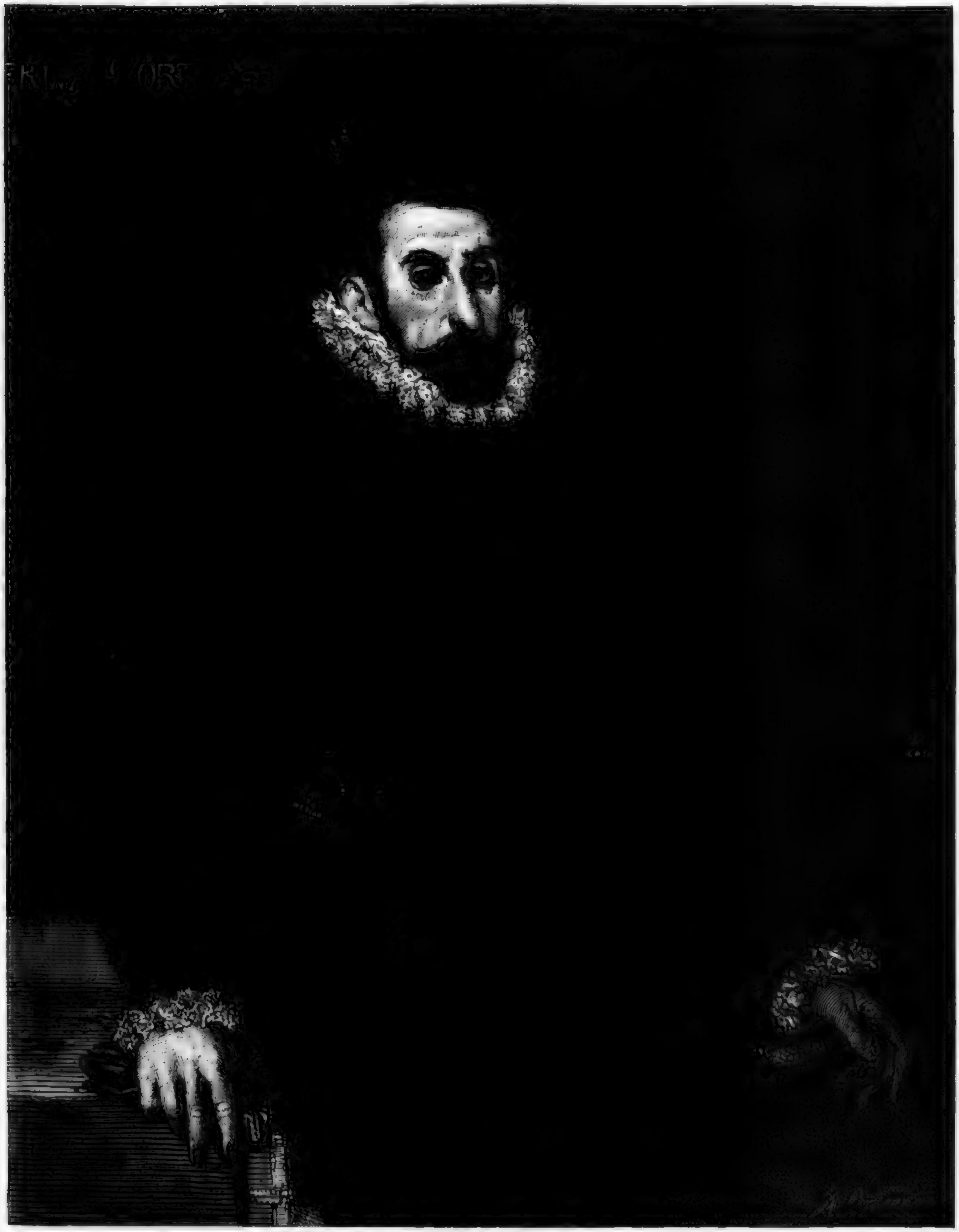
CORTÉS'S FIRST SIGHT OF MEXICO.

During these negotiations, the Spaniards observed that a Mexican was making a picture of the newcomers to be sent to Montezuma. Alive to the impression which would be produced by this representation on the emperor's mind, Cortés ordered a review of his forces. The Mexicans, unacquainted with horses, were filled with astonishment at the charge of cavalry; but when the artillery was discharged, the flash, the thunder and the crash of the balls through the branches, wellnigh overwhelmed them with consternation. The effect would not be weakened in its transmission to the court, as Cortés was persuaded when the embassy withdrew.

Montezuma, however, refused to admit the Spaniards to his presence, though this denial was softened by the rich presents which his ambassadors bore. These comprised armor embossed and plated with gold, collars and other ornaments of the same metal, and adorned with pearls and precious stones, robes wrought in beautiful feather-work, wagon-loads of fine linens, models cast in gold and silver of birds and beasts, of exquisite workmanship. The helmet was not forgotten, but was returned duly filled with gold dust; and, to crown all, there were two circles of gold and silver "as large as the wheel of a chariot," and richly carved. The terms in which the Aztec monarch declined a visit from the Spaniards were couched in expressions which referred to the difficulty of the journey, and concluded with a request that they would return to their own land. But the proofs thus afforded of the wealth of Mexico were the strongest inducement to the Spaniards to remain and make themselves masters of the country. This resolution was not, however, agreed to by all. There sprung up a division in the Spanish camp.

Discontent was aggravated by the heat, venomous insects, and the other discomforts of that climate. The contest became so violent that the party of Velasquez openly called on Cortés to return to Cuba.

Cortés issued an order that all should be in readiness to embark. Upon this the common soldiers, with loud cries of discontent, forced their way to the general's presence. Cortés craftily dwelt upon the richness of the prize which he professed his readiness to relinquish; but, with feigned reluctance, allowed himself to be persuaded to adopt the course which he most ardently desired. In order to give to these proceedings a semblance of legality, he desired that a requisition should be presented to him, requiring him to form a settlement. Armed with such authority, he declared himself willing to obey their wishes.



PORTRAIT OF HERNAN CORTÉS.

In completing his revolt against Velasquez, Cortés thus observed outward respect to legal forms. The arrangements for the new city were matured, and the name of Villa Rica de Vera Cruz was given to it. Its principal officers, alcaldes, regidors and other functionaries,

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were then nominated by Cortés, the most important posts being filled by his firmest friends. Cortés resigned his office of Captain-general, which he had received from Velasquez, and was reappointed by the council to the same dignity in the emperor's name.

There were some who remonstrated loudly, but ultimately the whole body acceded to the arrangements.

Meanwhile some Indians had arrived from Cempoalla, the capital of the Totonacs, sent by the prince to invite Cortés to pay him a visit. Their account of their treatment by Montezuma, who had recently subdued them, gave Cortés an insight into the jealousies by which the Mexican Empire was weakened, and he saw the probable advantage of allying himself with the discontented states. He gladly directed the march to Cempoalla.

The spirits of the little army rose as the sandy plains on which they had encamped were exchanged for a fertile country.

A hearty welcome awaited them at Cempoalla. The natives held out bunches of roses to the soldiers, and crowned their general and his charger with garlands. As the Spaniards approached the town the whole population advanced to meet them, the men adorned with short mantles, the women clad in robes flowing down to the ankles. The cacique received them at the entrance of his dwelling, whilst commodious quarters and abundant provisions testified to their good will.

From the cacique of Cempoalla, Cortés learned of the great dread with which the Aztec sovereign was regarded. His armies were like the whirlwind, and slavery and sacrifice were the invitable results of disobedience. The Aztec nobles sent to collect the tribute, resented the hospitality shown the Spaniards, and demanded twenty young men and maidens for sacrifice in expiation.

Cortés bade the cacique seize and bind the Aztec nobles. Then he repaired to them privately, and procured the release of two, enjoining them to inform their sovereign of his generous return for the unkind treatment he had experienced. He subsequently allowed the other Aztec chieftains to join their companions.

The Spaniards now proceeded to Chiahuitzlan, and a site was selected, between the two places, for his new city of Vera Cruz. The walls were marked out, public buildings designed, and, with the aid of their Indian allies, a town soon rose. Every man shared in the work—the general equally with the meanest soldier. The place was to serve as a retreat in the hour of reverse, whilst its harbor would give shelter to vessels.

Then the Cempoallans were solemnly received as vassals of the King of Spain. Cortés had fully determined by this time to conquer Mexico, for in an account which he sent to Charles V. of his discovery, he declared he would take Montezuma dead or alive, unless he agreed to become a vassal of the Spanish crown. Conspiracy had again been detected in the camp, and he determined at once to crush it for ever, and to bind all his forces together by the bonds of necessity. The party of Velasquez wanted to sail away for further reinforcements. Cortés, therefore, determined to destroy his fleet. The stoutest hearts among the soldiers quailed when the order to sink the ships was given. They were now left, a handful amongst millions, escape was impossible, destruction imminent. Loud reproaches were raised against the leader who had thus brought them to perish in a strange land. Cortés stood unmoved; he calmly dilated upon the ever-welcome topic—the treasures of Mexico, which would soon be theirs. One vessel still remained, let those that quailed take that and sail away. They could wait at Cuba till their comrades, whom they had deserted, returned with the spoils of the Aztec empire. With a general impulse the confidence of the soldiers revived: "To Mexico! to Mexico!" was the universal cry.

Escalante, a trusty friend of Cortés, was left in command at Vera Cruz, and the army set out, on the 16th of August, 1519, upon its march to Mexico. Upward of a thousand Indian warriors accompanied them, and as many porters were provided by the Totonacs to carry the baggage and drag the guns. Their course was directed toward the little State of Tlascala, whose enmity to the Aztecs was known. Cortés, alive to the advantages of securing their alliance, sent an embassy, asking permission to pass through their country. He received an unfavorable reply. But the Tlascalans had left their ramparts undefended; but, about four leagues further on, they assembled in dense masses, and offered a stern resistance to the Spaniards. A series of most desperate battles ensued; several of the Spaniards were slain, all the horses were wounded, and the spirit of the foe seemed as defiant as ever. But discouragement was beginning to creep over the Tlascalan warriors; the horses, and the thunder and flash of the artillery, filled their minds with superstitious dread; and when a night attack was unsuccessful; and when, after each victory, the politic Cortés offered terms of peace and friendship, the brave fellows received the Spaniards with a cordiality befitting the courage they had displayed.

At Tlascala another embassy arrived from Montezuma, accompanied by rich presents. The emperor besought Cortés not to ally himself with the Tlascalans, but to proceed at once to Mexico by the City of Cholula, whither orders had been sent for his entertainment. The Tlascalans, however, warned Cortés that treachery was intended. The whole army then set out, accompanied by 6,000 Tlascalans.

On the banks of a stream, hard by the city, Cortés halted for the night, and there received the Cholulan chiefs. Accompanied by only a few native servants the Spaniards entered the city. The entire population turned out to gaze upon the strangers. In no city, save the capital, had luxury reached such a pitch as at Cholula; the width of the streets, the size and comfort of the houses, the long white garments in which many were clad, the garlands of flowers and waving censers of incense, made up a scene that could not fail to inflame the excited feelings of the newcomers. With awe they gazed upon the temples and the famous pyramid, 170 feet high, visible from afar. This pyramid was composed of four terraces, rising one above another. Its base covered forty-four acres, and the platform on its summit was an acre in extent. On this was erected the temple, from whose altars there arose the smoke and flame in which human victims were consumed; for 6,000 human beings were annually sacrificed on the altars of Cholula.

The Spaniards were quartered in one of the vast temples, provisions were furnished, and nothing seemed wanting to testify their friendship. On a sudden Cortés discovered that a plot had been formed for their destruction. They were to be assailed as they marched out of the city. Streets had been barricaded, and pits dug, filled with stakes, to hamper the movements of the cavalry. Having obtained full information of the plot, and of Montezuma's complicity in it, Cortés sent for the Aztec ambassadors and reproached their master for his duplicity. Then telling them that he would inflict signal punishment on the Cholulans, he dismissed them under a strong guard.

The Cholulan caciques appeared at daybreak with a band of porters far more numerous than Cortés had requested. The caciques were at once seized and sternly accused of the conspiracy, which they were too much confounded to deny. Then, at a given signal, the Spaniards rushed forth and fired upon the unarmed masses. Panic struck, and taken by surprise, the miserable creatures were slaughtered like sheep; and soon, in their rear, rose the shrill cry of their old enemies, the Tlascalans. A frightful scene of massacre ensued, and its horrors were increased as fire was set to some of the temples and houses, and the flames spread rapidly along the wooden buildings. The great temple was stormed foot by foot till not one Cholulan survived.

After this terrible day the great teocalli, as the pyramidal structure was called, was purified, and a crucifix erected on its summit, whilst an image of Nuestra Señora de los Remedios was given by Cortés himself to adorn the temple. Other embassies arrived from Montezuma, loaded with rich presents, all asking that the Spaniards should abstain from pressing on to Mexico. But after a rest of some days, the little band resumed its march to the capital.

The distance from Cholula to Mexico is about 180 miles, and the road crosses the lofty ridge which divides the tableland of Mexico from that of Puebla. As the Spaniards mounted the sides of the sierra their march became excessively toilsome; cold blasts of wind swept down from the snow-clad sides of Popocatepetl. Fortunately a large walled inclosure, intended for the use of travelers, afforded them protection against the cold. But when, on a sudden turn in the road, the valley of Mexico lay stretched at their feet, all the toils of the ascent were forgotten in the beauty of the scene. Wondrous as is still the face of nature in that broad plateau, it then possessed features of beauty which have long since disappeared. Vast groves of luxuriant trees clothed with their rich foliage many parts that now are bleak and bare; cities, teeming with a numerous population, were dotted over the landscapes; and the fields, which furnished a harvest for their support, carpeted the soil with their varied crops. The great lake on which Mexico then stood spread its waters over a wider surface. All the wealth of the Aztec Empire was lavished upon this region, whose climate and fertility repaid the care bestowed on its cultivation. And as the eyes of the Spaniards ranged over the prospect until the view melted in the purple of the distant hills, overcome with its beauty, they exclaimed, with cries of rapture, "It is the promised land!"

As the Spaniards pressed on to his capital Montezuma had a presentiment that the empire was to fall from his grasp. Yet he met the newcomers with signs of cordiality, and concealed his fears beneath a smile of welcome.

The Spaniards were courteously welcomed, loaded with presents, located in convenient quarters, and their wants supplied. There seemed to be no limit to the kindness and generosity of Montezuma, yet, Cortés suddenly determined to seize the emperor's person and to compel him to reside in the Spanish camp. The excuse for this course was an attack made by Quauhpopoca, one of the Aztec nobles, upon Vera Cruz; and although Montezuma offered to send for the offender that he might be punished, it was in vain that he pleaded to retain his liberty. The unhappy prince forbade his subjects to attempt his release; and Cortés even had the cruelty to place him in irons when Quauhpopoca declared that he had acted under Montezuma's orders. This last insult pierced the heart of the Aztec sovereign. He declined to return to his palace when Cortés offered him his liberty. Not long after, he avowed himself a vassal of the King of Spain, and, with his nobles, took the oath of allegiance to Charles V.

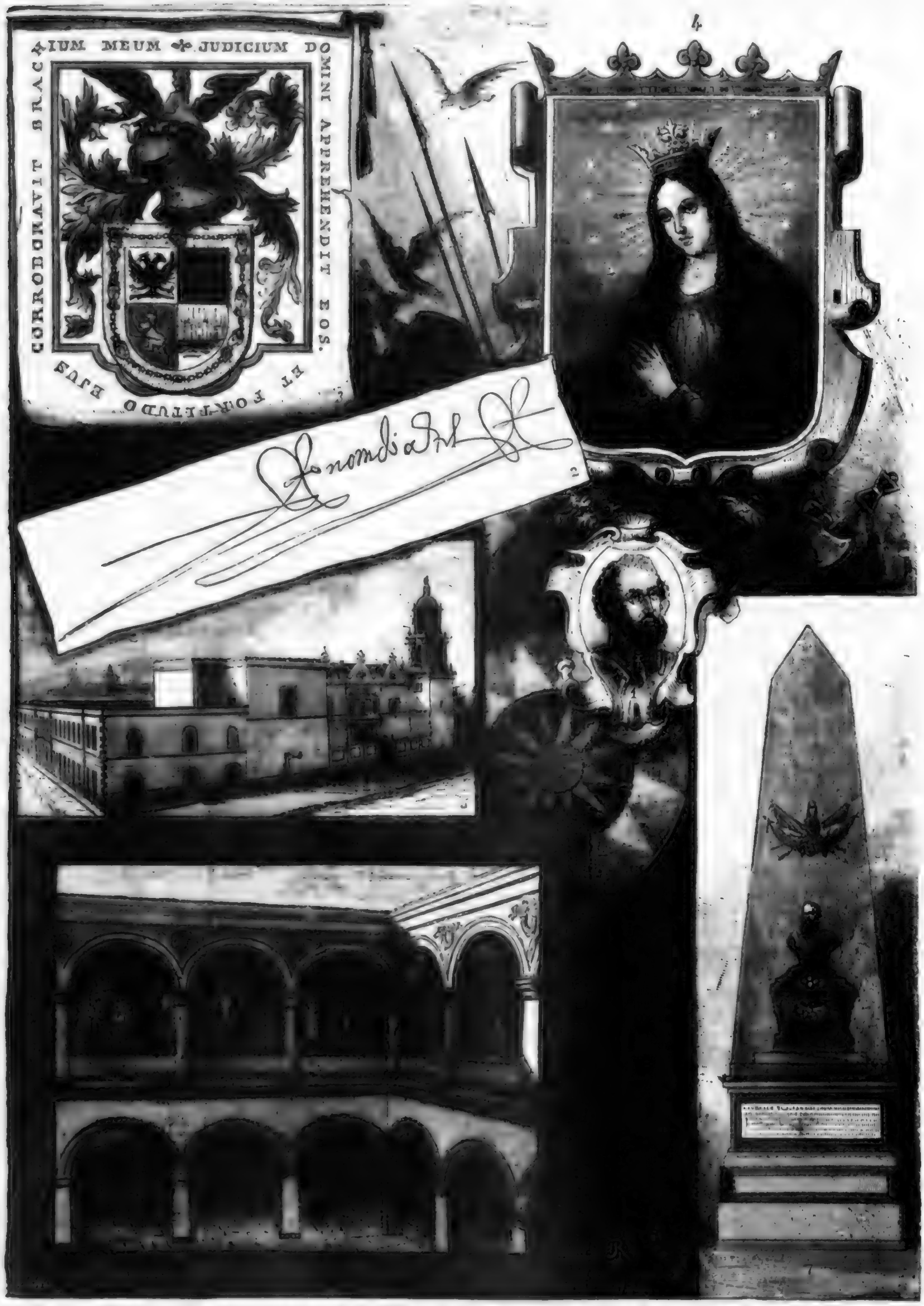
Ere long a crisis was caused by the arrival of a fresh body of Spaniards, sent by Velasquez, the Governor of Cuba. Narvaez, their leader, had express orders to arrest Cortés, and claim the profits of his discoveries for Velasquez. To support his attempt he brought some nine hundred Europeans, with eighty horses, and about a thousand Indians. The condition of Cortés was perilous. The Mexicans were inflamed against him. Montezuma had been alienated by his unworthy treatment, while the force of Narvaez far exceeded his own in numbers, and it was doubtful whether even the Tlascalans would stand firm when they saw the odds to which he was opposed. But the spirit of Cortés ever rose before danger. Leaving Alvarado in charge of Mexico and its captive monarch, he selected the trustiest of his comrades, attacked and conquered Narvaez, in a night assault, and with his usual address so improved the victory, that he speedily returned to the capital with a large body of Spaniards that had lately arrived as foes, now united to serve under his banner.

His presence was sorely needed at Mexico. Before his departure to meet Narvaez, he had galled the proud Aztecs to the quick by seizing their principal temple for Christian worship. Now news reached him that the Mexicans were in arms against him. They had burned the vessels he had built upon the lake, had besieged the Spanish quarters, and killed many. Cortés was implored to return if he would preserve the survivors.

He hurried back to find the city almost deserted, and every sign of disaffection amongst the few that still lingered within its walls. The violence of Alvarado was the cause of this hostility. On the festival of their war god, he had rushed upon the unarmed worshipers, and had committed a fearful massacre. The Mexicans rose with one long cry for vengeance. On they came by thousands, pressing forward heedless of the numbers that fell before the fire of their foes, and when the fury of the first assault was spent, they hemmed in the Spanish quarters on all sides, cut off all supplies of provisions, and waited until they should be starved into submission.

In all haste Cortés dispatched a messenger to summon aid from Vera Cruz, but it was too late. The man soon returned, sorely wounded, and announcing that the whole people were in arms. On they came from all directions in a surging tide, their banners flying, and their ranks marshaled under the most noted chiefs. Though the fire of the Spanish artillery made terrible havoc in their ranks, they pressed forward undaunted, and tried to storm the wall behind which the Europeans were protected. Their flaming arrows soon set fire to the wooden buildings, whilst a cloud of missiles, hurled from powerful arms, inflicted much damage.

Night brought some respite from the conflict, but next day it was resumed with unabated vigor. All the slaughter inflicted by the Spaniards failed to daunt the spirit of the enemy. It was in vain that they opened a murderous fire upon the thronging crowd, the places of the slain were instantly filled up by newcomers. In vain did Cortés, and the most famous of his comrades, sally forth to charge them sword in hand; worn out with the labors of cutting down the enemy, they were fain to retreat after performing useless prodigies of valor. With bitter taunts the Aztecs pressed upon them as they withdrew behind their ramparts.


CORROBORAVIT BRACHIUM MEUM ✥ JUDICIUM DOMINI APPREHENDIT EOS. ET FORTITUDO EJUS
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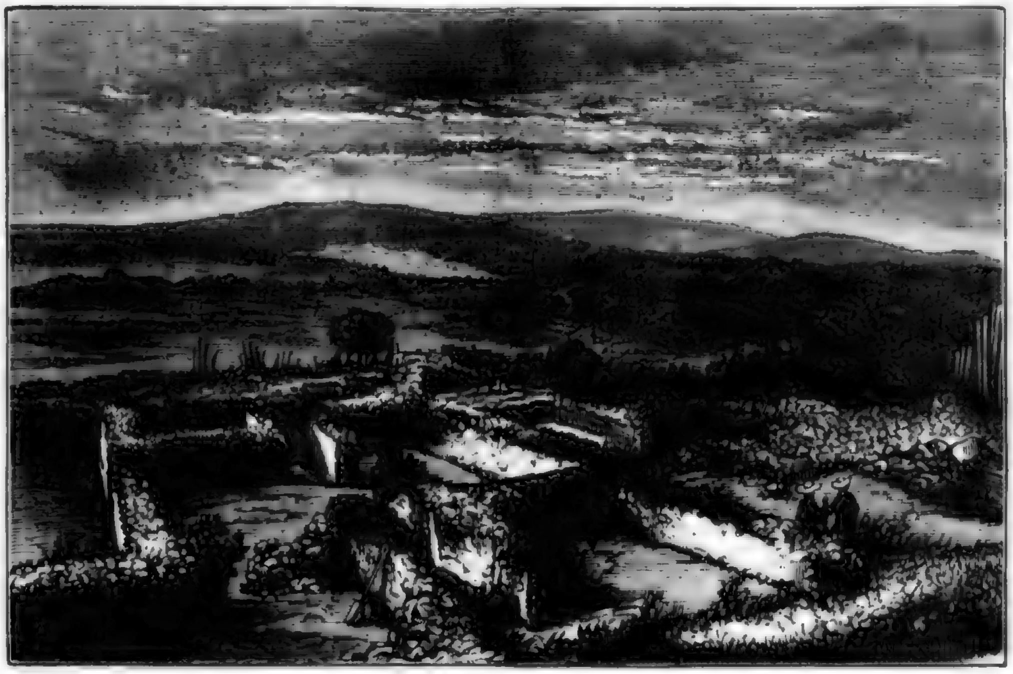
1. Portrait of Cortés. 2 Fac-simile of his Signature. 3. His Coat-of-Arms as Marquis del Valle. 4 Standard Borne by him in the Conquest of Mexico. 5. Church and Hospital of Jesus, founded by Cortés. 6. Court and Galleries of Hospital. 7. Monument Erected to Cortés in the Church of Jesus in 1794.

CORTÉS MEMORIALS AT MEXICO.

The battle was renewed next day; and now Cortés strove to bring the enemy to terms. He induced Montezuma to address the people, but the magic spell of his despotism was dissolved. The Aztecs reviled him as a traitor, and a shower of missiles fell around him. He was borne away by the Spaniards badly wounded. This last indignity thoroughly crushed the wounded spirit of the unhappy monarch. He refused all the kindness with which the Spaniards strove to comfort him; tore off the bandages with which they stanched his wounds; and nursed his proud sorrow in unbroken silence, until he felt his end approaching; then, summoning Cortés to his bedside, he solemnly intrusted his children to his care, "as the most precious jewels he could leave him, and expired in the arms of some of his own nobles, who still remained faithful in their attendance on his person," June 30th, 1520.

So died the mightiest monarch of the New World. The Spaniards found amongst the rulers of the Western Hemisphere none like Montezuma in power and wealth. For more than seventeen years he had ruled over his wide dominions, successful in war, and wise in counsel, until, by his own people, he was regarded as more than a mortal man. But he died dethroned and dishonored, and a captive in the hands of strangers.


REMAINS OF A TOLTEC PALACE AT TULA, MEXICO.

The position of Cortés was now desperate. His overtures for peace were rejected, the fury of the enemy was unabated, and he learned that the bridges in the line of his retreat were broken down. It was determined to steal out on the night of July 1st, and by the aid of a portable bridge, which had been secretly constructed, to effect, if possible, their retreat to Tlascala. Arrangements were made for the conveyance of a large portion of the treasure, and the rest was abandoned to the soldiers.

A dark, drizzly night seemed to favor their retreat. The Spaniards gained the causeway, which connected the island on which Mexico stood with the mainland, almost unobserved. Just as the causeway was reached they were discovered. No sooner was an alarm sounded than the priests took up the cry, and from the summits of their temples roused the whole city to arms. Cortés pushed on with all speed, but it was no easy thing to march the whole army over temporary bridges required to replace those destroyed by the enemy. Ere the last of the Spaniards had crossed the first opening, an ominous sound arose, and the waters on either side flashed beneath the strokes of a thousand oars, as the boats of the Mexicans bore them to the attack. The first opening, however, was passed in safety; Magarino, at the head of his engineers, advanced to raise the portable bridge and bear it forward to the second opening, but it stuck fast. The heavy weight that had been borne over it had fixed it firmly in the earth, and all efforts to move it were ineffectual. As this terrible news spread a cry of despair arose from the Spanish force. Assailed in front, cut off in the rear, and attacked on both sides by numbers which increased every moment, their destruction seemed inevitable. Their wily foes rained thick clouds of darts on them, and rushing suddenly up the sides of the causeway, grappled with them, hand to hand, and both fell together into the lake; the Mexican was quickly picked up by his friends, whilst the European was as quickly dispatched. On they struggled, however, and presently the second opening was almost choked up with baggage, treasure and dead bodies, mingled in dire confusion. Over this at length they scrambled, the enemy still hanging on their rear as they pressed forward until they reached the third and last opening in the causeway.

Here a scene of fearful confusion ensued. The mounted cavaliers swam across, the infantry clung to the tails of their horses, or tried to find a place in which they might ford the stream. Many were drowned in the attempt, especially such as were overladen with gold. At length the van and the centre got over, when word was brought that the rear-guard was overpowered, and, unless strengthened, would be entirely destroyed. With unhesitating gallantry, the cavaliers dashed once more into the river to relieve their comrades; after a terrible struggle a straggling remnant effected a passage. Alvarado, unhorsed and hemmed in on all sides, hesitated for an instant at the opening, then placing his spear on the mass of ruin that choked the place, he cleared it at a bound. The spot has ever since borne the name of Alvarado's Leap.

The Mexicans abstained from further pursuit, and Cortés was able to draw off his forces. They were sadly thinned. Little more than a third of the Spaniards, and a fourth of their allies, survived. The horses were reduced to twenty-three. All the artillery, all the treasure, all the baggage was lost. Scarcely a musket remained. As he reviewed his shattered army, Cortés was unable to restrain his tears, so terrible was the disaster of the "Sad Night," the *Noche Triste*, as it has ever since been termed in Spanish annals.

The most determined spirit might have found abundant reasons for abandoning the attempt to conquer the country under the circumstances in which Cortés was now placed. His forces were thoroughly disorganized, and those of them who had come with Narvaez began to utter loud complaints of the hardships they were enduring. Tlascala, the only place where a friendly shelter could be hoped for, lay about sixty-five miles east of Mexico, so that they would have to go north of the lake to get into the road. They marched for six days, with little respite, and exposed to constant attack. They could only slowly advance, if they did not abandon the wounded and exhausted. The coolness and courage of the commander alone kept them from despair.

On the sixth day they reached Otumba, not far from the road between Mexico and Tlascala. The enemy still harassed their rear, and amidst the insults which accompanied their attacks, Marina told Cortés that they often exclaimed with exultation, "Go on, robbers ; go to the place where you shall soon meet the vengeance due to your crimes." On reaching a rising ground they learned the meaning of this threat. On a vast plain, over which they must pass, an immense host was seen, drawn up to oppose their further march. There was nothing for it but to advance, and wherever the little band turned, the dense mass of the foe was penetrated, and many slain. But it was like piercing through water. The multitude was so great that the Spaniards were hemmed in, and the bravest were ready to sink under these repeated efforts, without seeing any end of their toil, or any hope of victory.

At this crisis a movement was made, which was indeed a stroke of military genius, and which retrieved the fortune of the day, and saved the little army. Cortés observed the great standard of the empire advancing ; and fortunately recollecting to have heard that on the fate of it depended the event of every battle, he assembled a few brave officers, and, placing himself at their head, pushed forward toward it with an impetuosity which bore down everything. A chosen body of nobles, who guarded the standard, were soon broken. Cortés, with his lance, wounded the Mexican general, and threw him on the ground. One of the Spanish officers, alighting, put an end to his life, and laid hold of the imperial standard. The moment the leader fell, and the standard disappeared, panic struck the Mexicans ; every ensign was lowered, each soldier threw away his weapon and all fled to the mountains. The Spaniards returned to collect the spoils of the field ; some compensation for the wealth they had lost in Mexico. Next day (July 8th), to their great joy, they entered the Tlascalan territories.

It was doubtful how the Tlascalans would receive them. When, shortly afterward, a Mexican embassy arrived, a party in the city openly desired to make common cause with Mexico for the expulsion of the strangers. But Cortés was undaunted. He set himself to restore the confidence of his army. He trained it in a series of expeditions against the allies of Mexico. He gained complete control over the chieftains of Tlascala, and won the admiration of these fierce warriors by leading them to victories. He won over two detachments sent by Velasquez, and began building a fleet of brigantines to resume the siege of Mexico. When the ships were sufficiently advanced, he chose Tezcuco as the headquarters of operations against the capital. On the last day of the year he marched into that city at the head of 600 Spaniards, including forty mounted knights, well equipped, and with nine cannon. Besides these, he had Indian auxiliaries estimated at 100,000 in number.

Mexico, the capital, as we have already seen, stood on an island in the Tezcucan Lake. The water of the lake itself was brackish, but a conduit, constructed with a double line of pipes, conveyed a plentiful and pure supply to the city. Three causeways, built of stone, furnished the means of access from the city to the mainland. There were other smaller lakes scattered over the Mexican valley, with flourishing towns upon their borders. Their sites were occasionally protected by embankments from the incursion of the neighboring waters, as the lakes thus restrained were on a higher level than the towns.

Nearly opposite to Mexico, across the waters of the lake, but at the distance of half a league from its shore, rose Tezcuco, the headquarters of the Spanish army. It had long been the rival of the capital. Its chief, Ixtlilxochitl, espoused the side of Cortés with stanch constancy.

Cortés determined to proceed against the towns which supplied Mexico. With this purpose he first marched against Iztapalapan, a city south of Tezcuco, and close to the Tezcucan Lake. It had a population of 50,000. A strong force was drawn up to oppose them, but the Spaniards carried all before them. The city was given up to pillage, fire and sword. No quarter was granted by the ruthless Tlascalans, and the Aztecs fought with all the energy of despair. Suddenly there rose a dull, murmuring sound of rushing water, and the dread news spread that the Indians had broken down the mole. Hastily was the retreat sounded. The Spaniards were glad to flounder through the water as lightly burdened as possible. All the plunder was lost, all the powder spoiled. Wearied and disheartened they returned to Tezcuco.

Word was brought to Cortés from Tlascala, that the brigantines were now completed. The vessels had been constructed and tried upon the Lake Zahuapan. They were to be taken to pieces and carried, with the anchors, ironwork, sails and cordage, on the backs of porters all the way to Tezcuco. In this manner thirteen vessels of war were transported nearly sixty miles across the mountains. The line of bearers, extending upward of six miles, was protected by Spanish troops, and some 20,000 Tlascalans. The enemy did not venture to attack them ; and the boldness of the conception was only equaled by the success with which it was performed.

It was still necessary to dig a canal through which the brigantines might pass from Tezcuco into the lake. Leaving this work to be performed by the allies, Cortés attacked the town of Xaltocan, the modern San Cristobal. Its fall was followed by that of other cities, until, circling the lake, Cortés once more entered Tacuba, near the commencement of one of the causeways. This causeway became the scene of an obstinate conflict. After each day's contest Cortés offered the enemy peace, but it was invariably rejected.

Cortés returned to Tezcuco, where new cares summoned him in a different direction. The people of Chalco, a large town to the south of the capital, were now sorely pressed by the Aztecs, and their defection might be followed by that of others. Not content with driving the Mexicans from that region, Cortés crossed the Sierra, took several towns, and marched again to Tacuba.

At Tezcuco he found the brigantines launched, and the canal finished. At this auspicious moment Cortés detected a conspiracy amongst his own soldiery. There were many discontented spirits in the army, and a plot was formed to assassinate Cortés and the principal officers, and then to seize upon the ships and sail home. It was revealed to the general on the day before it was to have been perpetrated. Villafañe, the leader, was apprehended, and the papers in his possession proved that some personal friends of Cortés were implicated. Cortés at once destroyed the paper, and had Villafañe executed.

The soldiers were again to be diverted from brooding over their wrongs by active service. Twelve brigantines were manned and sailed into the lake. A fresh muster of the allies was ordered, as many had returned home to house their plunder. Early in May the whole force was under arms, and the siege of Mexico was formally commenced. Sandoval was sent to the south ; Alvarado and Olid by the north to Tacuba. They were to push on from thence to Chapultepec, and destroy the aqueduct by which the city was supplied. Cortés set sail with his flotilla to strike a decisive blow upon the lake.

In the first engagement on the water the Aztecs were completely vanquished, and Cortés then sailed to Zoloc, an important station. Alvarado occupied the causeway leading to Tacuba, and Sandoval the third causeway to the north. Thus the blockade of the capital was complete.

The fiery cavaliers were, however, too impatient to await the effects of famine, and constant assaults were made. As the Spaniards advanced along the causeways they were supported on either flank by the brigantines, whose fire swept across the path of the enemy. Still the Aztecs retreated in good order, and fiercely disputed the passage at every breach. When the Spaniards reached the city, a fierce conflict arose at each one of the numerous canals by which many of the streets were intersected. Much delay, too, was caused by their being obliged to fill each breach over which they passed in order to secure the line of their retreat. Several days were spent in such conflicts, but every night the Mexicans pulled away the materials with which the breaches had been filled up, so that the work had to be begun all over again. This mode of warfare greatly dispirited the Spaniards. They had also to endure considerable hardships in the camp, where but few of them had any shelter against the cold of the nights.

Many officers urged Cortés to make a general assault upon the city, in conjunction with Alvarado and Sandoval. The general yielded, against his better judgment. Strict directions were given that the breaches should be filled up, so as to allow the army to retire in good order.

Alderete, the royal treasurer, commanded the van of the division under Cortés. The Spanish forces advanced simultaneously, and the Aztecs, as usual, fell back. Drawn on by his ardor in the pursuit, Alderete hastily followed up the flying enemy, and rushed across a canal twelve feet in width without stopping to fill up the chasm. Suddenly, at the blast of Guatemozin's horn, the Aztecs turned upon their pursuers, and the shock threw them into disorder. Then ensued a terrible scene of confusion, the enemy showering darts upon them from the flat roofs of the houses as they tried to escape, and the retreating Spaniards crowding on the narrow path, till they thrust one another into the stream that girt its sides. Cortés, warned of their danger, hurried forward to the spot, and, standing at the edge of the canal, strove to save his men from drowning. He was quickly recognized by the Aztecs. With loud shouts, six of their number rushed upon him and endeavored to drag him away captive. A desperate struggle raged around his person, but at length the superior strength and weapons of the Spaniards gained the mastery. Sorely wounded, Cortés was mounted on a horse and led away by a Spaniard, who remarked that his life was too valuable to be thrown away there.

The assault had been everywhere a failure. Besides the killed and wounded, sixty-two Spaniards were captured, as well as two cannon and seven horses. A scene followed which filled the Spaniards with dismay. They were encamped so near the city, that in the clear atmosphere of the tableland they could distinguish what was going forward in the lofty temples. Day by day after this disaster they beheld a solemn procession winding round the lofty pyramidal temple of the god of war. In the midst of the long file marched some of the white-faced strangers, ready decked out for the sacrifice. They were urged along by blows until they mounted to the summit, where the victims, one by one, were seized, stripped, and laid upon the sacrificial stone. Then, in the sight of their countrymen, the priest struck the prisoner with the sharp stone knife, thrust his hand into the wound, and plucked out the palpitating heart, which he placed upon a golden altar. The body was then hurled down from the pyramid, and seized on by the crowd to be devoured. These scenes were repeated daily, until all the captives had been slaughtered ; and at each sacrifice the Aztecs shouted in defiance, that so should all the enemies of their country be consumed.

Not only were the Spaniards disheartened by such horrors, but the confidence of their Indian allies was sorely shaken. In the sacrifice of so many Europeans, their superstitious fears saw the vengeance of their idols against the strangers. The taunts, too, of the Mexicans fell with an ominous sound upon their ears.

Yet the evil day of doom was but postponed by the victory of the Aztecs. Cortés now determined to abandon all thought of preserving the city. Each breach in the causeway was to be so solidly filled up that it could not be reopened. Each quarter that was gained was to be leveled to the ground, and the materials cast into the lake or the canals. With this ruthlessness of purpose, the Spaniards worked on steadily, and day by day the unhappy Mexicans saw a further portion of their capital destroyed, and themselves hemmed in within a more contracted space. Soon, too, the horrors of famine were added to the other sufferings of the besieged. In their extremity they devored the most loathsome articles as food. The supply of fresh water was cut off, and they were compelled to drink the brackish water of the lake. Crowded together as they were into a narrow space, with such polluted food and drink, pestilence soon followed, and, with terrible rapidity, they died in such numbers that the survivors no longer sufficed to bury the dead. The cup of horrors was filled, but their spirit was invincible ; they would rather die than yield.

The siege had lasted more than three months, when, on the 15th of August, 1521, Cortés, for the last time, led his troops against Mexico. Soon a cry arose that the emperor had escaped. The canoes that darted from the city were surrounded, and in one of these Guatemozin was discovered and brought before the general. He bore himself proudly in the hour of his fall. "I have done my best, now do with me what you will. You had better take my life at once." Cortés assured him of his protection and of honorable treatment ; but he broke his word, and permitted him to be tortured in the hope that he would say where the treasures had been concealed. For a moment, however, he was kindly dealt with, and at his request the miserable remnant of the Mexicans were allowed to march out of the city and leave its ruins to the foe.

Thus ended this memorable siege, after a struggle unsurpassed in the annals of the world, for the indomitable spirit with which it was sustained. The conquerors might well exult at this termination of their toils, but they had little reason to rejoice in its immediate fruits. True to their declared purpose, the Aztecs had made away with all the treasures of Montezuma, and but a scanty portion fell to each man's share after all the privations of the long campaign. The city itself was one disordered mass of ruins, and immediate steps were necessary for its purification, or the consequences might be fatal. Cortés gave directions for these works, and determined to build his new capital on the site of the old one. As years rolled by it was adorned with many beautiful and spacious buildings, but the great memorials of the Aztec civilization—the palaces, gardens and temples, the pride of Mexico—were lost for ever.

The conquest of Mexico was completed with the fall of the capital, and, although some time elapsed before the more distant tribes were subjugated, the Spaniards were virtually masters of the country.

DEEP AND TRUE.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 482.

The power and resources of Mexico might have sufficed to deter any man from attempting to subdue it, unless with a mighty armament. Cortés entered the country with a mere handful of followers, many of whom were disaffected toward him, and regarded his success with no friendly feelings. That he won over to his side many such opponents is as great a proof of his ability as is a victory over the enemy in open field. Besides all this, until the final struggle was over he knew not how his conduct was regarded at the Court of Spain; and his cares must have been terribly augmented by the consciousness that nothing, save victory, could excuse his insubordination; that defeat would inevitably be followed by disgrace. In no tragedy had man ever been portrayed as fighting against circumstances that seemed more hopelessly invincible.

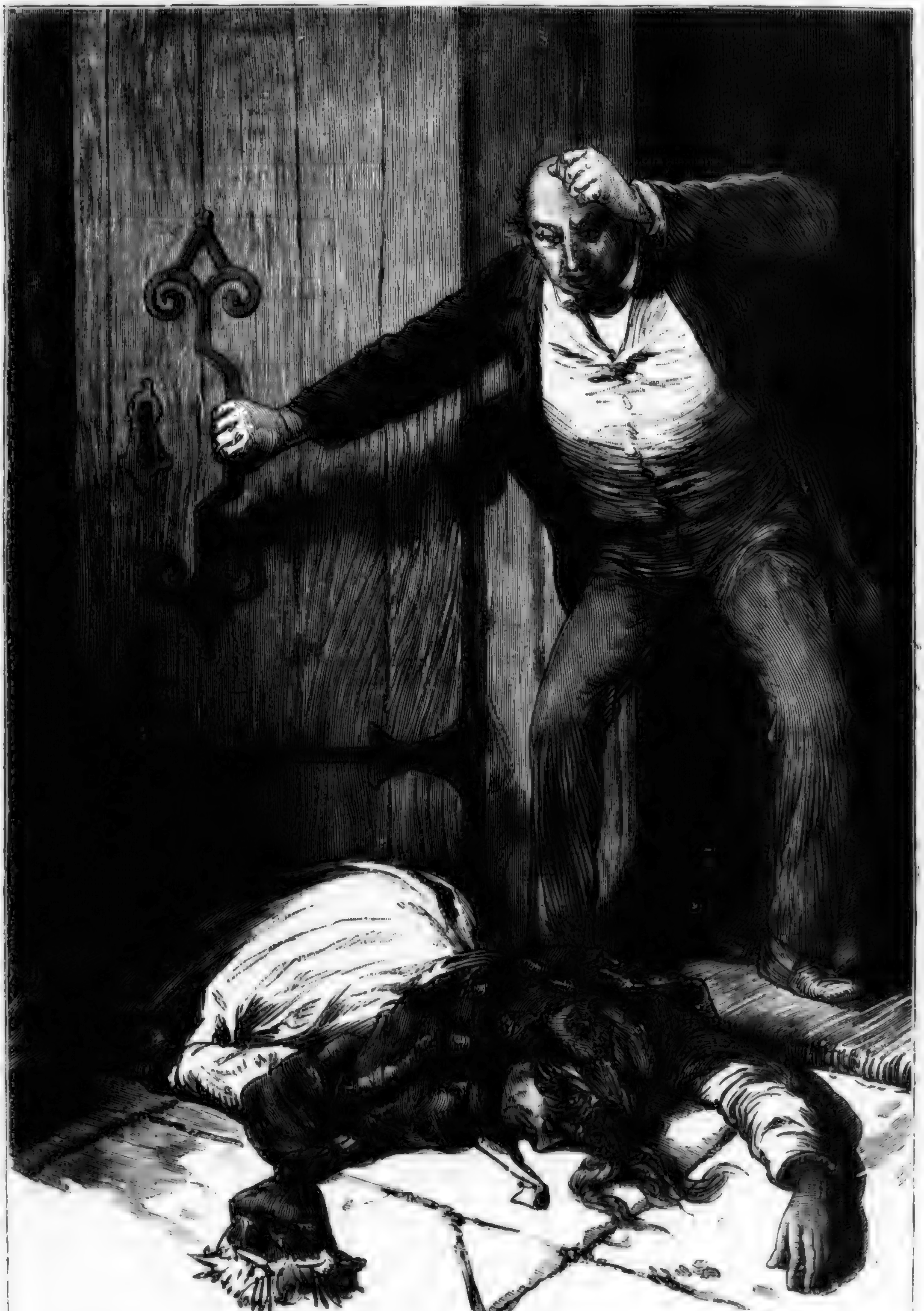
It is here, then, that we must recognize the true greatness of the conqueror of Mexico, in the iron will and purpose that proposed to themselves a single end, and steadily followed it in defiance of all obstacles; in the bold courage that never blenched before dangers; in the tenacity with which he grasped a definite design, and followed it out to its full completion.

Four years had not elapsed since the destruction of Mexico when a new city arose upon the ruins. Churches and palaces were erected in its spacious squares and streets, which were carried out in straight lines, so that the eye ran through them to rest upon the dark background of the surrounding mountains. A new population was quickly gathered, and soon 2,000 Spanish families were settled in it, and more than 30,000 natives occupied the Indian quarter. All the activity of a thriving population was aroused, and the terrible desolation of the past was half forgotten in present prosperity.

The character of Cortés appears in a more favorable light after the conclusion of the siege. Despite the opposition of Velasquez and Fonseca he was confirmed in his authority by a royal ordinance, dated October 15th, 1522, and before its arrival Cortés was actively employed in consolidating his conquest. He showed such practical sagacity in his designs for the improvement of the country as raises him to the rank of a statesman, far above the level of a mere ruthless destroyer. Within three years several important expeditions to explore the country had been fitted out, and a territory of some 1,200 miles on the coasts of the Atlantic and Pacific had been reduced under the yoke of Spain.

We have not space to relate the subsequent adventures and exploits of Cortés, one of which was no less than the first discovery of California.

Although he had been confirmed in his government, his adversaries still continued to heap up charges against him, and at length Charles V. ordered him to return to Spain that he might clear himself from all accusations. He met with every mark of attention when he reached Toledo, in 1529. He was made Marquis of the Valley of Oaxaca, and large estates were conferred upon him, but he was not permitted again to resume his government. Perhaps he had become too powerful as a subject. At any rate, on his return to Mexico, he was forbidden to approach within thirty leagues of the capital, and after spending immense sums in projects for further colonization and exploration, which were never paid by the Government, he returned, and died in his native land, near Seville, on December 2d, 1547.



AT THE CHURCH-DOOR.—"WHEN THE SEXTON WENT TO OPEN THE FRONT DOOR FROM WITHIN TO LET IN THE WORSHIPERS WHO ATTENDED THE FIRST MASS, A BODY ROLLED IN AT HIS FEET."—SEE PAGE 482.

DEEP AND TRUE.

By J. F. Waller.

Look in mine eyes, my fairest,
As I look into thine;
Say, is the love thou bearest
As deep and true as mine—
Deep as the sea unfathomed,
True as the clinging vine?

Ay, in these orbs clear beaming
Serene, and soft and blue,
Like stars in still lakes gleaming
Mine, imaged there, I view;
And know the love thou feelest
For me is deep and true.

Lay now thy hand, my dearest,
In mine, and as thou dost,
Say, if in aught thou fearest
On my right hand to trust,
Leaning on man securely,
As woman ever must.

Ah! in thy hand no trembling
To meet my clasp I feel;
True faith hath no dissembling,
True love is strong as steel!
I'll hold this hand for ever
Through life, come woe or weal.

Enough, no other token
I ask thy faith to prove,
I want no words, low spoken,
To tell me thou dost love;
The eye and touch have language,
Though lip or tongue ne'er move.

Now let me draw thee nearer,
And breathe my heart's delight;
Whispering that thou art dearer
To me than life or light,
In words as soft as breathings
Of air in leaves at night.

AT THE CHURCH-DOOR.

Some years ago, the stranger who visited New Orleans, if he happened to go sight-seeing in the curious old *quartier Français*, could not have failed to notice a singular-looking old woman who, at almost every hour of the day, could be found ensconced between two of the pillars which support the portal of the ancient cathedral.

Her dress was a nondescript bundle of rags of some undefinable color; an old cotton handkerchief, tied round her head, scarcely confined the long, thick meshes of unkempt gray hair, which straggled over her temples and neck, giving her an uncanny look. Her pinched face, tanned to a mahogany color by constant exposure to the rays of a tropical sun, was one mass of wrinkles and dirt.

Altogether a repulsive object, but for the singularly soft expression of the great black eyes that looked so beseechingly into one's face. Another singular fact was the smallness of her hands and feet.

There she crouched, the livelong day, mumbling some unintelligible words, and gazing sadly at the passers-by.

If, moved by a charitable impulse, one stopped to place some small coin in this poor creature's withered hand, she looked up longingly in the donor's face, and moaned, in a sweet, plaintive voice, "Papa! papa! Eduardo!" And when the stranger, realizing the truth, turned away from the madwoman, she followed him with her eyes until out of sight, then her head fell on her breast, the tears coursed down her wan cheeks, and she murmured to herself in some strange tongue.

Who was this woman? and how could a human being be left thus exposed to the inclemencies of the weather, at the door of the principal church of a city renowned for its charity, and within a stone's throw of the police-office?

Few could have answered these questions. She had been there so long that no one thought anything of it. If she had been permitted to occupy this post, it was done in mercy, not through neglect; every effort to provide her with more comfortable quarters had failed. Perfectly harmless when let alone, she became raving mad if she was kept away from the church door. Why should she be made unhappy, poor thing, when she was doing no wrong? Kind souls provided her with food, and she could have better clothes if she chose to wear them.

Yet this wretched old creature, from whom people turned with loathing, had been a rich and beautiful girl, courted by many. Here is her sad story, as we heard it from the lips of a garrulous old creole who had known her when she was fair and young:

At the time of the purchase of Louisiana by the United States, there lived in New Orleans a proud old Spaniard named Don Ildefonso de Castro. His family had settled there when Louisiana was a Spanish possession. France recovered her old colony, and, though it passed to the Americans, the Castros did not return to old Spain. They had become attached to their American home.

So they accepted the situation, and gradually became reconciled to the change, for the French governor and his officers treated them with the respect due to their rank—the Castros were grandees of Spain, and had held positions of trust and honor under Colonial Government.

Don Ildefonso was the only surviving representative of this family. Bowed with age and quite feeble, he lived with his daughter Mariquita in the old family mansion, on Chartres Street, not far from the *plazza* where he had played in his childhood, and the venerable cathedral where he and his beloved Maria—now sleeping in the *campo santo*—had plighted each other's love.

The old man idolized his daughter. She was the image of her dead mother, for whom she had been named—Mariquita being but the endearing diminutive of Maria.

The maiden, in return, was passionately devoted to her father. She scarcely ever lost sight of him, and would often deny herself the pleasures of her age rather than leave him in solitude.

When Mariquita entered the church on Sunday morning, guiding the tottering steps of the hoary-headed *hidalgo*, the young men pressed forward with uncovered heads, striving to catch one glance from the lovely girl, but Mariquita had eyes only for her father. The day was coming, however, when filial love would no longer fill her heart exclusively.

Mariquita, who, at eighteen years old, had never had her slumbers disturbed by a dream of love—Mariquita, who had remained indifferent to the outspoken admira-

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tion of the French officers and creole gallants—lost her heart to one of the newcomers.

A passionate glance from the blue eyes of a young American officer whom she met at a friend's house, was a sudden revelation to her. What new joy was this that sent a thrill through her whole being? Why was it that she became suddenly oblivious of the presence of every one else in the room and saw only *him*, the stranger? She did not stop to ask. Nor did she try to conceal her feelings. Even before they spoke to each other, these young people had plighted their vows.

For swiftness and comprehensiveness, even the telegraph, that modern wonder, cannot cope with the language of the eyes, which is as old as the world.

It was a clear case of love at first sight, what the French call *le coup de foundre*, the thunder-clap.

A few days after this first meeting, Lieutenant Dalton sought an introduction to the old *hidalgo*. He was graciously received. Mariquita, who never concealed anything from her father, had told him all, and Don Ildefonso knew already that his daughter loved the stranger. He was not very much elated at the thought of having for his son-in-law a penniless Yankee officer, without a pedigree worth mentioning, but he loved his child too well to thwart her inclination. He had studied, with a father's fond anxiety, her impulsive, passionate nature, and had become convinced, long ago, that, her affections once given, nothing save death could tear her from him she loved.

When, a week later, Dalton asked Don Ildefonso for his daughter's hand, the old man gave his consent on one condition—a condition which Mariquita herself had already imposed on her lover—his child must continue to live near him.

"It will not be for long," he remarked; "my days are numbered. And because I know this I wish the marriage to take place without unnecessary delay. I shall die in peace, knowing that I leave my Mariquita under a loving husband's care."

The courtship, therefore, was brief, and the happy day soon came when Dalton and Mariquita would be made man and wife by Padre Antonio, the venerable *curé* of the cathedral.

Don Ildefonso had passed a bad night; in the morning he was so exhausted that he could not rise from his bed.

Mariquita, much alarmed, wished to put off the wedding. He would not hear of it; the day was fixed and she must be married; his presence was not necessary.

Dalton suggested that if he were to go to Padre Antonio and represent the case to him, the padre would certainly consent to marry them at the house. But the pious old Spaniard objected still more strenuously. No daughter of Castro had ever been married out of the church; Mariquita should not be the exception; her marriage must be attended with all the pomp and solemnity of the Catholic rite.

His will prevailed. The weeping bride knelt by his bedside while he invoked upon her head the blessings of God. Then he held her in a last fond embrace, she clung to him; she could not tear herself away, though the hour of departure had come.

When at last she left his room and proceeded to enter the carriage with the bridegroom and two lady friends, she looked so pale and sad that a stranger would have mistaken her for the unwilling victim of a forced match rather than a happy bride going to be united to the man of her choice.

The church was crowded with the *élite* of Orleanian society, for the Castros belonged to the aristocracy of the town, and Mariquita was a general favorite.

Her many admirers were there, casting looks of envy upon the "stranger" who had won a prize so long coveted by them.

Padre Antonio proceeded to perform the marriage ceremony, prefacing it with some remarks appropriate to the occasion, in which he did not fail to impress upon the bridegroom the admirable virtues of this pure girl, whom he—her spiritual guide—had known since her childhood.

An old friend of Don Ildefonso gave away the bride.

Then the Mass, *pro sponso et sponsa*, was sung, the nuptial benediction was given, and Dalton, proudly drawing his wife's arm into his own, was turning to go, when the loud clang of the fire-bell was heard, drowning the peals of the great organ.

When the young couple reached the church door, they found the street crowded with people in a wild state of excitement, and their ears caught the fearful words spoken by some one near them:

"The Castro mansion is on fire!"

It was but too true. The house, distant only a few squares from the church, could be seen clearly. Volumes of black smoke were rushing upward from its many windows, and the fierce flames were already leaping from its roof.

"Papa! Papa is bedridden! He will perish! Oh, Eduardo, save him—save him!" And the young bride fell in a dead swoon on the church steps.

Dalton, committing her to the care of the kind friends who had hastened to lift her up, dashed away like mad, scattering the crowd right and left in his headlong course.

He reached the burning pile. The fire had made much headway before it was discovered, the servants—save one old woman—having gone to the wedding.

The clumsy old hand-engines were being worked with goodwill, but no one had dared venture inside the house; none could tell whether its inmates were safe.

At this moment a window in the second story, which had so far remained closed, opened suddenly, and the pale face of Don Ildefonso looked down appealingly upon the awestruck crowd.

Suffocating with the smoke, which had penetrated his chamber, the feeble old man had crept out of his bed and dragged himself to the window.

Without a moment's hesitation, Dalton rushed in through the blinding smoke. A great silence fell upon the bystanders, and every eye was turned to the open window where the old man stood alone, his lips moving in prayer. Suspense had become intolerable.

At last Don Ildefonso was seen to turn, as if called by some one within. Dalton's blackened form showed itself near the helpless invalid; he took him up in his arms and moved one step forward, staggering under his precious burden.

A murmur of relief rose from the crowd as it surged beneath the window, and a hundred arms were raised, ready to receive the two men.

There was a crash—a cry of terror! The roof had fallen in, and where but now stood the brave young man the flames crackled and licked the frame of the empty window!

* * * * * *

When Mariquita, on awaking from her fainting fit, learned that her husband had perished while fulfilling the mission of love upon which she had sent him, and the same fell blow had made her an orphan, her reason left her.

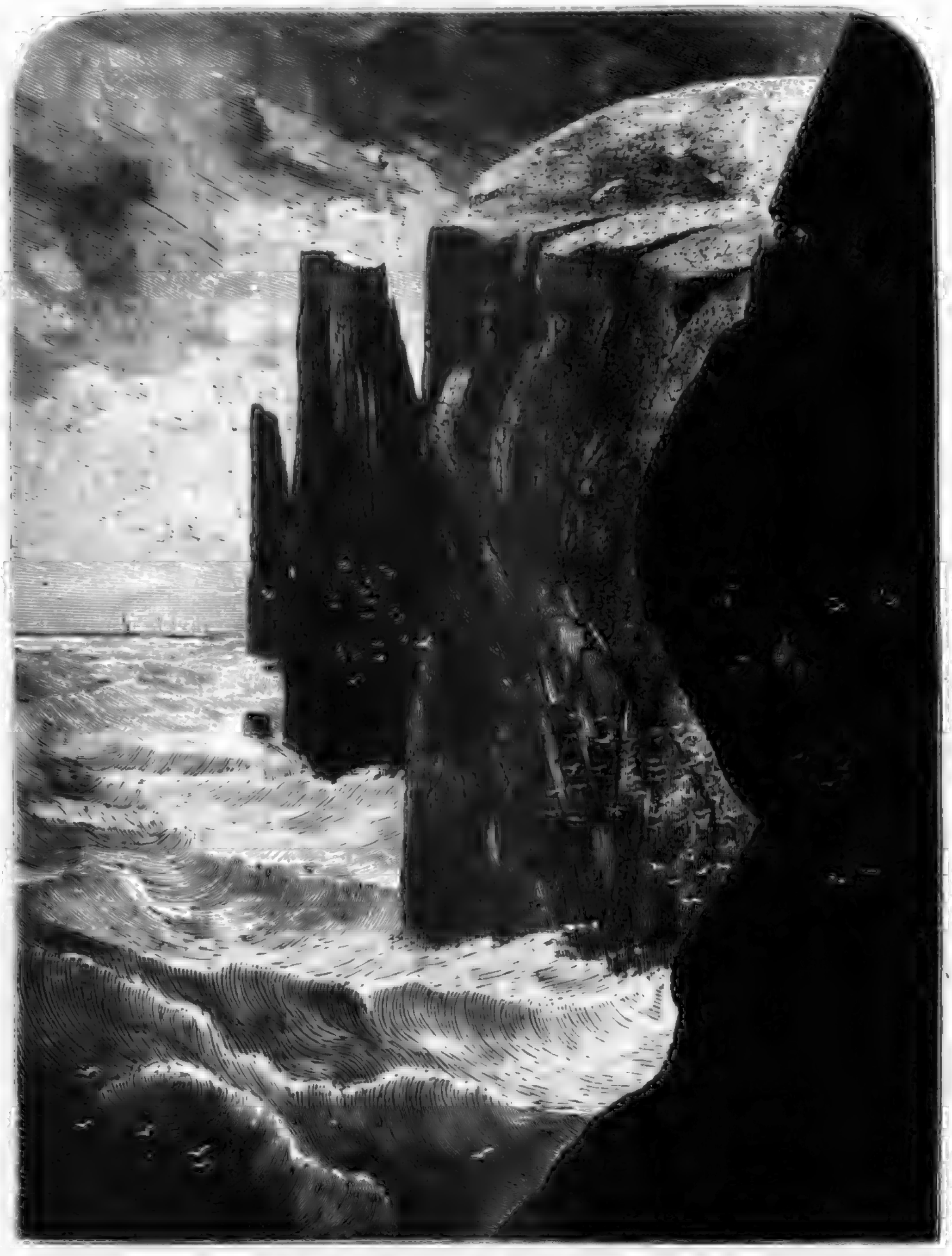
Attired in her bridal dress, she went day after day to the cathedral-door to wait the return of her Eduardo and her dear father.

The kindness of friends, the efforts of medical science —nothing could turn her from this one fixed idea.

In course of time her friends died or moved away, her bridal dress became a bundle of unsightly rags, her youth and beauty faded away, old age came with its infirmities, and still she was faithful to her tryst.

She no longer went daily to the church-door, but staid there altogether, making to herself a niche between two pillars.

One day the trustees of the cathedral voted some necessary repairs to the venerable pile. Scaffoldings were erected which barred access to Mariquita's niche. The next morning, at daybreak, when the sexton went to open the front door from within to let in the worshipers who attend the first Mass, a body rolled in at his feet, terrifying him almost out of his senses. Mariquita had died at the church-door where she had so long waited the return of her loved ones.



THE ROCK OF MYGGENÆ, IN THE FAROE ISLANDS.

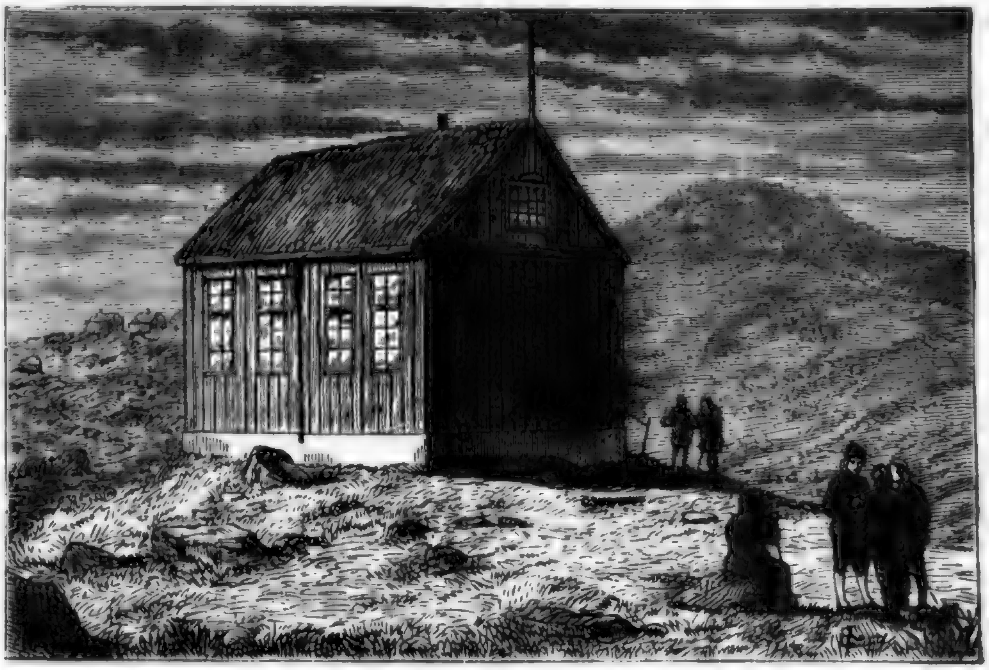
A WALK IN THE FAROES.

"ME not much Engelsk. Money this, and grub this. Other thing, so!"

I had engaged a man to guide me over the hills to the old seat of ecclesiastical rule in the Faroe Islands, and the above speech was in answer to my inquiry about his linguistic capacity. He was a little man with much eyebrow, a short beard that curled in the front as decidedly as a fish-hook, and a nose somewhat suspiciously rubicund. On the strength of his engagement by the "Englishman" as walking companion for a certain number of hours, he had assumed a dignity of manner that made him look ridiculously conceited, and had, moreover, put on his best clothes, and washed himself at an unusual hour of the day. They had told me that his English was quite phenomenally good, and that I should be as much at home with him as with my own brother. But, for the former, I found he had little more vocabulary than the words above-mentioned, which he pronounced diabolically; while, for the rest, I felt not very fraternally toward him at first sight. He illustrated his utterance by producing a small copper coin; by opening his mouth and pointing down his throat with one of his thumbs; and by jerking his head like one habituated to dram-drinking. Still, I had no right to think evil of my friend, Olaus Jackson, merely because he seemed to have bibulous propensities; and, without more delay than was exacted by the need to take a ceremonious farewell of some Thorshavn acquaintance who thought my projected walk only another proof that all Englishmen were conundrums, Olaus and I set forth, he leading, with his head very high, and holding his alpenstock as gracefully as if he had been born a beadle instead of a Faroe man.

A word before we start about Thorshavn.

The church of Thorshavn has, externally, none of the graces of antiquity. It is of wood, whitewashed, with a tower showing the face of an untruthful clock, and a top-heavy vane over the clock. It stands in a little churchyard; and from the simple graves you look over the larger bay of Thorshavn, toward the tiny village of Arge, on the coast, the iron headland of Glovernœs, and the hills where they rise, cumbered irregularly with rocks, betwixt Thorshavn and Kirkeboe, to the height of some twelve hundred feet. A few yards from the west end of the church the ground falls abruptly to a cove filled with fishing-boats, and bordered by two or three of Thorshavn's chief merchant establishments, into whose large warehouses files of burden-bearing men, with bent backs, go all day long from the little pier.

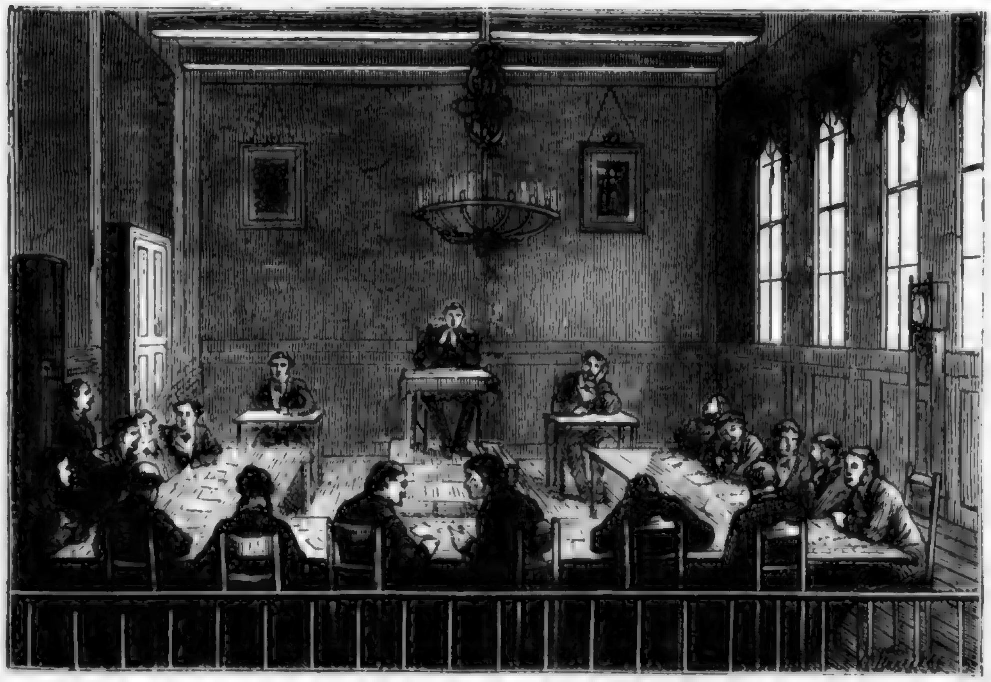

EXTERIOR OF THE LAGTHING-HAUS.

The leading citizens and merchants, with their families, sat in the gallery and in front of the nave, while the rest of the nave was devoted to the use of the fishermen, day-laborers, peat-gatherers, etc., who, in any community less democratic than the Faroes, would be termed the lower classes. Round about the organ in the western gallery were a score or so of boys and girls with Saxon faces, and rather vacant expressions. These were the choir; and, preliminary to their time for work, they were chattering like the boys of an English cathedral school. But it was toward the east end of the church that most eyes were turned. There, by the altar, on one side sat the dean; and on the other was the Governor, accompanied by the gunboat-captain, and two or three of the chief officials of the dependency. A little to the left, in front of the dean, was a man whose duties subsequently proved to be multiform. He changed the dean's robes, gave him a book when he asked for it; and when the dean was off duty, as it were, he acted as his substitute by standing before the congregation and reading, with perfect self-possession and very fair intonation and expression, what may be synonymous with our "lessons for the day." This gentleman's habits in public were not wholly pleasing; now and again he would cough violently, and then, having drawn attention to himself, blow his nose in a very vulgar way.

Only two objects in the church seem worthy of particular mention. Over the altar is a picture of Christ's burial, which, with the sun upon it, is a little ghastly. As a work of art it is not striking otherwise. The other object is a brazen chandelier, or candelabra, suspended from the roof of the church. This is of good workmanship, and bears an inscription and seventeenth century date. Internally, as externally, the church is whitewashed, the walls and ceiling are paneled, and penciled with thin lines of gold, which, though a little barbaric, have a good effect.

About an hour later, I was conducted from my lodging to the Lagthing-Haus, or Faroe Parliament building.

Of this edifice, happily, no archæological description is necessary. Faroe has had a local government for nearly a thousand years, and even when the isles came under the control of Norway—in 1024—they were not wholly deprived of their autonomous privileges. At the outset, in the rude times when William the Conqueror landed at Hastings, and the Norwegian kings were Christianizing the North, even to the coasts of Western Greenland, Newfoundland and Iceland, Faroe's rulers met in the open air. A stone was the seat of their president, and they clustered about him, rattling their arms, or murmuring in the way then commonly adopted to express approval or disapproval of public speakers and public measures proposed in debate.


LOCAL PARLIAMENT IN SESSION.

The present Parliament House is a building of boards wholly, except as to its foundation, and the superstructure a foot or two from the ground, and at stated times the exterior of it is tarred, as if to indicate the extreme solemnity of the business conducted within. It stands alone by the edge of a rough road, which, half a mile further, almost disappears amid the heather and bog and boulders which characterize the interior of all the Faroes. A tumbling stream traverses the meadows on the other side of it, and when the grass is cut from them, these meadows are given up to the cows and calves, who, at little inconvenience, may look in at the windows of the Parliament House, and see the Lagthing's men during their most important sessions. Bleak brown hills close in the view from the building, north, south and west.

The room was some fifteen paces in length by five in breadth, with the gallery at one end occupying nearly a third of its area. This gallery was divided from the house proper by a low balustrade of wood, with supports painted vermilion. A visitor could with ease stoop over and snatch the papers from a deputy's hand, or assail him personally. On a bracket in the wall, at the other end of the room, was a bust of King Christian IX., of Denmark; and under the bust was the seat of His Majesty's deputy in the isle, flanked by desks beneath him. Elsewhere was a portrait of the same King, who carried the hearts of the Faroese by visiting them for an entire day in 1874. Occupying the body of the room were the tables for the statesmen—ranged in a horseshoe—covered with serviceable brown oilcloth, and provided with ink-pots, blotting-paper, quill pens, and reports of the last year's session; and to each member was a chair. Otherwise the furniture was scanty, consisting of a stove on one side of the room, and a long, old-fashioned clock on the other. The windows looking from the chamber toward the hills, with the stream and meadows close by, were decorated with scarlet blinds, through which the sun shone with vivid effect; lastly, the cornicing was gilded. At a squeeze the room might hold about a hundred and fifty people.

The governor entered the room with his cocked hat in his hand, and greeted his colleagues one by one. In all they numbered about twenty, inclusive of the dean as head of the clergy, and the four sysselmen or district magistrates and revenue officers of the isle.

The ceremony of opening the Lagthing session was unaccompanied by any pomp. The governor read the royal proclamation, and then gave the lead in a Hip! Hip! of loyalty, which the members and the two score Faroese in the gallery continued somewhat weakly and formally. A resolution of some kind being then put before the members, tellers were nominated, and strips of paper distributed for voting purposes.

The Faroe Islands, as every one knows, or ought to know, lie about half way between the Shetland Isles and Iceland. Tossed up centuries ago by some tremendous volcanic convulsion in the middle of the North Atlantic, the black, barren, treeless rocks present, when viewed from the sea, a strikingly grand appearance.

Thorshavn, the capital, seated on the east side of Stromoë, the main island of the group, is little more than a fishing village, and from its extraordinary irregularity looks as if it had been built at the top of one of the neighboring hills and thence rolled down into its present position. A "fort" on an eminence commands the entrance to the Bay of Thorshavn, but it is to be hoped, in the interests of the good people of the town, who have the most profound belief in the strength of their fortifications, that its merits may never be put to too rude a test. Although there is not a tree in the islands, all the houses at Thorshavn, as everywhere else, are built of tarred pine wood brought over from Denmark and Norway. They are extremely picturesque, being either dark red or black, according to their age, and the roofs being of birch bark, covered with green turf.

The most interesting public building is the Lagthing-Haus, or local Parliament House, which is just outside the town. The Faroese session commences every year on the 29th of July, and the House sits for four weeks, with power, in case of great pressure of public business, to prolong it for fourteen days longer. The Governor of the islands, as the representative of the King of Denmark, is the president, and the House consists of two *ex-officio* and eighteen elected members. The debates are occasionally most animated, but they are conducted with great dignity, and might well serve as models for the discussions of more august assemblages. The islands return one member to each of the Danish Houses of Parliament at Copenhagen, but in all local matters they are "Home Rulers."

The Faroese villages are invariably placed in sheltered nooks near the sea-shore, with the view of avoiding, as far as possible, the furious storms which break over these islands, as well as of being near the boats and nets. Close round the villages are found the only patches of land which can boast of any cultivation whatever, for, besides the fact that the ground is extremely sterile, the people are, in truth, but indifferent farmers; being chiefly dependent for food on whale and other fish and on sea-birds—almost everything else being imported.

Traveling from one village to another is performed in boats, usually rowed by eight men, and most skillfully managed. In going from Thorshavn to the Island of Waagoë, a good view is obtained of Skællingsfeld, the highest mountain in the Faroes. It is circular, with a flat plateau at the top, and is formed of regular layers of basaltic columns. The villages of Midwaag and Sorwaag, from which some of our sketches are taken, are both in Waagoë, the latter being exactly opposite the precipitous Rock of Myggenæ—a veritable "Home of the Sea Bird," myriads of puffins, Arctic terns, eider ducks and gannets being found there.

The little Lutheran church and the "village pastor's modest mansion," are usually the most conspicuous objects in the village, and in no part of the world will be found more attentive congregations nor clergy more deservedly "to all the country dear." Our sketch of the coast of Waagoë is taken from above the Busdalefos, a waterfall nearly 120 feet high, by which the Lake of "Sorwaagsvatn" discharges itself into the sea, falling sheer down over the rocks,

"Diving as if condemned to lave
Some demon's subterranean cave."

The principal difficulty with which the traveler would have to contend would be the entire absence of hotels, or of what is called "accommodation," were it not for the generous, open-hearted hospitality of the people. No one who has been there can ever forget the warm welcome, the genial greeting, and the profuse and friendly kindness which is everywhere met with. Every house of any size has its guest chamber; and the best which its kindly owner can afford is heartily at the service of the stranger.

Not a soul lives between Thorshavn and Kirkeboe, though the distance is some six miles. In the first place it is an inland route, and there is no inland habitation throughout the Faroes. All the people are born, as it were, face to face with the sea. And the nature of the country, sown as it is almost everywhere with innumerable boulders, offers little inducement to farmers. If the sheep and small horses, which are turned loose hereabout to take care of themselves, can find herbage enough to sustain them, this is as much as can be expected from the interior. While, secondly, our track was mountainous from beginning to end. From one terrace of shingle and hard rock—the uniformity of which was broken by occasional tufts of vivid green, whence clear spring water gushed toward the valleys—we passed to another similar terrace, and thence across miniature desert plateaux of inexpressible bleakness and aridity; until we had gone from the east of the island to the west, and could see, far down, when the fog lifted, the dull, lead-colored sea between Stromo and the islets of Hestoe and Kolter. A little later, and the black rocks of these isles were visible; their bases rose straight from the water, but their summits, hidden in the clouds, were as high as the imagination pleased to make them.

From the higher rocks, still wrapped in dark fog, we could see Kirkeboe below in the bright sunshine. It was like looking at a pretty face from under the photographer's cloth. Soon we reached the first parallelogram of rye within the parish. Then a dog began to bark from a neighboring strip of grass meadow. A second dog, nearer the knot of buildings, took up the cry. One man, cutting grass with a short-bladed scythe, looked up from his work, saw us, whistled to another man similarly engaged, who, taking the signal, waved his hand toward the farm, and having secured attention and done his work, crossed his legs and scrutinized us. The first man, in the meantime, striding like a giant, had come alongside Olaus and me, and opened a rapid conversation with the former, of which I was the object and illustration, judging from his stare and Olaus's gesture.

"What is it all about?" I asked Olaus, at length. They had been talking Faroese, which is a spoken, not a written, language, and therefore a sad stumbling-block for foreigners.

"He have never seen a foreigner before; he is an ignorant fellow," said Olaus, at first beginning in a tone quite loud enough for the other to hear, but ending in a whisper.

The cultivated part of Kirkeboe is like all the other cultivated parts in the Faroe Isles. From the sea it would be a green patch, or patch of patches, on the hem of the gray or purple swelling mass of land—green in Summer that is; for later, when the hay is stacked and the grain carried, the tiny fields take on a golden color which almost dazzles the eyes in the bright sunshine. The land is cut up into numerous sections by the shallow ditches necessary to carry off the heavy rains which pour down from the high, overshadowing rocks.

Close to the white church and the beach is the one ecclesiastical ruin in Faroe. It stands picturesquely with its four chief walls uncovered to the sky, grass within them and grass without, and its large, pointed east window filled with a near panorama of black perpendicular cliffs with grassy edges of velvety green inaccessible even for the nimble Faroe sheep. Centuries ago, before Protestantism trod the life out of architecture, here at Kirkeboe was a bishop's residence and a school for priests. But with the Reformation the importance of the place ended. A Protestant bishop was appointed to Kirkeboe, it is true; but certain of the sea-robbers, who from the earliest times had ravaged these thinly peopled islands, soon frightened this gentleman out of the country. Since then no bishop has held sway in Faroe; and the ruins at Kirkeboe are the only remaining witness of the early power of the Church in the isles. Once in six or seven weeks the provost or dean of the clergy holds service nowadays in the place where, 500 years ago, prayers were said daily by a bishop.

The hospitality of Northmen is proverbial. Though, save for one or two government officials, there are no rich men in Faroe, a stranger is everywhere received with open hands and, better still, with open hearts. Olaus was for taking advantage of this immediately. He would introduce me to the farmer there and then, and I could begin eating and drinking within the minute.

It was an ordinary-looking Faroe farm building, with the usual number of smaller houses attached, for the bedding of the laborers, the drying of the mutton and beef for Winter use, the storing of grain and wool, both raw and manufactured; black in the body, with a roofing of bright turf, amid which pink achillea and yellow buttercups bloomed profusely. But at one time its foundations had supported an episcopal residence. Where now farm-refuse littered the yard and cods' heads stared ugly in death, shaven monks had walked to and fro, with the swirl of the sea on the rocks hard by dinning their ears. No whitewashed Lutheran church, surmounted by its lozenge-shaped belfry tower, had then stood between them and the sea horizon.

Not that I was allowed time for any such old-world reflections as these. I surrendered myself wholly to my new friends, exchanged bows and hand-shakings with the lady of the house, and seated myself by the table, with a vase of blue and crimson flowers under my nose. Then came in the farmer's daughter, a young lady of eighteen, who had just finished her education, as the phrase goes, in Copenhagen, and, after greetings, was commissioned to bring wine and cake and cigars. She was a beautiful girl, with dark eyes—unusual in this land of Northmen—brilliant complexion, and an elegant figure; but, much as one could not help admiring her, it went against the grain to be waited upon by her with a deference that was yet more humiliating. In Faroe the custom of toasting is general. He were but an ill-mannered fellow who would drink anything stronger than water in company with another without wishing him health and prosperity. Accordingly, glasses were filled with sherry (a great luxury in Faroe), and, one after the other, standing with solemn eyes, the household of the bonder clinked my glass, uttering the monosyllable "*Skald.*" The wine was then drunk at a gulp, smiles were exchanged, and cigars were lit by the gentlemen. Photographic albums were brought forward, and, with kindly simplicity, I was informed of the names and standing of people whom I had never seen and was never likely to know. In Faroe, as elsewhere, photography has proved a social blessing. No house is without its collection of portraits, and these almost invariably serve to break the ice of early acquaintanceship. In Thorshavn I was soon at home with the photographs of scores of people who were strangers to me when I left the place.

AN ELEPHANT-FIEND.

A HORRIBLE occurrence recently took place in the District of Sultanpore, in Oude, where an elephant broke loose and turned his attention to murder.

It appears that the elephant was ridden by his driver, who gave the animal a prod with a spear in order to

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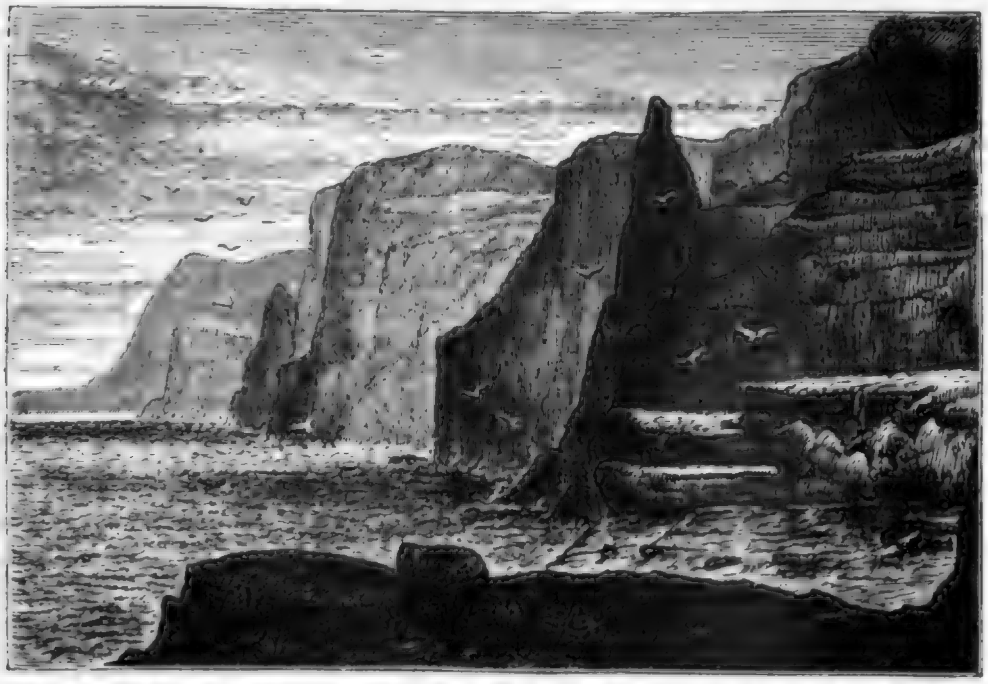


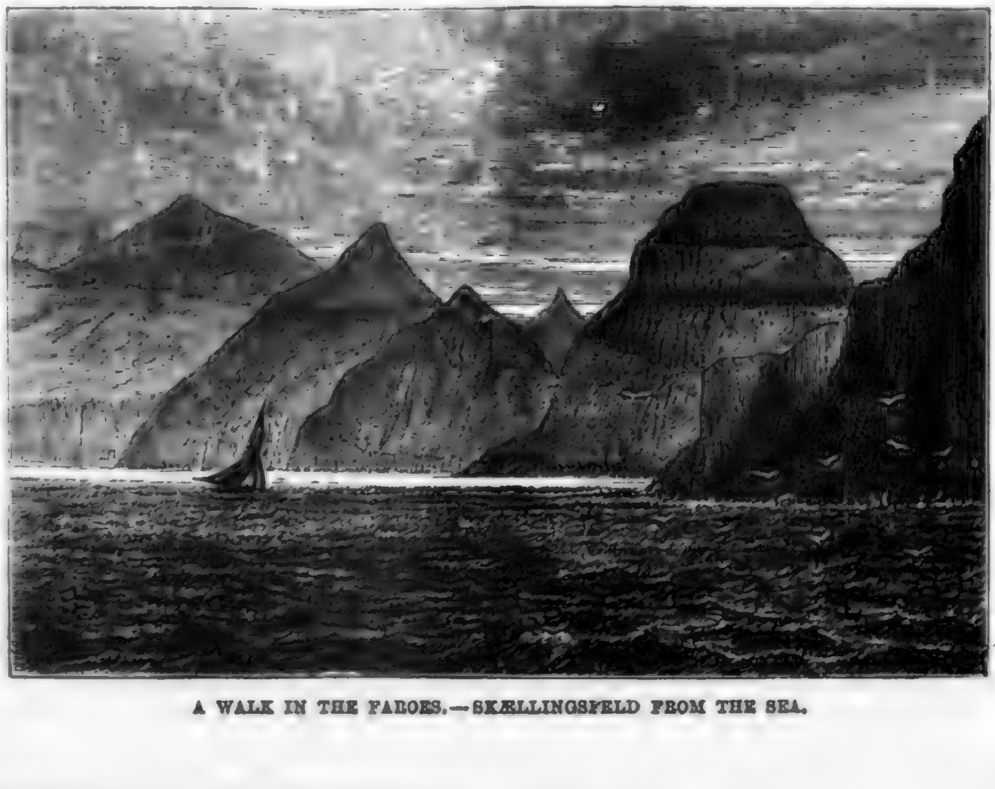
A WALK IN THE FAROES.—COAST OF WAAGOE FROM THE BUSDALEFOS.—SEE PAGE 484.

prevent his snatching a bundle of straw from a threshing-floor. The elephant immediately resented this by pulling the driver off his back, and as the man fell he lowered his head and tried to strike him, but the man managed to pass under him between his front legs. The animal, however, seized him by the arm, and threw him violently away. The man fell into a hollow, which concealed him from the brute's view, and not finding him he went away, after breaking the spear into several pieces. He then went to the village of Sadarpur, where he caught sight of an old man, who ran into his house and concealed himself in a "kothi," or receptacle for grain. He broke down the walls of the house and entered it, pulled the man out of the kothi, and bringing him out of the house, savagely killed him, breaking one of his arms and dashing his head to pieces. The same night he knocked down several houses in quest of human beings in the villages of Sadarpur, Bargaon, and Jaisingpur. He killed six men in Bersoma, three in Sota, four in Gangeo, and four in Mardan. He likewise killed a bullock and a pony, and also completely destroyed a new carriage belonging to Dorab Khan of Gangeo.

The animal used to stand at the door of a house, force his entry by demolishing the walls on either side, and would then kill as many of the inmates as he could, pursuing others who tried to run away. He mangled the corpses to a frightful extent. After securing a victim he sometimes returned to the spot to see if life was extinct, and would commence mutilating the body afresh. He carried several bodies to long distances and threw them into the ravines, etc. In his ferocity he tore the clothing off some of the bodies. Several persons managed to escape by climbing trees, under which he stood, tearing down the branches. Subsequently the elephant found his way to the Dehra Rajah's place, where he tried to enter the house of a gardener, but some men, who were mounted on three elephants assisted by spearmen, drove him off. He then returned to Bebipur, where he tried to break down his master's house, in which several persons had taken refuge. The police got into the house from a back window, and were obliged to send for help to the Dehra Rajah, who sent three elephants and some spearmen, etc. The animal received two gunshots on the head at Bebipur, which, however, only temporarily drove him off. He was ultimately captured, at imminent risk, by the Rajah's three elephants and men.

PARROTS I HAVE MET.

I MUST begin by stating that I never cared for parrots—in fact, as a child, I distinctly feared and disliked them. One of my earliest recollections is that of a parrot kept by one of my aunts whom I often visited. It seemed peaceable and quiet enough, and had much freedom, when it would meander gently about the room, neither taking notice of nor molesting any one. Emboldened by this conduct, I thought I might venture to tease poor Polly, so, creeping under the table, I very gently pulled its tail. Deeply moved and incensed by this insult, Polly flew straight at me and bit my finger. I acknowledged the justice of the punishment; still, in fright and pain, I screamed aloud, when my nurse and aunt flew to the rescue and restored the outraged parrot to her cage. The next day, on being let loose, it flew straight at me, and tried to peck my eyes out and bit my

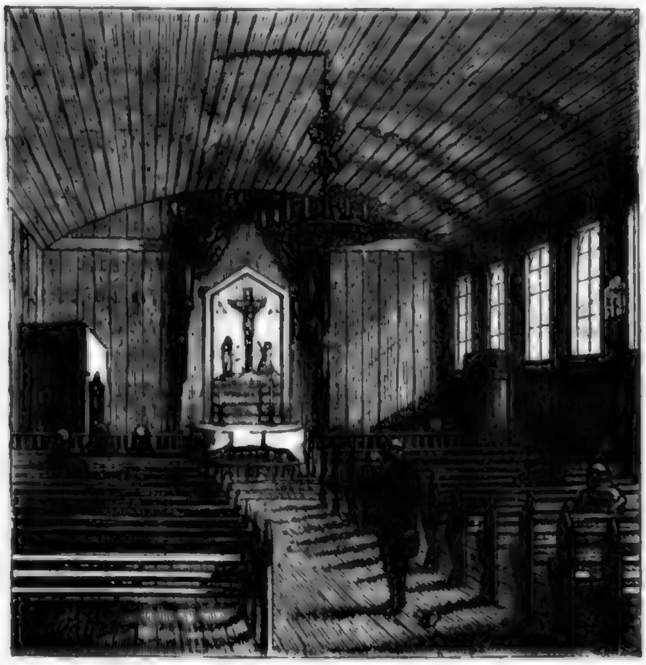


A WALK IN THE FAROES.—SKÆLLINGSFELD FROM THE SEA.

cheeks; it never forgot or forgave the injury, but tried to bite me whenever it could, till at last it became a sort of nightmare and terror to me, and I repented me in tears of the wrong I had committed against it. Full of years and hatred it at last yielded up the ghost, to my peace of mind and its mistress's regret.

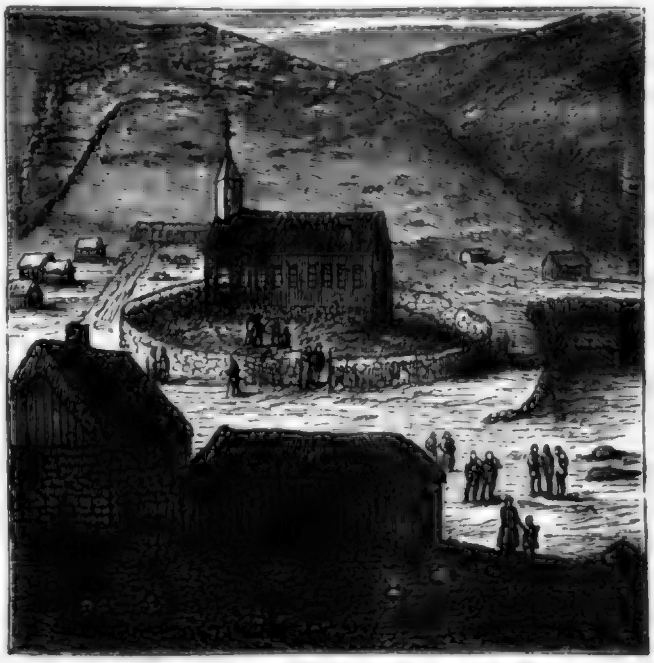
The next parrot I became acquainted with did nothing to exalt his race in my eyes. He belonged to a sea captain, and we came across him in lodgings at the seaside. His language was profanity itself, and besides that he was a tale-bearer. "Robert kissed the cook, oh fie!" was screamed out by him suddenly one day, and by this a discovery was made of a love story, which "shook the pillars of domestic peace"; a jealous housemaid having taught him the phrase.

I always think of this parrot as a "him," for I should be grieved to think of any respectable lady-bird disgracing herself and sex by the very "big, big D's" that unrighteous bird used daily.

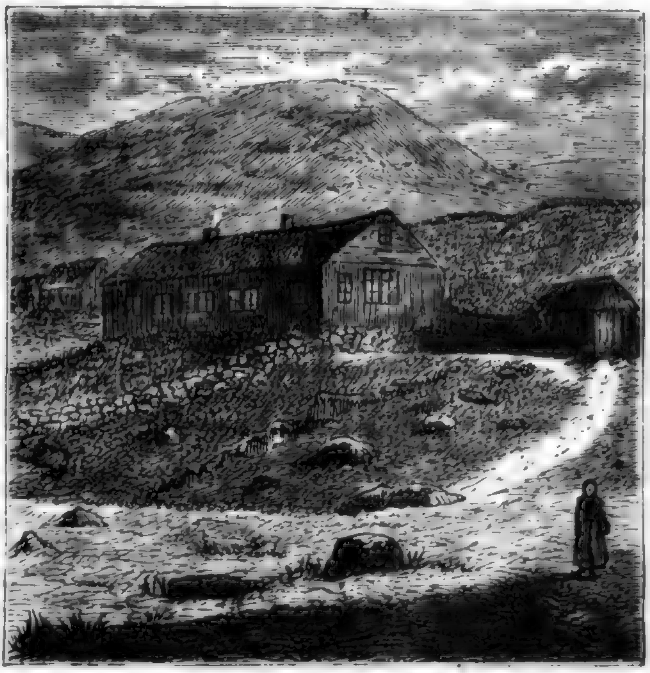

A WALK IN THE FAROES.—INTERIOR OF A CHURCH. SEE PAGE 484.

My third parrot friend was a gray one, and belonged to Admiral Blank—also a sea-going bird, but how different had been his education! He was a thorough gentleman, full of conversation on many topics, clever at whistling, and able to sing a good song when occasion offered. It was in the Brazils I met him. We all lived in a lovely garden attached to the hotel, where separate little houses were built, each with sitting and bedrooms, according to the requirements of the guests. We had one house and Admiral Blank another, and Polly used to spend his time in a large cage perched up in a tree, where he was very happy and conversational, and became quite friendly with me as I gave him fruits and other delicacies.

Now, there was a huge negro slave, upward of six feet high, as black as coal, but a great swell, attired always in most spotless lily-white duck suit and a tall white hat, who was told off to attend to these garden houses. His name was "White," on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, I presume; and "White! White!" might often be heard shouted through the garden in the stentorian tones of Admiral Blank; when White would fly with an obedient start from the kitchen of the hotel hard by. One morning I had seen the admiral start off, resplendent in uniform, and knew he was gone; I was surprised, therefore, to hear "White! White!" called in his tone of voice. I could not understand it, as I had never left the garden since he went away, and had not seen him return. Neither could White. He came running and perspiring, went to Admiral Blank's house, and then looked about the garden, but could not find him. Then, supposing he had made a mistake, he returned to the ivory-teethed, grinning, black laundry maids, in the courtship of whom he had been interrupted. "White! White!" once more resounded through the gardens, this time in very angry tones. White came in fear and haste to find—no one; and the illusion was repeated several times that day. I speedily discovered that Polly was the caller, and, alas! next day so did White, and in his anger and spite he would have killed the bird had I not been there to protect him. Many a fruitless run did Polly give him after that, for master's "White!" and Polly's "White!" were absolutely indistinguishable.


A WALK IN THE FAROES.—A FAROESE CHURCH, MIDWAAG.

Soon after this it fell to my lot to be possessor of two parrots, and bitterly I rebelled against the decree. It happened thus: We went to India, and I was completely


A WALK IN THE FAROES.—A PRIEST'S HOUSE.

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fascinated by the crowds of green parrots we saw in the plains. It was a never-failing source of delight to me to see them flying in flocks, often hundreds at a time, with the rays of the descending sun glistening on their emerald-green plumage; or to see a tree destitute of leaves made green by reason of the multitude of parrots that had settled on its branches; or again, at sunset, to see the green parrots flying about the white marble minarets of the glorious Taj-Mehal, or darting about, frolicking in the expiring rays. To me they were the most lovely of India's birds.

One scene connected with parrots is, from its perfect beauty, often present in my mind. At a certain residency, one of the finest in Northern India, there is a fountain constantly playing, and in the early morning the parrots gather together in vast numbers to drink and bathe in its running waters and basin. To see their graceful curves and upward flights before dashing through and just skimming the surface of the water, with their unbounded joy and delight in so doing, was a picture of ecstatic, ideal, living happiness difficult to surpass. The parrots at this residency are almost tame, for every morning four or five caged ones are let loose to be fed, and down come all the wild ones to share their feast. The early morning is the time to see these birds at their brightest and best. At the first glimpse of the rising sun they forsake their night's resting-places and fly shrieking forth in search of food, and on many a tree they may be seen pulling off the precious berries and fruits. Alas! the mahli's (gardener's) heart does not warm to parrots, for their nature is to work destruction wherever they go, and they pick off and destroy far more than they eat—as the unripe mangoes lying at the foot of a mango-tree will testify.

Seeing my admiration of and enjoyment in these green parrots, my friends, with whom I was stopping, decided it would be nice for me to have two to take back to England with me. In vain I represented to them that it was the beauty and life of the wild ones I admired, and that I thought caged ones would be sorry representatives of their kind. But no, the fates would have it otherwise.

Some misguided parrots built their nest in a hole in the saddle-room wall, and some of the young birds were taken out and brought into the house. When I inspected them I could scarcely believe they were parrots. They looked like very yellow, ugly, skinny frogs with white claws and a red beak, and not a vestige of a feather, and more firmly than ever I declined to have anything to say to them. However, they were put in a basket and fed every two hours on a system of dough pills poked down their throats and washed down with water, and to my disgust I was expected to assist them to these delicious repasts. To add to my troubles, one day a man arrived with a cage full of hill-parrots, two parent birds and a family of young ones. They seemed in the last stage of exhaustion and starvation, so we fed them all, and said we would buy some, and returned the others. The man sent a polite message that now we had touched the birds it would break his caste to take them back, and unless we would buy them all he must kill them.

We felt grieved to think of their untimely fate, so purchased the whole family; though it was no light matter to contemplate stuffing six more birds with pills—the young birds were even uglier than our own, though the parent birds were lovely, bright green with red on each wing, and a red ring round the neck. Well, the time for my departure arrived, and I said nothing about the parrots, and fondly hoped they had been forgotten; when, as the train was about to move off, up came a servant with a little cage containing two young birds and a brown paper parcel containing dough. I felt a good deal; but politeness made me offer the best thanks I could muster up in my vexation. Off we started, and very soon the birds began making a crooning noise—a sound I had learned to detest, for it meant that they were hungry, and that the time had arrived for the dough to be utilized. With a bad grace I took them on my lap, opened their bills, turned about, and poked the boluses down. At last the "Torpedo" took a header amongst my skirts, a sign that he was satisfied, and the "Whale" rolled his eyes and looked as if he were dying, which was his sign of repletion. The above were the names of my new *protégés*, the Torpedo having gained his sobriquet by his singular habit of bolting headforemost anywhere and in anything the moment he had eaten enough. There was a popular song some years ago called "The Torpedo and the Whale," so the latter name followed naturally for my friends, though I had never heard the ditty. This meal was the beginning of similar repasts administered about every two hours day and night for some days, when quite suddenly Torpedo put on an entirely new suit of the vividest green with long, blue tail-feathers, which, with his little bright red bill, transformed him from being ugly to a thing of beauty; and one day, at Watson's Hotel, Bombay, he suddenly flew from the balcony right round the room, so, in fear lest he should fly away, I cut his wings. The Whale continued ugly, sulky, and of an uncertain temper, much bullied by Torpedo, half its size. They still required feeding with the pills. The voyage home they performed in a basket, and Torpedo became so tame he would follow me about the ship like a little dog. At this time they acquired a habit of shrieking ear-piercing yells. They reached England in Summer, and seemed very well while the warm weather lasted; but suddenly intense cold, frosty weather set in, with sleet and snow, and the poor parrots looked and seemed miserable. One night the thermometer sank to twenty-eight degrees below zero. About eleven o'clock at night I heard the little Torpedo rustling about and trying to get out of its cage. So I took it to the fire, warmed and fed it, and it went fast asleep on my knee. At last I put it back in its cage, covered it well up, and went to bed. The next morning my German housemaid came to my bedroom and said, "Oh, madam, I hafe such ferry bad news to gif you. You will be so sorry." I conjured her to tell me the worst at once, but she kept me in suspense some time longer, repeating how grieved I should be, and at last handed me a newspaper parcel containing my little Torpedo lying dead! It appears she found the poor little soul on the floor with its head between a bookcase and the wall, frozen to death standing upright. I tried to revive it in every way, by putting it near the fire, etc., but all in vain—life was extinct. It is now stuffed and under a glass case, but it has lost all hold on my affection, as it is not one whit like my living, saucy, loving, mischievous Torpedo. The Whale was now left alone in his glory, and rapidly improved in position. He was allowed to sit in the upper places of his immense cage, whereas in the time of the late lamented Torpedo he had always been compelled to take the lower room; had all the tid-bits to eat, and developed in wisdom and good looks, and produced red feathers on his wings and a rosy ring around his neck; his temper became genial, and he learned the noble art of conversation, and, to the servants' delight, called them all by their names. Both parrots had a wonderful facility for making themselves respected, but at the same time ingratiating themselves, with other animals.

Many a time I have gone to the kitchen, and found it empty of domestics, but the whole floor swarming with animals ; viz., six pugs, father, mother and four little ones ; one cat and one kitten ; a huge Mount St. Bernard dog, and a canary; and amongst them all, proudly strutting about, Torpedo and Whale. If Leo, the big dog, were in front of the fire, the parrots would calmly pinch his toes or his tail till he made place for them ; and the kitten and parrots played games together, rolling over and over. The Whale, amongst other accomplishments, possessed a love of music, and whistled just like the canary. He also greatly enjoyed my music when I played, but he preferred scales and exercises, his taste being purely classical. Whenever I began the former he would climb up my dress on to my shoulder, and there flutter about just as if he were taking a bath. Then one by one he would abstract my hairpins, till at last my hair would fall down, and in that he would plunge and bathe with extreme relish. This was not an amusement he was often permitted to indulge in, however. At this time we had a "buttons," Robinson by name, who was the cross of everybody in the house except his master, who continually took his part, and explained that all his shortcomings arose from too much petticoat government in the kitchen. One day the Whale was muttering to himself a good deal, and at last clearly delivered himself of the following : "Robinson, Robinson ! whatever are you doing, you bad boy ! You're a very naughty boy. Go to bed at once, sir ! do you hear ?" and this exactly in the cook's voice ; and he used to scold Robinson loudly in other words also ; showing the frequency of the thing in his hearing in the kitchen where he lived. He loved to be out in the garden, and would climb a tree with great agility and joy, pulling much of the bark off as he ascended. He and the Torpedo entirely picked to pieces and demolished a favorite wicker armchair which my mother-in-law had given us to keep, and that she greatly valued, which was sad !

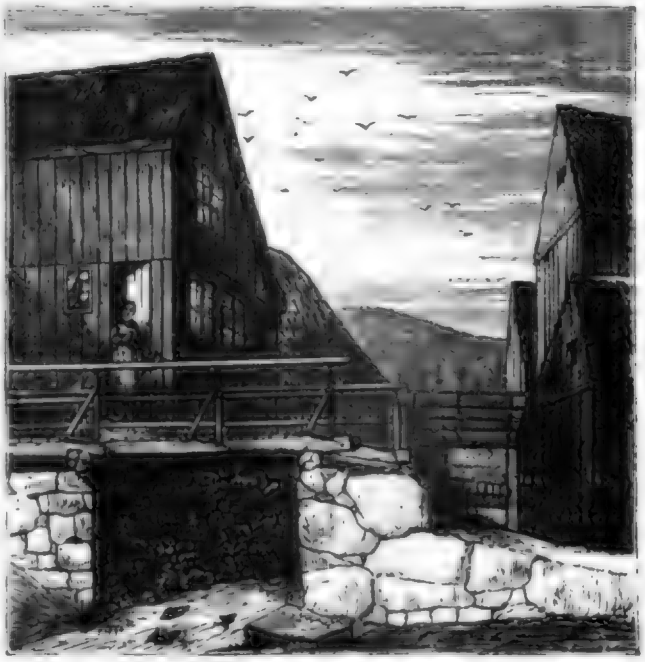
We decided upon revisiting India, and the question arose, What was to become of the Whale ? He had many English hearts and homes at his disposal, for he had endeared himself to many people by his winning ways and clever talk. But we resolved to let him once more enjoy the gorgeous East and the scenes of his early youth. So we got a small cage, cut off his long tail so that he might fit in, made a red baize cover to show off his complexion—I mean his green feathers—bought some bird seed, and there was Polly, *au grand complet* for the voyage. He liked the sea, and was very hilarious, talking and whistling away and making friends with every one. He used to sit perched up on my deck-chair, while every one brought him offerings of dainties from table and the various ports we stopped at. There was an actress on board, the celebrated Mlle. Dash, the "Sylph of the Arena." She was not a favorite in the ship. She was loud in her dress, speech and manners, and of a thirsty temperament. One day she had fallen sweetly asleep on a deck-chair with her mouth wide open and snoring, with a most lavish display of flesh-colored silk stockings. I saw the Whale observing her, and presently, before I could catch him, he climbed down my chair, skurried across the deck, and climbed up her shiny shoes and pink silk legs. It must really have been very painful for her, as his claws were very sharp. She woke up with a loud scream of bitterest anguish, and I hurried up to apologize and to rescue her from her awkward position. I regret to say—so much the worse for human nature—many of the passengers rejoiced loudly at her misfortune.

Thus making friends and foes the Whale and we arrived at Madras. There, at the end of our sitting-room, was an immense verandah, and here the Whale lived, pleased to renew his acquaintance with sugar-cane, but disgusted with the ants and crows. His food had constantly to be changed on account of the former, and the latter used to come and eat his bread and water ; then his rage and fury were terrible to witness, and all the scolding he had learned, intended for Robinson, he levied at their heads, and finally learned to caw exactly like they did. Here we set up a Madrasee "boy," and he kept that unfortunate servant pretty busy running about as he learnt to call "boy !" both in his master's and mistress's voice. He visited Calcutta, Ceylon, and various places in India, and gained health, strength and new words in his native land, and learnt to flatter me by calling out "Pretty, pretty," whenever he saw me. During his residence at the above-mentioned northern presidency, the poor little fellow became very ill, gasped for breath, refused all food except what he took from my lips, fluffed up his feathers, and looked piteously at me for help. He seemed perfectly miserable except when perched upon my hand, the only time he ever seemed to sleep, and, in spite of everything we tried, he expired one morning, to our great grief. We felt as if we had lost a dear friend, and truly we had, for he had cheered us up in many a gloomy moment by his cheery and affectionate ways. He was buried in a lovely garden bright with varied and fragrant clusters of blossoms—a fit resting-place for such a child of nature.

I had been so absorbed in the illness and death of the dear Whale that I almost forgot that out in the verandah in a small cage were two other tiny parrots—an offering from my friends to whom I owed the Torpedo and the Whale. But I felt too sad to take any interest in them, and they were handed over to the tender mercies of a tall, picturesque, red-coated chuprasee, one of the native servants kept by the Rajah for the service of the resident. He wore a long, gray beard, divided at the chin and caught up on each side of his face behind his ears underneath the voluminous folds of an immense white turban. He was learned in the ways of birds, and clever in their treatment, and my birds throve well under his fostering ministrations. One morning I went to see them at their *chota hazree*—early morning meal—and found his plan of feeding was to make dough caterpillars and put them down their throats, and gently stroke them down their necks till they reached the crop, the whole process distinctly visible through their shining naked little bodies. This he repeated till the latter distended, and all the blood-vessels looked as if they would burst. I pointed out to him in my choicest Hindoostanee that they were choking and overfed, but he said "No." So, not caring much, I left them to their fate, and gave my servant orders on no account to bring them with us when we left, as they would only die, I thought. Fortified with this resolve, I drove lightly to the station, thinking the matter was settled. Imagine my horror to see on the platform a pagoda-like cage, and inside two flabby little birds with protruding crops. The chuprasee salaamed and explained how he feared I had forgotten the parrots, and so had brought them himself. Kismet ! it appeared to be fated that I was to be haunted with parrots once more. I sadly resumed my duty of pill-administrator, and the little fellows presently put on their new green liveries, and finally could stand up on one leg and hold things to eat in their claw, and

XUM

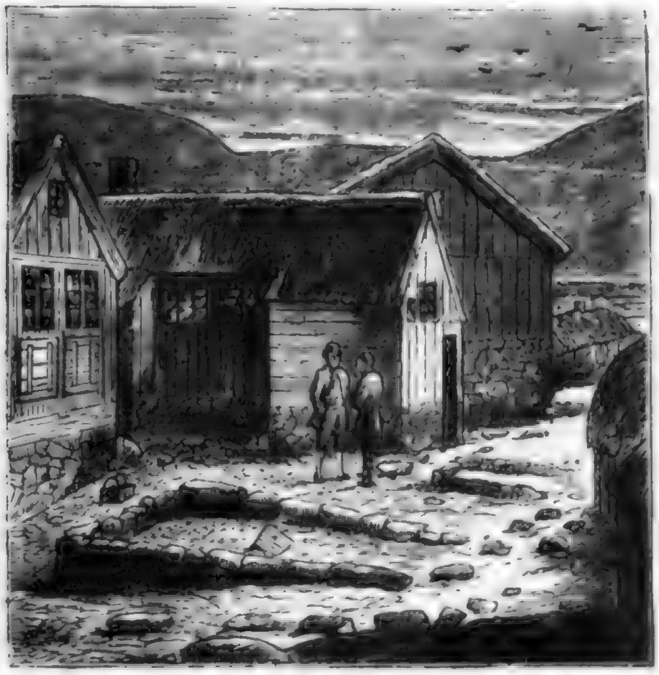
became as pretty as could be. They developed very amiable, agreeable manners, too, and many a morning I was aroused by a gentle kiss to find they had eaten their way through their cage, climbed up the musquito curtains of my bed, and were trying to remind me that they were hungry and wanted their breakfast; or perhaps I would awaken with a slight sound of scratching, to see two little green heads and scarlet bills cocked on one side looking at and nodding to me through the bathroom door, which was their abode.

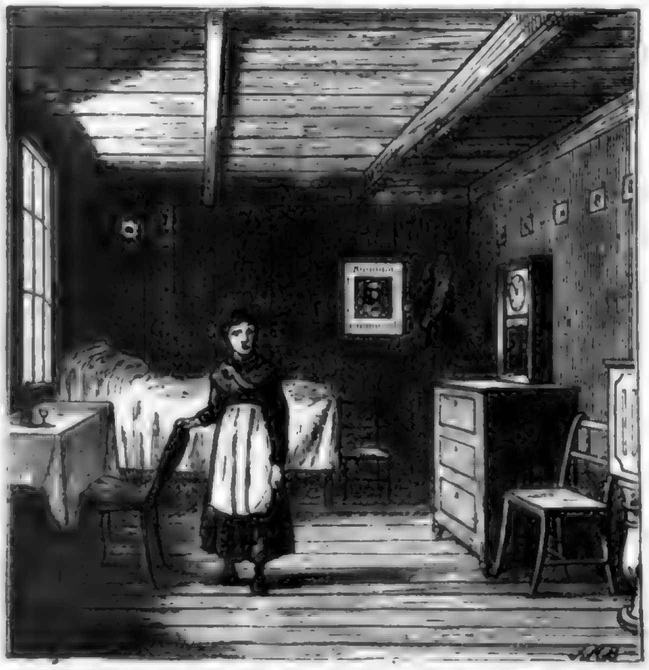

A WALK IN THE FAROES.—HEADQUARTERS AT THORSHAVN. SEE PAGE 484.

These birds were called respectively "Joey" and "Dr. Johnson"—the latter from his inordinate love of tea. It is related that his venerable namesake visited a widow for fourteen years every evening and drank fourteen cups of tea without ever proposing to her. *My* Dr. Johnson could only manage three teaspoonfuls of tea, but that was quite as much in proportion to his size, as his body was only about as large as that of a thrush, though his long tail-feathers made him look much bigger.

Arrived on board the P. & O. steamship *Cotsford*, I took my birds to my cabin. The next day, Mr. Purser, going his rounds, saw the parrots there, and ordered them to the butcher's. Nay, start not, gentle reader, this was not the signal for their instant execution, but the butcher has the charge of all animals on board, whether they belong to passengers or to the ship. My poor little birds! I went constantly to feed them, and their joy each time at seeing me again was quite pathetic. They were not only worn to fiddle-strings, but poor Dr. Johnson wore out his tail with his efforts to thrust himself through the bars of his cage. Yes, when he retired to the butcher's he owned as handsome blue tail-feathers as parrot could wish to possess. When he left he was a tailless, drooping creature. The sight of their broken-heartedness decided me that matters could not go on thus, so I made friends with the captain and got his permission for them to go back with me to my cabin. They made an extensive toilet in honor of the event! Not a single feather but what was set in order, though poor Dr. Johnson's tail, or, rather, the want of it, perplexed him exceedingly at first. After this, they spent their time on deck, where every one petted and spoilt them. Arrived in England, they were put in a very large cage, but they are often loose, and fly to meet me and their master when we enter the room. Dr. Johnson was the first to speak. He one day whispered, "Pretty, pretty," quite distinctly. Then Joey took up his parable, and far outstripped his teacher in the art of speaking. He is a most sentimental character, and makes love and kisses in the prettiest way. He hates solitude, and sometimes, when Dr. Johnson, worn out with flying, scolding and eating, tucks his little head under his wing to enjoy a siesta, Joey gives him no peace, but pulls his tail and wings and tries to make him talk, and if this is in vain he catches hold of his bill and forcibly pulls his head from where it nestles amongst the soft, green feathers. Then the great anger of Dr. Johnson is a sight to witness. He cranes his neck, his eyes flash forth yellow light, till the black pupil is scarcely visible, and lunges forth at Joey and screams with rage. Joey sits with a placid smile. He is happy, for he has done what he wished—roused up Dr. Johnson.

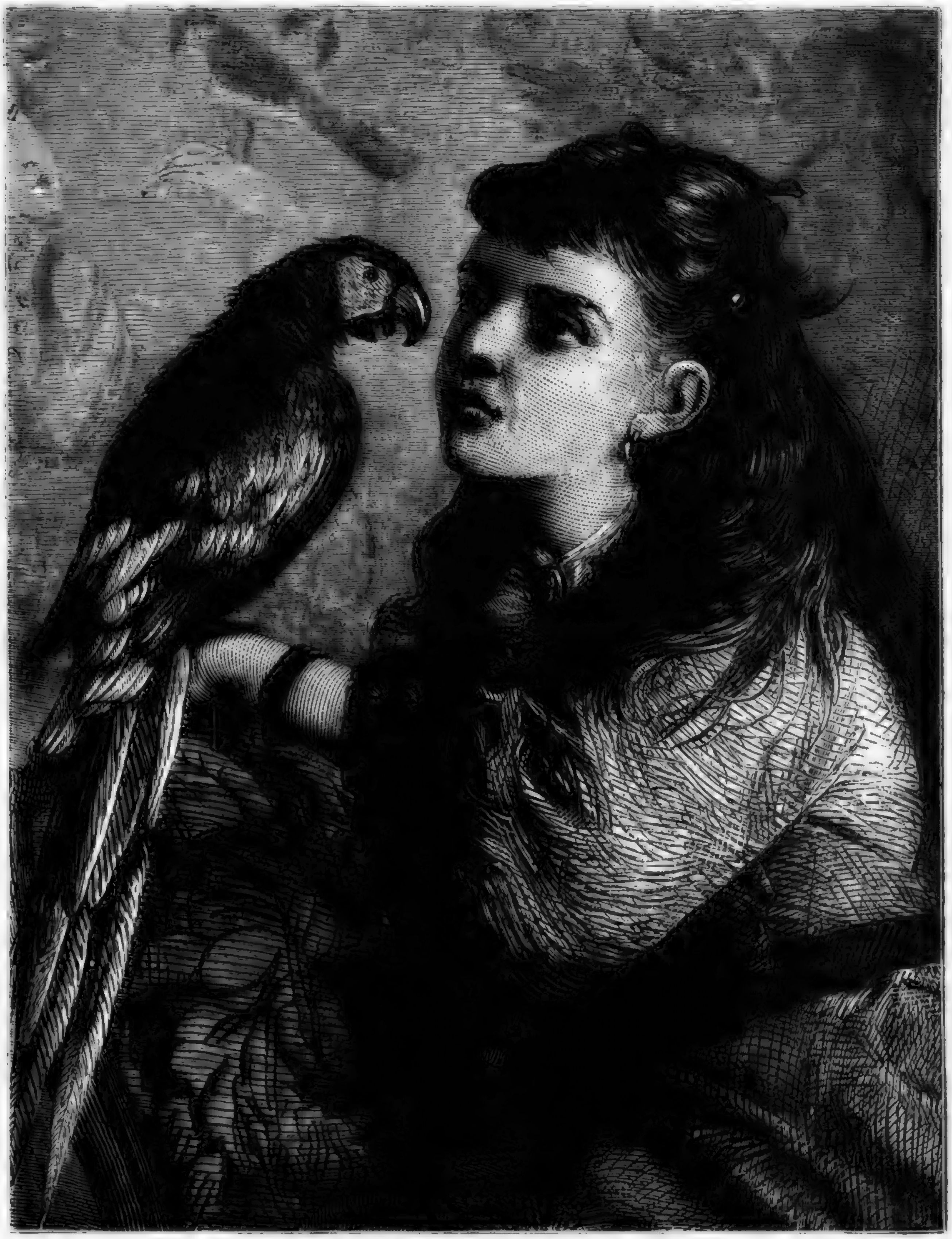
I was very busy embroidering a curtain, soon after we landed, and Dr. Johnson, willing to be useful as well as


A WALK IN THE FAROES.—A HOUSE AT SORWAAG.


A WALK IN THE FAROES.—A BEDCHAMBER.

ornamental, learned how to sew. He would sit on the side of the wooden frame, watching the patient needle as it stabbed the cloth in and out. Suddenly, one day, he made a dash at the needle coming through the work, and pulling it out with a jerk, ran again to the side of the frame, repeating his movement at every stitch, with many gambols amongst the wools and silks.

Now my parrots were happy indeed, for they had left their London home, and were spending all the glad summer-time in the country; they were out all day, flying about in the balmy, scented air, frisking and flirting in the sunlight, or playing hide-and-seek amongst the spreading branches of verdant, tall oak and elm trees, and darting about, mad with joy at their liberty. Suddenly they would take wing and fly beyond the reach of mortal eye, and then suddenly a shriek of joy would betray their presence, and, panting and puffing with their exertions, they would settle on my shoulder and kiss me over and over again. The sunshine glancing on their gay plumage made them shine like jewels. Sometimes they would settle in a little holly tree, and, if an impudent sparrow or brave cock-robin ventured to settle on that



PARROTS I HAVE MET.—SEE PAGE 488.

tree, the indignation of Dr. Johnson would wax warm. He would put his head on one side, take their bearings well, and then would scuttle up and down the branches after them, helter-skelter, falling often headlong into a bunch of prickly leaves in his haste to catch them, and never rest till he chased them away. They both took delight in sitting on a rose-tree and pulling the flowers and buds to pieces—watching me all the time to see how much damage I would stand, and knowing as well as I did that they were in mischief. What pleasant memories they must have been storing up with which to refresh themselves during the coming Winter months, and how many chats they will have all about the warm, bright sunshine and the cloudless sky, the clustering roses, the twittering birds they saw and heard, and all the exquisite sights and sounds of summer-time!

A BLIGHT.

By William Waterfield.

I set a rose-tree by my door,
I looked for bloom in Summer hours,
The wind blew cold across the moor
And blasted all my opening flowers

I chose my love and won her troth;
She cut for me her silken hair;
But like my ring she brake her oath,
And left me lone my pain to bear.

Oh, day, when Spring and Winter met!
Oh, hope too early nipped with cold!
The golden lock is left me yet,
But dross is all love's promised gold.

My rose may lift its head again,
And Summer garlands wreathe my door;
But my true heart has loved in vain;
The wound she gave can heal no more.

KAHMILE.

By Clarence M. Boutelle.

Chapter I.

Let me introduce myself to the reader. I am Miss Kitty Fitzgerald—oh, dear no, I am not, either. I am Catherine Trevor now, and the happiest woman in the world. Only—only I wonder why Kahmile need ever have come into my life. I beg his pardon (and yours) for my rudeness; but he was rarely called Mr. Kahmile by any one. To friend, foe, and mere acquaintance, he was only Kahmile. I have consulted Richard—Richard is my husband, Mr. Trevor—and he says it is my right to tell all I know of Mr. Kahmile, and that it may be my duty.

"No nonsense about being bound to silence should stand in the way of the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," says Richard.

And as Richard is a lawyer, I suppose he ought to know.

I have thought it best to leave the names of places, of people, and the ship (the reader who is not impatient will come to all that in good time) indefinite. I should never forgive myself if I brought any one into trouble by anything I may write; to say nothing of the reluctance I have to being awakened some night with a dagger at my throat.

I shall always remember when I first met Mr. Kahmile. If I say that it was in Europe I am going as far as I think best. I met Mr. Kahmile in Europe, then, and at a ball.

The night was a warm one, and I had grown tired of the dance. Young ladies in stories in that condition, always go to the conservatory or out of doors; I often wonder why it is that a woman who is thoroughly tired of dancing, is usually fresh for flirtation, and seeks it in its natural surrounding, flowers or moonshine. I went to the conservatory, it is true, but I did not go in search of flirtation. Not that I claim to be superior to a natural love of power, and a liking for this very pleasant and human (the equivalent of cruel) amusement; but in truth I knew no one with whom to flirt.

I knew a dozen gentlemen, who were present, well enough to talk with them, and dance with them, not enough to give them a thought afterward or to believe they gave me one. I knew an awkward, careless Fred Eaton—a man who was always getting into some dreadful scrape or other—well enough to be on the most friendly terms with him in a sisterly way.

He was engaged to a girl in America, which was one count against a possible flirtation with him; I knew of his engagement, which was a second count; and he knew that I knew of his engagement—three times and out, they say, and this I think was three times and out with a vengeance.

Last, I knew Richard Trevor. But he, poor fellow, was so desperately in love with me, that one could not flirt with him. I assert, then, that I went into the conservatory to rest.

There was a large space devoted to trees and shrubs and flowers. In the centre was a large fountain. Doors opened out of it into various rooms. Some of these rooms had the doors open—they were at the disposal of of the guests that night. In some of them various games were going on; I fancy that large sums of money changed hands in more than one of those rooms that evening, and every evening. Other doors were closed; I should have believed no one would have thought of entering one them without invitation or permission. Certainly if any one was likely to do so, it was Fred Eaton, and Fred Eaton did try to do so.

I was standing behind a group of tall plants not more than a dozen feet from a closed door, when Mr. Eaton entered the conservatory. He looked in at two or three doors where card-playing was going on, and then came to the door nearest me. He hesitated a moment, then opened the door and stepped in. There was a quick, half-smothered cry from him, a cry evidently unheard by any one outside the room except myself, and then, as the door swung slowly back wide open, I could see and hear what took place in the little room.

There was in the room a long table covered with green cloth, and loaded with maps, plans, official-looking books and manuscripts.

There were two men in the room besides Mr. Eaton. One was very tall and very slender, the other was very short and very stout.

Mr. Eaton stood with his back toward me; the other two men faced me. I have never seen such a union of terror, fear and hate on any other human faces as appeared on theirs. The face of each was white. The black eyes of the tall man and the blue eyes of the short man glared out of these white faces with a look which had the most terrible of meanings in it. It meant murder, or if there is anything worse than murder it meant that.

The tall man had Mr. Eaton by the throat with his left hand; the left hand of the short man held Mr. Eaton's arm like a vise; and each man held a dagger in his right hand.

I must confess that if Mr. Eaton's life had depended on my giving an alarm I could not have done it. I was simply dumb with terror.

After a few seconds the short man said:

"His cry wasn't heard, General Kahmile; we are safe yet. Swear him."

"Do you wish to live?" said the tall man.

"Yes," gasped Mr. Eaton.

"Well, you can, on conditions. Not a word above a whisper, remember. You may let him go."

The last words were addressed to the short man.

Thus commanded, he dropped Mr. Eaton's arm and stood a pace nearer the door.

The tall man loosened his clasp on the throat of the frightened man. He placed his hand upon Mr. Eaton's head, just touched his throat with the point of the dagger, and said: "Hold up your right hand."

Mr. Eaton obeyed him.

"You do solemnly swear that you are blind to what you might see, deaf to what you might hear, and dumb to what you might reveal. You promise to forget all you can, to show no mercy to the foes of those who thus spare your life, and to obey without question all who write or say to you the word——"

And he stooped forward and whispered something in Mr. Eaton's ear.

"I do," said Mr. Eaton.

"Well," said the tall man, "you have one week in which to leave Europe. Give any reason for going—*except the truth.*"

Mr. Eaton left the room, and I watched him as he went back toward the room where the dancers were. It was a question whether he was most astonished, frightened, or angry.

The short man stepped outside the door and looked about suspiciously. He was evidently satisfied that no one had seen what took place in the private room. He re-entered, and I heard the door locked.

You may be sure of two things. I waited long enough to be certain that neither of those dreadful men would come out to look again; and I didn't wait a moment longer. I hurried back to the dancers again. I had time to become composed before the crowning event of the evening took place.

Mr. Trevor had danced with me, and later had talked with me, while we watched the others dance. Suddenly he started up.

"There is a gentleman I wish to present to you."

And without waiting for an answer he rushed off.

I did not notice which way he went, and I was thinking of something else (the reader can easily guess what) when he returned. I had not noticed his approach until he spoke.

"Miss Fitzgerald, allow me to introduce my old friend Kahmile."

It seemed to be natural for him to say "Kahmile" and no more. I am glad to say that I had presence of mind enough to say "Mr. Kahmile." But to this day I have wondered what would have happened if I had called him "General."

Chapter II.

The next day our party went on an excursion. I will not say what ruins we went to visit, for I don't care to be called on to answer any questions by any friends of Mr. Kahmile or the stout, blue-eyed gentleman.

As I said some time ago, Europe is a large place. Let me see—did I say that? Well, it is a large place, and the ruins were there—in Europe.

I had not made my mind up at that time to marry Richard, although he has told me since that he had fully determined to marry me, and he always succeeds in what he attempts. But while I was still in doubt as to how I should dispose of the poor fellow, I accepted the attentions which he was willing to lavish on me. So it happened that I rode by his side that day.

We admired the scenery; we admired the horses we rode; we discussed the ruins we were to see. These themes seemed endless. But at last we came to the subject of the ball, and I had a chance to ask the questions I was so anxious to ask, and ask them without showing any anxiety.

"Who is Mr. Kahmile?" I asked.

Richard's jealousy kindled at once, and his dignity came into view with it. He answered my question by asking another.

"Do you like Mr. Kahmile?"

"Not at all," I said, and told the truth when I said it. "On the contrary, I took a dislike to him at once. But he seems to be a little unlike many men we meet, and I wondered who he is and what he is."

"No one knows."

"But you called him your 'old friend Kahmile' when you introduced him."

"Well, I told the simple truth when I said it. I met him ten years ago. I have met him at a hundred places in Europe since. We have never been very intimate; but I think he counts me among his friends. I believe in his honesty. Many do not."

"The many are apt to be in the wrong," I answered; "but as I don't like the man, I may want to enroll myself among those who doubt him. What do they say against him?"

"Well, they accuse him of being a political adventurer—a plotter against rulers and governments. There have been some pretty ugly stories told under men's breaths of which he is the hero. Officers high in power in more than one government have looked vainly for him more than once. And every time he has come to the surface again without a tangible thing against him."

"What object could he have, if he were guilty?"

"Well, there are said to be societies sworn to break down governments. Nihilists, Socialists, or whatever name they go by, the idea is the same. It has been thought that he belonged to some such organization."

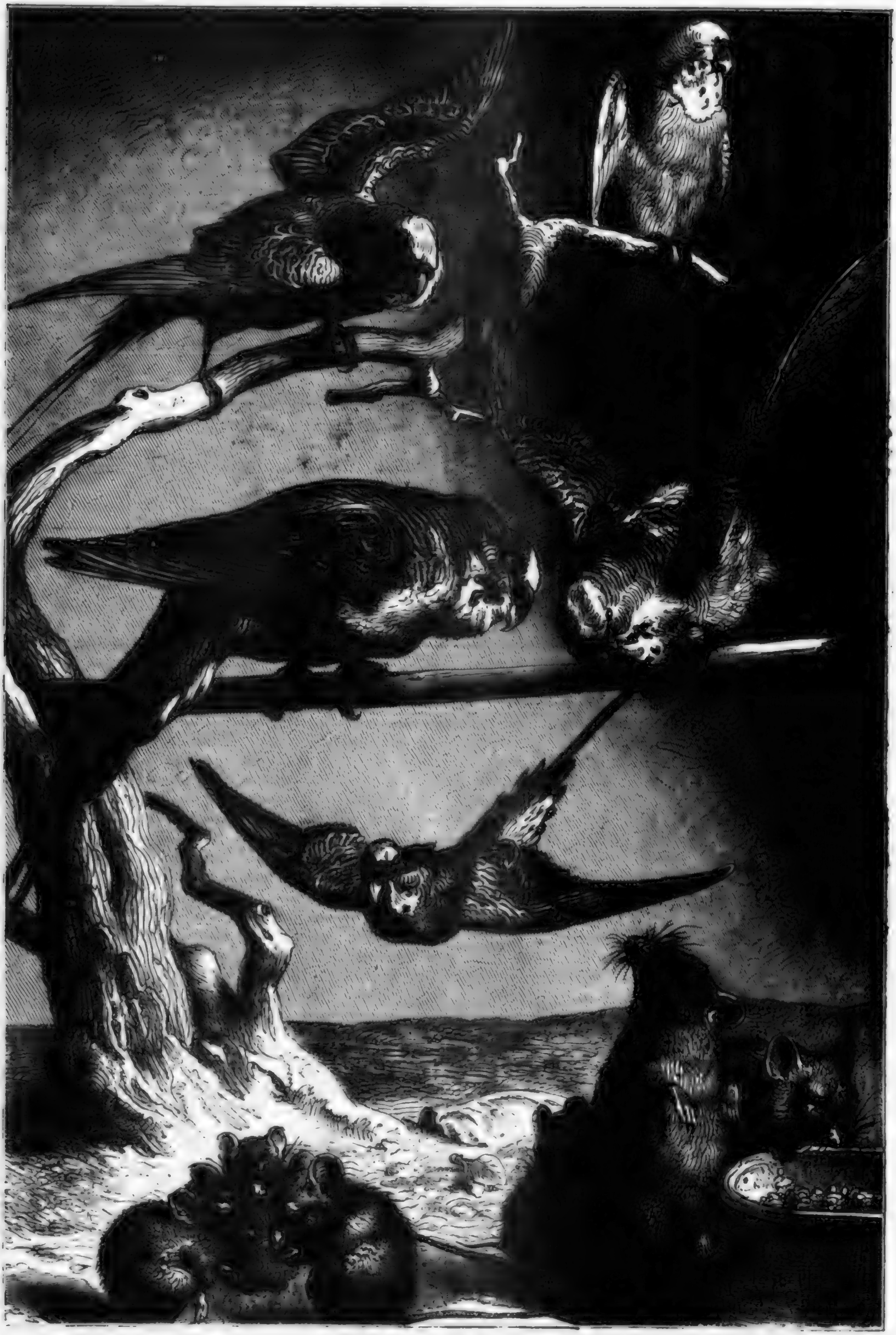
"You don't think he does?"

"No; I am sure he doesn't. Not a week ago I had a talk with him in which he expressed the highest regard for government and authority. More that that, he expressed the greatest horror of those men who kill officers, destroy ships, burn public buildings, and aim at the subversion of authority. I believe in him. I know of no one who does not—just now."

I remembered the scene in the little room off the conservatory, and I knew of one person who *did not* believe in Mr. Kahmile, no matter what the rest of the world might think. But I kept silent.

A little later Fred Eaton rode up beside us. He looked more awkward than ever. Some person with keen powers of observation had once said that Fred Eaton always looked as if he was conscious he was just out of one scrape and wondered how it all happened, and conscious he would be in one again soon, and was wondering what it would be and how he would get out.

I did wish that keen-eyed judge of human nature could be with us then. Mr. Eaton evidently knew he was in a scrape, and was at a loss regarding everything else. It was very different to see Mr. Fred Eaton on a



A GROUP OF PARROTS.—SEE PAGE 488.

KAHMILE.—"HE OPENED A SLIDE IN A DARK LANTERN HE HELD IN HIS HAND, AND SIGNALED TO THE MEN ABOVE WHEN WE TOUCHED WATER."—SEE PAGE 494.

good horse, in the clear sunlight, and among his friends, from seeing him in a half-lighted room with Kahmile's dagger at his throat.

My spirits had regained their even balance. I fear I was wicked enough to enjoy Mr. Eaton's evident discomfiture.

"I start for America to-morrow."

"You—do—what?"

The question was Mr. Trevor's.

"I start for America to-morrow."

"Why?"

"I received a telegram. My sister is at the point of death."

"Your sister?"

"Yes, my sister."

"It's queer I have never heard you speak of her."

"I don't know. This is my oldest sister."

"How many have you?"

"I have seven sisters."

Mr. Eaton was getting uneasy. Mr. Trevor was getting uneasy too.

Mr. Eaton dropped back and joined his partner, leaving me with Mr. Trevor.

"What does this mean?"

"How should I know?" I asked.

"Has Eaton been making love to you?"

This with a sudden suspicion.

"I don't recognize your right to ask such a question," said I, in a very dignified manner, or at least with an attempt to be very dignified.

Then, the thought of how much the man must care for me, to feel that he must know the answer to that question, came over me all at once, and I answered more kindly:

"No, he has not."

"I am so glad. You know I——"

"Never mind now, Mr. Trevor; you have proposed to me twice this week. Please do not to-day. I want to know about Mr. Eaton."

"Well, I don't understand it at all. Not twenty-four hours ago he told me he had inherited all of his father's fortune because he was the only heir—the only child. And now he says he has seven sisters."

"How much I admire Mr. Eaton!" said I; "he is sublime."

"Sublime in what, I'd like to know?" growled Richard Trevor.

"Sublime in invention," I said, "he is the grandest and most perfect liar I ever knew."

CHAPTER III.

A YEAR of war will undo a century of peace, an hour of earthquake will undo all that untold ages have done to make a region fit and beautiful for man. Human interest centres in the quick and sudden. History is the record of wars, the most popular science is the record of destruction and desolation.

So in the lives of individuals. It is best worth the telling when events hurry the one after the other. I cannot tell whether the day of my journey to the ruins has any other claim to interest. The kind reader must decide that. But the claim of eventfulness it has.

Fred Eaton was to leave Europe, and I knew why. He had lied about it, and I knew why. But a telegram from America did come to our party that day. Richard showed it to me. Business called him home, and the summons was imperative.

It was arranged that the remainder of the party, including myself, should remain until nearly night. But Richard and Mr. Eaton were to return to the city at noon, and at four o'clock start on their journey.

Richard found time to get half an hour with me alone. I will be honest enough to say that I helped him make the opportunity. He renewed his proposal, and I, having found my heart when long absence stared me in the face, accepted him.

I was to remain in Europe for a few months, then return to America and be married at once. The engagement was to be kept private for no better reason than the sentimental reluctance which young people sometimes have to hear their affairs discussed by others.

The ruins we visited were a popular resort. Parties of tourists would start in the morning, and come back with greatly increased numbers. For others, coming out from town, would often find friends among parties already there, would be introduced all around, and invited to partake of lunch, talk gossip, and help in the mutual entertainment.

By noon our party, which had consisted of a dozen persons in the morning, had grown to twenty.

At a quarter past twelve Richard, Mr. Eaton and myself were talking together, when a mutual friend brought up a gentleman to introduce to us.

It was the blue-eyed man who had been with Mr. Kahmile the night before. Richard had never seen him, and was quietly cordial. I voted Mr. Eaton "sublime" again when I saw how he met him. I voted myself Mr. Eaton's equal because of my composure.

"I learned you were about to return to town," he said to Mr. Eaton, "on your way to America. I leave for New York myself to-day. Shall I have the pleasure of your company? I shall be only too glad to allow you to select routes if the journey does not take too long. I must embark in six days. You will doubtless wish to be on your way as soon as that."

Richard eagerly accepted the man's proposal to accompany them, and Fred Eaton looked more than ever as if he wondered just what had happened, and how it had happened.

All the plans regarding routes were mentioned to the new addition to the party, and Richard and Mr. Eaton soon left us.

We did not leave the scene of our day's pleasure until nearly dark. It was quite dark before we were in sight of the city. And just as the darkness was becoming very great my horse stumbled and fell, and a wave of darkness seemed to surge in on my brain.

When I came back to consciousness again, I found I had broken an ankle. The nervous shock had been very great, and I fainted again, came to consciousness, fainted, and kept on until every one around me was thoroughly frightened.

"We must have medical help at once," said some one.

I knew the voice for that of a friend, but I could not, to have saved my life, have told who spoke.

"A dozen rods further is the house of a friend of mine," said a voice which I never had heard until within less than twenty-four hours; but which I recognized at once as the voice of the stout, blue-eyed man who shared some secret with Kahmile. "The lady will be welcome there, and I can find a doctor sooner than any other one here."

He came to my side as he spoke.

"Why didn't you go with my friends?" I asked.

"I shall overtake them to-morrow," he said.

He never guessed why I asked. If he had known that I saw Kahmile and himself together the evening before, he would doubtless have let me die there that fearful night, almost within sight of help.

I needed help in a hurry, and the man who had waited over—to report to his superior, I said to myself—brought it in a hurry.

I suppose my chances for life were small, and growing smaller when the crowd of friends around the bed to which I had been carried slowly parted.

"The doctor, Miss Fitzgerald," said the man who had brought him. "Miss Fitzgerald, this is Dr. Kahmile."

My chances for life strengthened at once. Curiosity for once served a woman truly. I resolved that I would live, if only to find out all—about—— Well, general, or mister, or doctor, I would find out the mystery of Kahmile!

Several who knew Kahmile more or less looked their wonder at his being a physician. One put it into words.

"I studied and graduated when I was younger," said Kahmile. "I haven't practiced much lately. But I can save this lady's life. If they had waited until they could have found some one else——"

He looked very grave.

Whatever else Kahmile might or might not be, he certainly was a good doctor. He eased my pain; he quieted my nerves; he saved my life in the terrible crisis which had come upon me, and in the long and weary days which followed he did more than any one else in bringing me back to health again.

"Forewarned is forearmed," they say. I was fully forewarned. I remembered my promise to Richard, but it was a less safeguard behind which to intrench myself than the memory of Kahmile's dagger at Mr. Eaton's throat. It had been many a weary week from the time when my horse fell with me to the time when Kahmile said, in his quiet way, with a smile which was half-sad:

"You are well now, Miss Fitzgerald, and I resign my doctorship."

Money would have been an insult to this man, and so I paid him as fully as I could in the heart-coin of humanity—thanks.

I returned to the city, and I saw no more of Kahmile for a week.

One evening he sent up his card. I saw when he entered the room just what was coming. There was no way to avoid it.

He looked even taller and thinner, as he stood before me, than he had ever seemed to me before. His long black hair seemed longer and blacker; his eyes looked darker and keener. Under his dark complexion was a terrible hint of pallor which might come to the surface at any time. But his eyes were as kind as those of a woman for all their sharpness. It was as though they could have said:

"We will be kind and good to you, but you must uncover your very soul to us."

Kahmile declined the chair I offered, and then he spoke. I cannot tell all he said, nor all I said. No man can have ever urged his love for a woman in a wilder tempest of long-pent-up passion than he did. Under his wonderful will and his wild words the last excuse of any woman who cared for him in the least would have melted away for ever. From that night I date the certainty that I could never have loved Kahmile under any circumstances. For I know that if that man had spoken the words he did to one whose heart responded to them, she would have thrown promises to the winds, doubts to the night, and would have married him in spite of all the daggers and oaths one ever dreamed of.

Respect for the good in the man—respect which could never have grown to love; pity for the bad in him—pity which has never changed to condemnation; these are the extremes of what I have felt, and the extremes of all I ever could have felt for Kahmile.

We parted friends. He shook my hand with the tears standing in his eyes as he did it, and without a word of farewell he left me. I must confess that I cried when he was gone.

CHAPTER IV.

THERE are men who will travel around the world and never see an accident, never miss a connection. I see them sometimes, clean when their fellow-travelers are dirty, fresh when they are tired, and have wondered whether the rain ever fell on them, whether anything ever troubled them. It gives one a feeling of security to travel with them, but it is an aggravation for all that.

There are other men who follow bad fortune with a disquieting regularity. Turn a railroad train down an embankment, and you see this kind of a man creep out of the wreck; burn a theatre, and the firemen find him at a window waiting for the ladders to come.

With reason utterly against my ever seeing him again after these pages have been written, I shall never experience fright nor meet misfortune without nervously looking behind me to see if Kahmile is there.

It was three months after he asked me for my love that I met him again.

I have kept the location of the city where the room with the maps and charts were a secret. I will not tell the place where I next met this man of mystery more definitely than to say it was in the Alps.

We had climbed during the day, and there had been an accident on the way back. One of the guides, usually so surefooted, fell among the rocks, and was dead when found. And Kahmile was the first one to reach his side and try to restore him to life—Kahmile, whose presence anywhere near us I had not even suspected. He appeared in a new light here—the light of a consoler of bereaved hearts, and I could not but admire the man for the kindness and tact he displayed.

He asked leave to call on me that evening. I granted it. He saw me in the great parlor of the hotel where we stopped. I cannot tell what he would have said to me had our interview lasted longer than it did. We had not talked more than ten minutes when the door opened without any knock or warning. The stout, blue-eyed man who had been so prominent in my story, entered the room.

I am glad to say it is his last entrance into these pages. He never glanced at me; there was nothing in anything he said or did to indicate that he knew of my presence. He walked across the room, laid a note in Kahmile's hand, then turned and left without a word.

Kahmile opened and read the note, his face growing whiter and more pained than I had ever seen it. He glanced at his watch anxiously.

"I must leave you, Miss Fitzgerald. Farewell, until we meet again—if we ever do."

He crumpled the note in his hand, threw it into the fire, and was gone.

I must confess to a great deal of curiosity in my nature, and this event had nothing in it to lessen that, I am sure. I stepped to the fire, and found that the note had fallen where it was unharmed. At the risk of lowering myself in the estimation of those who are proof against temptation (or those who think they are, never having been tempted), I will confess that I rescued the note, smoothed it out, and read it.

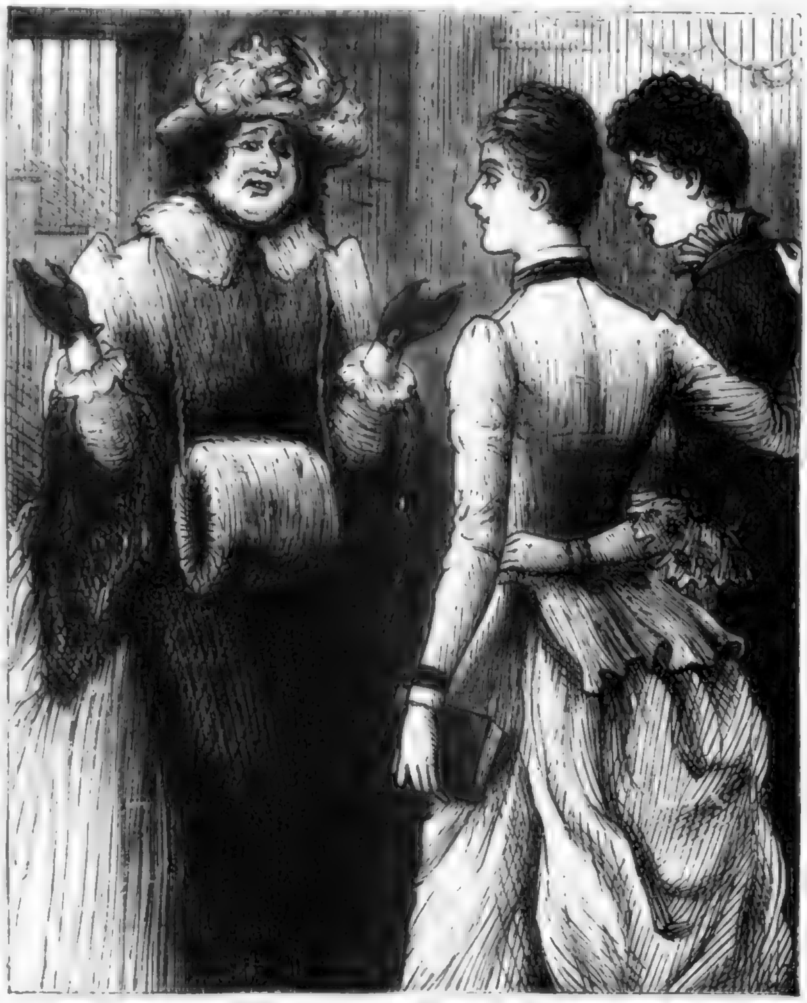
Later events have determined me in keeping the date, the name of the vessel, and the signature, all from the reader. The latter was evidently not a person's name, but a private password, or something of that sort.

The note was as follows :

> "KAHMILE—The —— sails from Liverpool to New York on ——. Information against us goes. *See to it.* ———"

CHAPTER V.

I SENT for the landlord and the guides a little later, when I had learned the note by heart, and then burned it, and I asked for conveniences for leaving at once. I had resolved to go to New York on the same steamer with Kahmile if possible. I knew enough of routes to be sure that tact and money would take me to Liverpool in season for the ship. An inexperienced traveler would have no chance to get there. But I believed I could.



CUTTING OUT THE DAY.

Aunt Matilda (at eleven a.m.): "AH, MY DEAR GIRLS, I THOUGHT YOU'D BE SUR RISED TO SEE ME! YOU SEE, THERE WAS AN EXCURSION FROM GREEN COUNTY TO-DAY. SO I THOUGHT I'D JUST RUN UP AND GET YOU TO TAKE ME TO A FEW PLACES—CONEY ISLAND, AND GRANT'S TOMB, AND THE STATUE OF LIBERTY, AND THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, AND THE FOUNDLING ASYLUM, AND THE SCENE OF THAT LAST AWFUL MURDER; THEN DINE WITH THE SOROSIS, AND TAKE MY SEVEN O'CLOCK TRAIN HOME. I DON'T SUPPOSE I CAN GET TO THE ACADEMY OF DESIGN."

All my baggage was in the hotel, and none had been unpacked except a small traveling-bag. I left the hotel in less than an hour.

I reached Liverpool in season to go on the ship as I desired. My trunks went on board, and I went on board myself the night before we sailed.

Sea-sickness kept me in my room until we had been out two days. I learned many things regarding the ship and passengers from the woman who waited on me. She took quite a fancy to me, or to the money I gave her, and I heard all the gossip I wished. The reader will readily believe that I took most interest in the accounts of a tall, thin man, who was evidently very queer, and who was either sick or terribly anxious in mind. His queerness manifested itself in various ways ; he had insisted on having all his baggage in his room, in taking care of his room himself, in staying on deck nearly all the time, in being on the best of terms with all the sailors. The fact that he had fainted dead away twice since the ship started from Liverpool indicated sickness, or something worse.

It was just at the close of a beautiful day that I went on deck for the first time. The moon was rising, the sea was calm, we were in the seeming centre of a vast, watery world. I saw Kahmile standing near the side of the vessel. His face was half-turned toward me, and I could see at once that he was indeed sick. And to the sickness there seemed to be added sorrow and a waiting horror. I pitied the man from the bottom of my heart without being able to tell why.

In a moment he turned and our eyes met. For a moment there was such a look of utter agony and despair in his as words cannot tell, nor thought imagine.

Then his physical nature showed mercy to the mental, and he fell unconscious on the deck. I could not remain, but calling for help for him, I went below.

An hour later he sent for me.

"You will excuse my weakness, Miss Fitzgerald, I am sure. I am far from being well, and the surprise of seeing you unbalanced me. I journeyed without delay to reach the ship on a business call. I left you in a little place in the Alps. I find you here. I don't understand it."

"It is all simple enough," I said. "But you are too tired, I fear, to talk much. Let me read to you."

He bowed his head, and I sat and read to him by the full light of the moon for an hour or more.

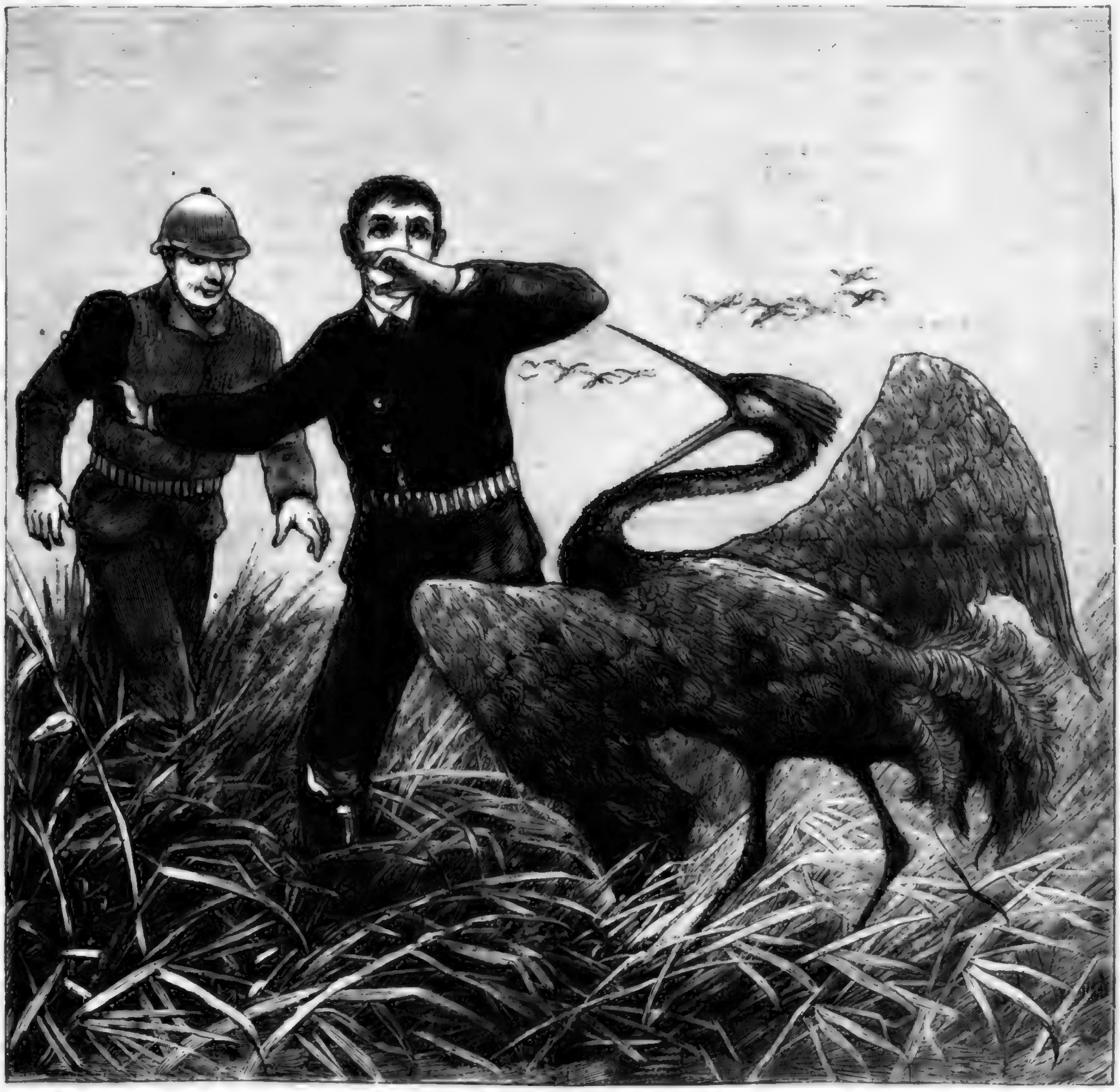
When I excused myself to go below, he evidently wished to talk more, but I would not stay.

The next day was a perfect one. Every passenger, who was not absolutely confined to his bed by sea-sickness, was on deck.

I read to Kahmile for an hour in the morning. I then proposed a different work, and that he should read it to me. He offered to go for the book, but I declined the offer. He then said he would remain on deck and smoke while I was gone.

As I was on my way to get the book, I saw the door of Kahmile's room was open. The demon of curiosity got the upper hand of me, and I walked in.

The room was littered with various articles, and looked no more mysterious than mine would have looked to a masculine eye. A second glance showed me that his principal piece of baggage was a strange one. At first sight it looked like a strong and well-made trunk, and nothing more. But looking closer, I noticed that it was fastened by three padlocks, no two of which were alike. Next I saw that it had been screwed to the floor and wall. The work was recent.



HUNTING THE "SAND-HILL."—SEE PAGE 502.

I was puzzled—seriously puzzled. I stooped over the box to look at the padlocks, and a slight noise attracted my attention. I bent nearer, and the awful truth was plain to me. I heard a regular movement of machinery.

The box, screwed to the floor and wall, and hidden in the room of a man who allowed no one but himself to come near it, had clockwork inside, and the works were moving!

I thought of the stories I had heard of Kahmile; of the stories I had heard of infernal machines used to destroy shipping; of the imperative "See to it!" which I had found in the note to Kahmile, and of the scene in which Mr. Eaton had had a part.

I turned to leave the room, and there stood Mr. Kahmile in the doorway. He had been watching me.

He came inside the room and closed the door.

"Do you want to live?" said Kahmile.

"I do," I said, with a sob.

"Hold up your right hand."

He laid his left hand on my head, and drawing a dagger, he placed the point against my throat.

"You do solemnly swear that you are blind to what you might see, deaf to what you might hear, and dumb to what you might reveal. You promise to forget all you can, to show no mercy to the foes of the man who thus spares your life, and to obey without question all who write or say to you the word——"

And he stooped forward and whispered a word I have no intention of repeating here. It was the word I had read at the bottom of the note he had left in the hotel-parlor in the Alps.

We both glanced at the box, and we both shuddered. A moment later he had fainted again.

I opened his door. There was no one in sight. Leaving the door open, I gave the alarm. I explained in his hearing, when he was conscious again, that I saw him start to enter his room, and fall as he opened the door. He was wise enough and kind enough not to deny my story, and he looked his thanks when he saw that I had drawn his waterproof coat over his trunk.

I refused to see Kahmile after that, and we lived apart for several days.

The night had settled down dark and rainy. There was no wind, but it was a terrible night on deck, and I did not venture out.

"We shall arrive at New York before noon to-morrow," said the captain, and I went to my room very early.

I threw myself, dressed as I was, across my bed, and waited for I know not what. If the terrible machinery in Kahmile's room could only run eighteen hours longer—if it only could, I should be safe.

At last I slept. I was awakened by a hand on my shoulder and a voice in my ear saying the word which stood in my mind as the symbol of the most fearful and mysterious authority in the world. I opened my eyes to see Kahmile bending over me.

"Come," he said, "and come quietly. Without the oath you took, you must have been left behind. Now, I can take you with me."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"To save your life. Come quietly."

He helped me with my waterproof, and with such other articles as I would need. I silently followed him on deck. We moved slowly along in the shadows. We reached the place where there was an arrangement for lowering the best boat on board into the water. Two men, bribed with Kahmile's money to help us, stood ready, and we stepped in and were let down into the darkness and the night. Kahmile opened a slide in a dark lantern he held in his hand, and signaled to the men above when we touched the water.

As they cast us loose from the ship, Kahmile handed me the lantern and reached for an oar. I turned the light toward him as he did so, and saw the mad terror in his eyes as he felt his powers giving way. He fainted dead away as he stood in the boat. I sprang forward to catch him, but was too late. He went overboard into the rain and darkness, down into the inky waves and out of my life for ever.

No matter how I reached land after a week of drifting. No matter how I have kept the day of my journey and the name of the ship I sailed in from all except my husband. Enough that I am here, enough that I have kept the secret, enough that the ship in which I sailed is simply one of those which was never heard from and never will be.

HUNTING THE "SAND-HILL."

THE "sand-hill," or gray crane, the *Grus cinerea* of the naturalist, is fast coming in great favor as a game-bird on the big prairies of the newly settled Northwest. Indeed, this bird already takes rank in many localities as the equal of the wild goose, not only as big game, delighting the eye and the heart of the gunner, but also as a table delicacy of excellent flavor.

I am aware that the crane is altogether too common a bird to require description, even to the school-children of this age of readers and *see-ers*, but as a game-bird I fancy it may present new matter of interest to some of the many readers of this Magazine.

The great high prairie country lying between the Upper Mississippi and the Missouri Rivers, and extending northward to the region of constant snows, is the Summer home, both of the "sand-hill" and the still larger white crane, or *Grus Americanis*. During the three warmest months of the year, these large birds are scattered widely over this vast territory, haunting, in pairs, the marshy edges of lakes, sloughs and streams, and busied in rearing their young. But in early Autumn there comes a change of habit. It is then, when the wings of the young are strong enough to fly, that the members of separate families begin to herd together, and those of the far north to move southward. In October they come down upon the wheat and cornfields of Minnesota, Dakota, Northern Iowa and Nebraska in immense droves. Indeed, they very frequently alight upon the fields of unhusked corn in such destructive throngs, that the farmer is literally compelled to "go forth, musket in hand, to the defense," not "of his country," but his crop.

The sportsman, however, has no complaint to utter at this state of affairs, and to the "sand-hill" he is a far more dangerous enemy than the blustering crop-owner, who goes out into his fields to drive and scare, and who almost invariably wastes his ammunition in firing upon the wily birds.

The crane-*hunter*, the man or boy, who actually goes out after them with the intent to make a bag, will most certainly find the "game worth the candle"; and, no matter how thick they are, he may surely congratulate himself if he shall secure two or three in a half-day's hunt. An occasional stroke of luck, however, will follow the persistent and skilled hunter, who may two or three times during the season come in at night with six or eight of these huge birds in his wagon. At such times he goes about triumphant, hunting his friends, and quite frequently "blowing" of his exploit in the most extravagant fashion.

The crane is a bird of exceedingly watchful habits. It is truly "argus-eyed." Standing, as it does, from four to five feet in height, and habiting the open grounds, it is triply prepared to discover the presence or the approach of enemies. This is so true of the white crane—which is several inches taller and considerably greater in bulk than the gray—that its defenses are considered by the sportsman as practically impregnable. It is, in fact, almost impossible to bring one within range even of a good sporting rifle. It is occasionally done, though, and if the shot is successful the gunner finds himself in possession of a specimen of the most magnificent game-bird which the North American field affords. The bird, if an old one, will quite likely have a length, from point of beak to tip of toe, of five and one half feet, of which three and one-half are about equally divided between neck and legs; a breadth of wing varying from seven and one half to eight feet, and a body weighing thirty to thirty-five pounds. If killed in early Spring, it will be found decked in truly gorgeous plumage, all of the purest, snowiest white, except only the wing-tips, which, for the several inches from the ends to the last joint, are glossy black. It is upon the rump, or pelois, however, that the true glory of the bird is displayed. Here, especially upon the male bird, may be plucked a royal cluster of curling white plumes, that would delight the heart of a city milliner, even were her customers numbered among the most fastidious.

But it is not of the white crane that I wish to write at length, and I have, perhaps, improperly called it a "game-bird." For fifteen years, ever since I could carry a gun, in fact, I have hunted more or less during the shooting months upon the prairies of the West, and have secured *two* specimens of the *Grus Americanis*.

Fortunately for the sportsman, the Sand-hill is by no means unattainable game.

The last half of the Fall months is, by far, the most favorable time for hunting the crane upon its northern feeding grounds.

When the warm Indian Summer sun has fully dried the newly ripened corn, and the nights begin to grow cold and frosty, the peculiar whirring cry of these birds may be heard far and near as they fly in from the marshes, morning and evening, and alight upon the fields.

With the reader's permission, let me now assume the present tense in writing, while I try, meantime, to divest myself of its usual egotism.

Come, then, with me and my friend Melvin, the inveterate gunner, and join us in a crane-hunt on one of these cool, yellow October mornings.

We have come a good distance, "Mel" and myself, and have brought up finally for a good two weeks' hunt in the newly-settled "Lake District." Here are small lakes, sloughs and marshes alive with geese, brant and duck, and the scattered fields of sod corn—the first crops of the settlers—are beset, evening and morning, with huge droves of long-legged "whoopers."

We have come prepared for these latter fellows, and the farmer, at whose "shanty" we are stopping, has warmly welcomed us.

"Darned awful glad to see ye, boys," he said; "them cranes air jest agoin' for my big field of sod-corn, an' I hain't reely had no time to git among 'em yit. Make yerselves right to home here, now."

He has seen us before on several occasions, and we proceed to make ourselves "to home." We have arrived late, and are too tired to go out on this, our first evening, so, after a hearty supper, we care for our horses, make our preparations for the morning's hunt and go to bed—*i.e.*, we "roll up" in our blankets in one corner of the room, which is parlor, dining-room, kitchen and bedroom combined.

We are up, though, long before daylight, and out to our "blind" at the edge of the settler's long field of sod-corn.

In riding in the evening before, we had marked this spot. It was at a point where the prairie-grass—blue joint—had been mown for hay, and a great hedge of "tumble weeds," rolled across the prairie by the wind, had lodged in large heaps against the nearest stalks of corn.

In here, then, dressed as we are, in yellow duck-hunting suits, with canvas caps of the same color, we have a perfect cover.

Our settler friend has pointed out to us that the cranes almost invariably alight upon the mowing out there in great herds, and, after walking about *ku-dur-r-r-r-k*-ing suspiciously together for some time, finally make their way cautiously into the fields. But not until they have *posted sentinels along on the open ground, though!*

We have found just the place, then, to lie in wait for them. We have crawled into the centre of a large heap of the weeds mentioned, and have each cleared away a "stand," piling the large bowl-shaped bunches about our heads and shoulders, and leaving just interstice enough so that we can command a view through their sprangly branches of the mowed ground in front. It will be an easy matter to scatter the mass quickly away when we are ready to shoot.

In our hands we have each a weighty, ten gauge double-barrel. The paper shells in our belts are heavily loaded, each with six drams of powder and one and a quarter ounces of shot.

Presently there is a slight streak of daylight to be seen in the east, which we are fortunately facing. A few minutes later the far-away *go lunk* is heard of some old gander awaking his flock for the morning flight. Then a flock of early flying mallards passes with a quick *wif, wif, wif* over our heads, and alights amid the cornstalks beyond.

A little later, the geese and brant are winging in from the lakes and ponds, and the morning air is resonant with their cries.

We pay no attention to these, however, as we are not in a favorable spot for goose-shooting, and the crane, for which alone we are prepared, are not such early risers as the water fowl.

But as the daylight broadens, and a tiny spire of red shoots up ahead of the sun, we hear the long-drawn *uk-ud-d-d-d-r-r-k* of the sand-hill, and we know that the game is near at hand.

The cry is repeated, and answered again by a score of throats, and very soon we see a long string of thin, broad-winged birds marked in a jagged line across the horizon.

They are headed for our patch of mowing, and will alight upon it as we had been led to believe they would.

They come nearer and nearer, grow larger and more distinct. They rise higher as they reach the edge of the mowed ground, and turning off at a sweeping curve, lower their slim necks, dangle their long legs beneath their bodies, and, with a great flapping of wings and a medley of weird, querulous cries, drop down upon the ground.

Here they stand, their heads high above the uncut grass beyond them, and their yellowish-gray bodies blending perfectly with its color. But they are tantalizingly out of range, and we must wait for the other flocks which are now drifting in the same long, jagged lines in our direction.

Soon they began to drop down all over the mowed space, the most of them, though, taking care to keep out some distance from the field for the present.

There are a few now stalking about within shooting distance, for the sun is rising and it is getting their breakfast time.

We whisper together a moment, and conclude not to fire upon them until they "bunch up" somewhere within range, for we know that we shall get but a double shot apiece from our present stand, and we are anxious to make them count big.

They are walking in now toward the corn. One big drove is slowly working in toward us. They are stalking along with curious, halting steps, necks stretched high and heads *craned* to the side.

"Suspicious brutes," I mutter, under my breath.

"Wonder if they don't *smell* us," whispers Mel.

They evidently do entertain suspicion of those weed heaps, for they veer off now nearly at a right angle and begin stepping away. Ah! but in doing so they have *bunched* within seventy-five yards. A long shot; but away fly the weeds on all sides of our heads. Two gleaming barrels shoot out over the top of the pile, and two sharp puffs of smoke leap from their ends, followed by a single roaring report.

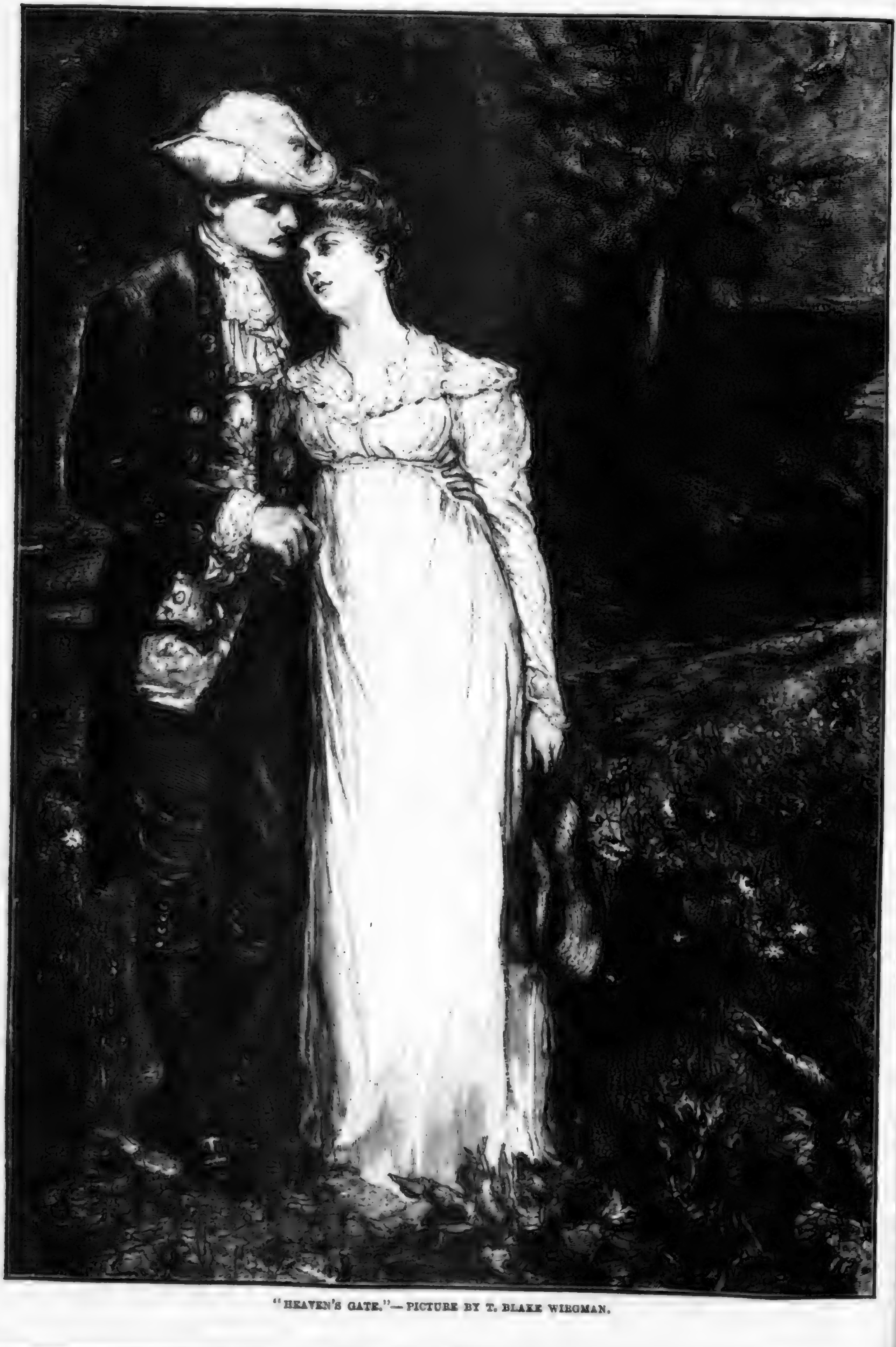
As the cranes, with spread wings, start off at a preliminary run, we pour two barrels more into them.

Droves of cranes arise now on all sides and hustle away, while the air fairly quivers with their long, vibrating cries.

But there are five of them that do not fly away. Our luck has been extremely good this morning. There are four huge birds tumbling about upon the ground mortally hurt, and another, with the tip of its wing broken, is legging it at full speed across the prairie.

"Let's capture him alive," shouts Mel, and dropping our guns upon the weeds we dart away for a short, sharp run after the scudding sand-hill.

He runs well, but we overtake him at last, and then the plucky old long-legs turns fiercely about for a fight.



"HEAVEN'S GATE."—PICTURE BY T. BLAKE WIRGMAN.

XUM

It lifts and flaps its big wings threateningly, draws back its long, wicked bill, arches its neck ready to strike at our eyes, and hisses angrily. At this Mel coolly confronts it, and drawing off his canvas cap with his right hand, makes a quick stroke at its head.

The crane strikes back at the cap, and as it does so Mel's left hand sweeps around with a quick movement and pinions its neck. Before the bird can recover its surprise the dexterous hunter, stooping suddenly, secures its legs with his right hand and lifts it, helpless, off the ground.

I pick up Mel's cap and we walk back to the rest of our game, and cut the necks of those not already dead from the effects of the shot.

The slightly wounded bird is to be shipped as a specimen to Eastern friends if we can make necessary arrangements.

One hour later we are at the cabin of our farmer friend, seated at a steaming breakfast-table, feasting on steaks cut crosswise of a crane's neck, and pronouncing them delicious.

THE RABBIT AND THE GRASSHOPPERS.

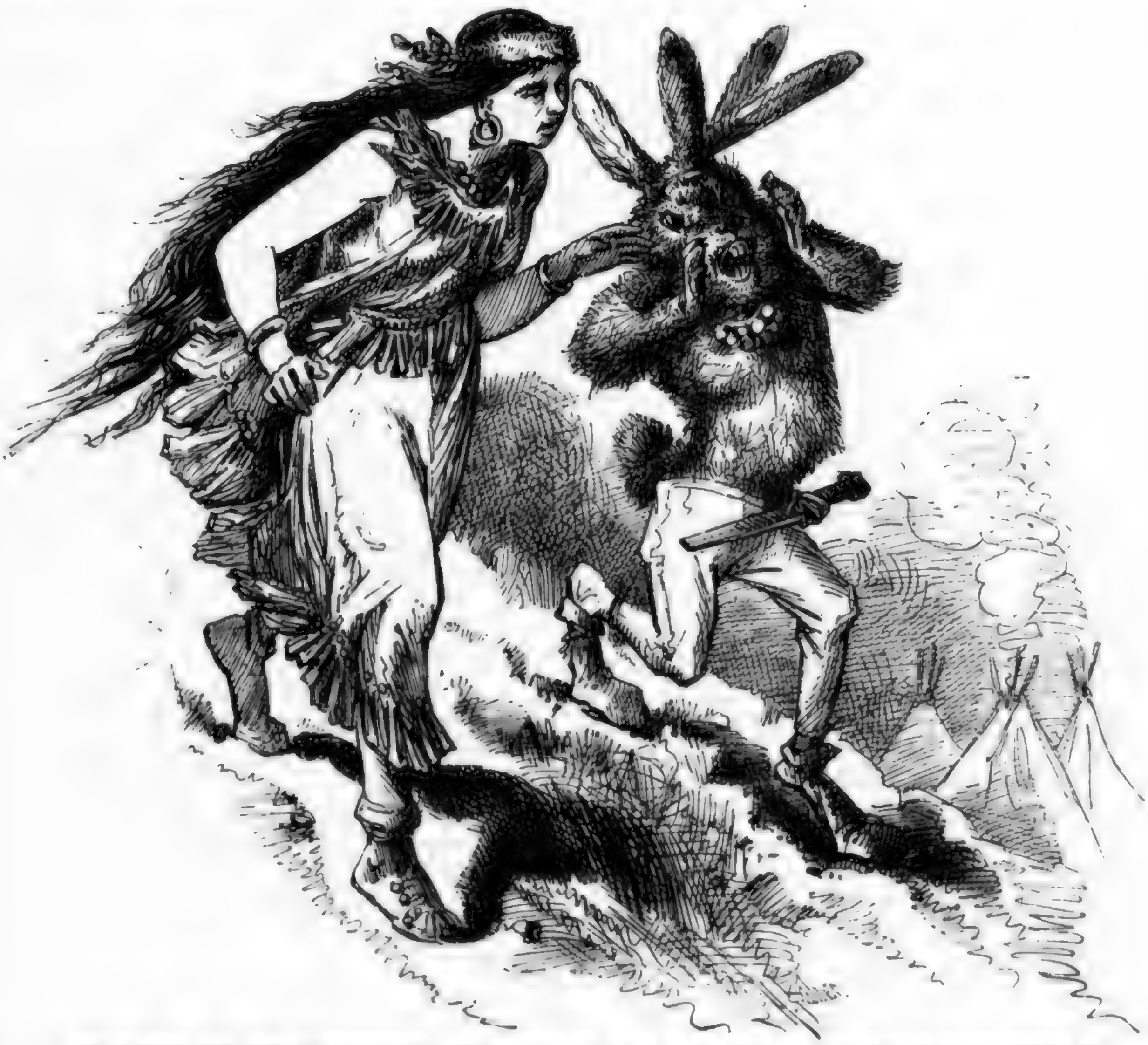
AN OTO MYTH.

By Rev. J. Owen Dorsey.

When Wakanta, the Great Spirit, created men he gave them tobacco. But there were other kinds of people on the earth in those days, and among them were the Grasshopper people, who dwelt in a village. These people persecuted the human race and wished to take the tobacco away from them; for in those days the males of all races of beings were very fond of tobacco.

These Grasshopper people were much larger than grasshoppers are at present; in fact, all of the mysterious animals and beings of that ancient time were of remarkable size, and possessed extraordinary powers as compared with the men and animals of to-day.

One of the mythic characters was Ma-yan, the Earth-woman. She dwelt in a lodge with her grandson, Mish-ching-e, the Rabbit. Ma-yan was the especial friend of the human race, and when she saw them abused by the Grasshoppers her sympathy was aroused, and she called on her grandson to assist her.



THE RABBIT AND THE GRASSHOPPERS.—"HE CRIED SO LOUD THAT HE MADE THE WHOLE EARTH SHAKE."

Said Ma-yan: "My grandson, let us go to the Grasshopper village. Wakanta gave tobacco to your uncle, but the Grasshoppers have taken it away from them. Therefore, let us go and see what can be done for the relief of your uncles." Ma-yan called the human race her children; and as the Rabbit was her grandchild, all men were his "fathers" and all women were his "fathers' sisters," or, as white people would say, his "aunts."

When the Rabbit and Ma-yan arrived at the outskirts of the Grasshopper village the old woman said to him: "My grandson, do whatever you decide to do." Then the Rabbit cried out. He cried so loud that he made the whole earth shake.

"Wâ!" said the Grasshoppers; "a very bad deity has come. We shall be exterminated. Let us try to appease his anger by an offering."

XUM

So the Grasshopper chief took some tobacco and gave it to the Rabbit. The latter handed it to his grandmother, and she put it into her sack. Then the old woman and her grandson went again to the outside of the village, as if they intended going home. But they did not go very far. The Rabbit cried out again, when he stood a little nearer the village than when he first cried out, and he made the earth shake more than on the previous occasion.

The Grasshoppers said: "Hau! it will be an evil day for us. Let the chief give him some more tobacco."

Then one of the chiefs took some tobacco which he gave to the Rabbit.

"Well, grandmother," said the latter, "here is the rest. Take it. It will be very easy for me to get it from them." Once more he and his grandmother went beyond the village.

When he reached a point that was a little nearer the village than was that at which he stood on the second occasion, he cried out the third time, making an earthquake much greater than the others. This increased the alarm of the Grasshoppers. "Oh, these deities are very bad. They have come very close to us. Ho! let one of the chiefs give them tobacco, as before."

The Grasshopper chief took tobacco again, and gave it to the Rabbit. The latter said as follows: "Well, grandmother, they will be very easy to overcome. Here is the rest of the tobacco."

And she took it from him, saying: "Well, my grandson, that is about enough."

Four being the sacred number, it was necessary for the hero to cry out again. So when he had retired again, he returned a little nearer to the village. And on crying out he made the whole earth shake many times, and far worse than ever before.

The Grasshoppers were exceedingly terrified, and all of them flew upward, abandoning their village. But before they departed, each one took a chew of tobacco in his mouth. And this is the reason why all Grasshoppers are just as if they chewed tobacco; and when any person touches one, it sends from its mouth a dark yellow liquid, resembling tobacco juice. If you do not believe this, just notice the first Grasshopper that you catch.

So the Rabbit and Ma-yan got all of the tobacco which the Grasshoppers had abandoned. The old woman scattered the tobacco all over the land; and all the seeds sprouted. And tobacco has grown in the land from that time to the present day.

LEECHES.

It was the opinion of Mrs. Gamp when, in consequence of a distressing communication just received from a sporting gentleman on the Stock Exchange, Mr. Poll Sweedlepipes appeared before her "in a nice state of confugion"—it was the opinion of that remarkable woman that "half a dungeon fresh lively young leeches" on his temple would not be too much to clear his mind. The little barber's agitation was only what one would expect from so sympathetic a soul, for young Bailey lay apparently breathing his last at Salisbury, and though, as Mrs. Gamp remarked with philosophic coolness, "He was born in a wale, and he lived in a wale; and he must take the consequences of sech a sitiwation," his meek and admiring friend could never forget he had once charged him a ha'penny too much for a red poll to hang over the sink, nor could leeches, however potent their effects might be in clearing his mind, have ever done as much for his memory. In those days, among physicians, apothecaries and surgeons, in dispensaries and hospitals, and, among them, at the institution known to Mrs. Gamp and her partner, Betsy Prig, as "Barklemy's," there was no more popular remedy than the leech, and it was only natural that a lady under whose observing eye the parasite was hourly prescribed for so many different disorders should recommend its application in a complicated case of regret for a friend and remorse for a piece of sharp dealing. It was, no doubt, this somewhat indiscriminate use by Mrs. Gamp's patrons and employers that has almost made the leech, considered therapeutically, an animal of the past, and has completely driven the Cupper, who once came daily to the hospital to carry out the orders left by the doctor, out of the "Post-office Directory."

Nor, now that we are on the subject of contemporary reference, should we omit to recall that picture drawn by the Uncommercial Traveler who, one Summer evening, met the leeches leisurely going westward from Gray's Inn. They had strayed, it will be remembered, from his friend Parkle's knee, where a feeble and frightened ticket-porter had been for some hours vainly endeavoring to apply them; and where they went to no one ever knew with certainty, not even Mrs. Miggot the laundress, though next morning it was rumored that the out-of-door young man of Bickle, Bush and Bodger, on the ground floor, had been bitten and blooded by some creature not identified. Nor, again, that inimitable drawing by the hand of their great namesake, where the elderly female in the omnibus creates a panic by breaking a jarful among her fellow-passengers.

There is, perhaps, no sterner comment on the futility of a man's calling than when he finds he cannot live by it. In art, it is not uncommon for the practitioner under such circumstances to devote himself to posterity, and to announce, not as a rule without bitterness, that in thus ignoring the present he perfectly understands the wants of the future, infinitely preferring the estimation of the one to the money of the other. In trade, it is more usual for him to make what he can out of his business, if it be not altogether barren, at the same time adding to it the pursuit of something more profitable. The poet is sometimes an upholsterer, and the artist owner of an effervescent table-water; each supplementing the other, in what Dr. Johnson declared was probably the most innocent of all employments, that of making money. And so it is with leeches; for no one nowadays can hope to make a living by their importation and sale alone, though as an agreeable addition to income, a little pocket money, as it was expressed to us, the leech still holds a place of a certain kind, and does a certain amount of work.

Of the two firms in London—and there are only two—to whom the foreign leeches are consigned from Hamburg, one practices as a dental surgeon and the other sells pipes, tobacco, and other trifles. Both are of sufficient standing to recall *les beaux jours passés* of the trade, the great times of indiscriminate blood-letting, when, whether the patient suffered from a black eye, a headache, a liver or a heart, he lost a couple of ounces of blood and was declared to be better. Now scarcely one is used where a century ago a hundred flourished, and the sixpenny leech of even so recent a date as 1860 has fallen to something less than a halfpenny at wholesale price. How much of this is due to the caprice of fashion, which rules in medicine as in all other human affairs, and how much to the genuine advancement of knowledge, it is not exactly our province to determine. The fact remains that the present generation of medical men now seldom or never employ them, and that where the young doctor of forty years ago prescribed leeches he now sends round a lotion.

The leech, though not as a rule long-lived, is an animal of considerable antiquity. It is the *bdella* of Theocritus, Herodotus, Nicander; the *hirunda* and *sanguisuga* of Plautus, Cicero, Horace, Pliny. It was highly recommended by Galen, to whose recommendation, no doubt, was due its excessive abuse by the ignorant faculty of the days of Le Sage and Molière, who, when they killed, killed according to rule, and in the approved manner of the ancients. "Why bleed folks when they are not ill?" asks Géronte in "Le Médecin Malgré Lui," referring to the common practice of the time. "It does not matter," replies Sganarelle, "the method is salutary; and as we drink for the thirst to come, so must we bleed for the disease to come."

No completer proof of the popularity of the leech with the early practitioner can be afforded than by the fact that the verb *to leech* means both to treat with medicine and to bleed, while the doctor himself, even so late as the days of Shakespeare, borrowed the name of his favorite instrument of healing. There are many now living who can remember when in the Spring it was usual to be bled, both as a means of getting rid of the evil humors of the Winter and as a precaution against the visitations the Summer heat was supposed to be fruitful in. The wholesome and penetrating humor of Molière, directed perhaps more constantly against the doctors than any other class, struck a blow at blood-letting from which it has never recovered; and though, possibly, the practice is more neglected nowadays than it deserves, yet it is no doubt safer that it should be so than that the leech should be suffered to range over the human frame as indiscriminately as once it used.

The leech held in the highest estimation in the profession and the trade is meagre and hungry-looking, and resembles, if the imagination can be so far stretched, in its appearance and unscrupulous appetite, the Frenchman of English caricaturists in the last century. It is vigorous and exceedingly lively, and even after imprisonment in a jar for six months or a year with no other nourishment than the microscopic organisms of the water, will be found waving to and fro in a state of the highest content and enjoyment. Taken in the hand it will settle down to work with surprising readiness, and hardened though the skin may be with labor, the tennis or the cricket bat, it is not long before the experimentalist feels those unpleasant pin-pricks that tell the animal's five little mouths are biting. In certain conditions of temperature, in extreme heat or extreme cold, this readiness is not so pronounced, and it will be necessary to develop it by immersion in tepid water or in porter. Should even this stimulant fail, it is not uncommon, as an additional incentive, to anoint the part where the leech is to be applied with a little cream or blood.

This slender, meagre, hungry leech comes from Turkey, within a radius of fifty miles of Constantinople, and from Buda-Pesth, where the country people bring them in, like watercress, by thousands from the ditches and sell them to the dealers. They are found there in all ditches and ponds, and wherever there is pure running water, weeds for shelter, and muddy banks and bottoms. They are, as a rule, netted in nets prepared with bait, though we are also informed that it is not rare for the hardy peasant to walk bare-legged through the water and strip them off as fast as they can adhere to the calf. However they are caught, by plain, honest fishing or by human artifice, from Buda-Pesth, without distinction of age or size, they travel to Hamburg, where they lie in vast ponds or reservoirs until the time for their selection arrives. These reservoirs it has been found necessary to have carefully watched day and night by the local police, for the leech, no more than humbler parasites—the flea, for instance, since the discovery of its capacity for education—has not escaped the common lot of being an object to larceny. In these reservoirs they lie, generally for a year, and during all that time, if they are properly cared for, they should receive no food, or rather no more than they can find for themselves in the water. But this is a rule that is not always observed as it should be, for there are many merchants who, not from any principles of humanity, but from the more sordid desire to bring the animal up to weight, persistently feed up their specimens and send them into the market, in the expressive word of the trade, gorged. Some give them blood and some liver, and some, so that all tastes may be satisfied, the entire body of a horse thrown among them; with the result that on arrival in this England their appetites are fatigued, and they are found to need those stimulants to performance to which we have already referred. From Hamburg, when their time of probation is over, they are shipped in bags and boxes, and lie in shallow earthen vessels tightly covered with gauze or linen, the halting stage on the way to the wholesale druggist and the hospital. With the importer they rarely tarry for more than four or five days, but are sent out almost as fast as they come in, in small wooden boxes. From the wholesale druggist they pass again to the apothecary, and, when the perils of travel and the variations of climate they go through are considered, the intending purchaser must not be surprised if he finds himself asked as much for an animal as a hundred cost the first dealer. Many die on the voyage and many in the short time they remain with the importer; and though in theory the selected leech will stand any extreme of heat or cold, many of the five-and-twenties and fifties ordered by the chemist, carefully treated as they are, do not live to fulfill what seems to be the sole reason of their existence, that of drawing blood.

When Mr. Pendennis, Arthur's father, was alive and exercised the profession of apothecary and surgeon, and not only sold a cake of brown Windsor or a tooth-brush across the counter, but "attended gentlemen in their sick-rooms, and ladies at the most interesting period of their lives," the leech flourished. On one of the shelves of his modest little shop in Bath there would be sure to have been a jar or two of leeches, ready for Master Ribstone's eye or one of Lady Pontypool's numerous ailments; nor, when he shut up the shop, discarded the selling of tooth-brushes and perfumery, and devoted himself entirely to the surgery and a genteel young assistant, did he forget to keep among the tamarinds and the rose-powder many specimens of the animal whose application was then so fashionable. And who does not remember those last words the Great Duke found strength to ejaculate, on waking and finding himself in the throes of his last illness, "Send for the apothecary!" who, though too late, did not fail to bring his leeches with him?

The leech should never properly be applied more than once, and can be applied anywhere. It fills in about a quarter of an hour, and will absorb altogether from forty to eighty-five grains of blood, or in all about half an ounce. In the old days the economic practitioner would

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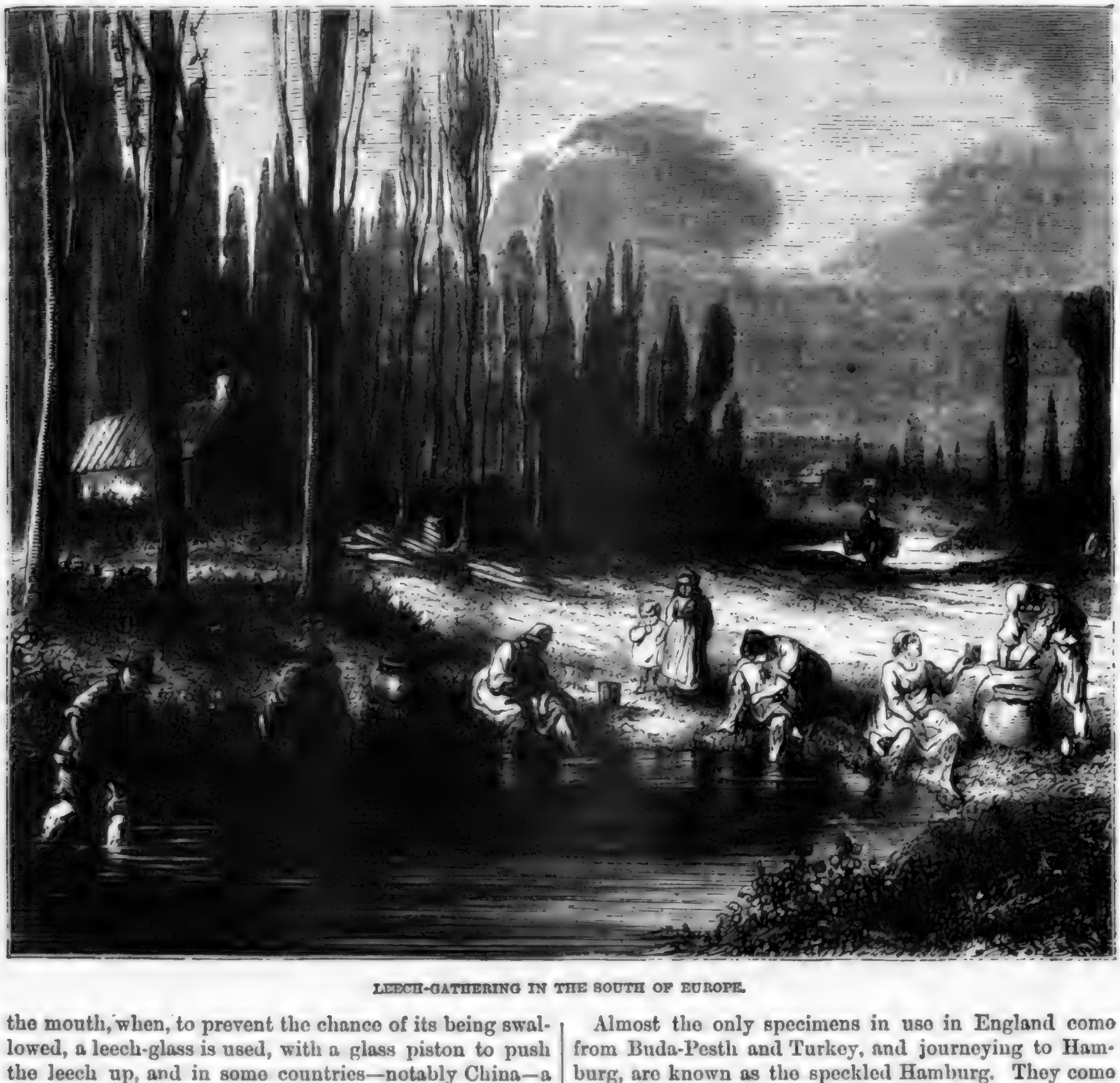
not uncommonly prepare it for further action by sprinkling a few grains of salt on the snout and stripping it gently between the fingers; but that plan is not now adopted, partly for fear of communicating disease, and partly because the cheapness of the article no longer renders it necessary. It can still be used four or five times, if others cannot be procured, by being placed in vinegar and water, though on the fifth occasion it will be found to draw less blood. As a rule, the relief afforded by the leech is assisted by the subsequent hæmorrhage, in many cases severe, and only to be stanched by the application of vinegar, nitrate of silver, hot wire, or a hot solution of alum. It can be applied anywhere, even in the mouth, when, to prevent the chance of its being swallowed, a leech-glass is used, with a glass piston to push the leech up, and in some countries—notably China—a piece of bamboo. If, notwithstanding these precautions, a mishap should occur, instant relief will be afforded by a strong solution of common salt or a glassful or two of wine.

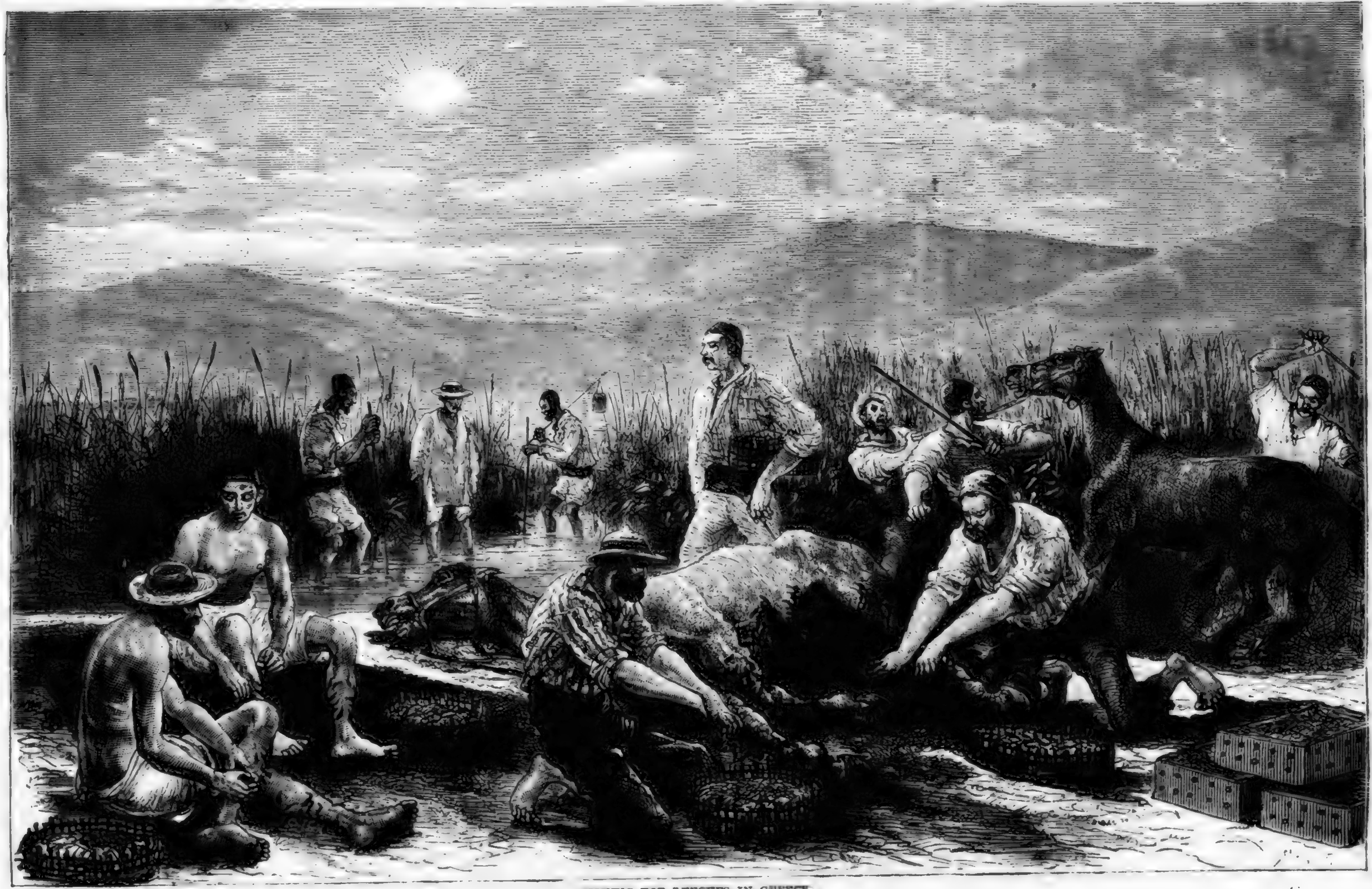
There is an ingenious instrument known as the artificial leech, once occasionally used, but now scarcely ever met with. It consists of a small sharp steel cylinder worked by a spring, with which a circular incision is made, and with an interior glass cylinder, capable of being exhausted by a piston worked by a screw. It was invented partly to meet those not uncommon cases when the patient, usually a man, declared he would die, and went off into a faint if touched by the live leech; partly because the amount of blood abstracted could be thus precisely measured, and partly because the leech-bites have sometimes become inflamed through the leeches employed being unhealthy. It is not a good instrument, and is, as we say, not used now. There is a specimen to be seen in the Museum of the College of Surgeons among the "Surgical Instrument Series." When it was presented, about 1876, none of the council could guess what it was or what it was meant for, until an old country doctor was found to explain.



LEECH-GATHERING IN THE SOUTH OF EUROPE.

Almost the only specimens in use in England come from Buda-Pesth and Turkey, and journeying to Hamburg, are known as the speckled Hamburg. They come also from Poland and Ukraine, from Wallachia, Russia, Egypt and Algeria, whence they go to the foreign hospitals, where they are still very popular, but more especially so with the general practitioner of Germany and Austria. In the French trade the Bordeaux leech is preferred.

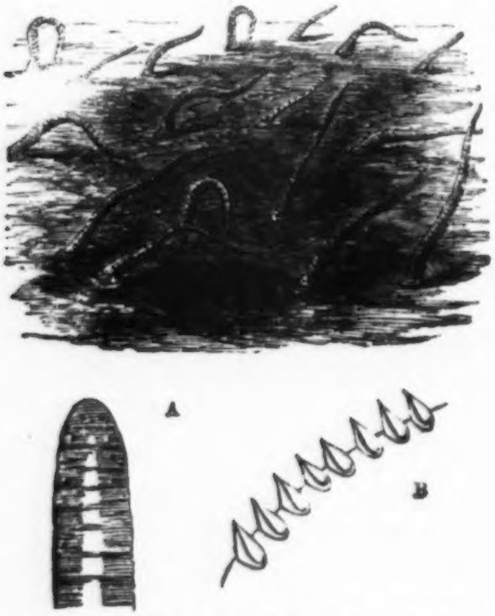
In England there is a less powerful species commonly found, though now never used. It is known as the horse-leech, from its habit of attacking the membranes lining the mouths and nostrils of animals drinking at the



FISHING FOR LEECHES IN GREECE.

the pools it haunts. It is in its way venomous, and, when applied to the human subject, inflammation, leading to erysipelas, has been known to follow its bite. There must be something in English waters unfavorable to the growth and culture of the parasite, for not only is the indigenous leech useless, and indeed harmful, but the foreign specimens, which efforts have been made to acclimatize in England, have never come to any good.

The largest leech establishment in the world is situate, we are told, near Newtown, on Long Island, where thirteen acres are covered with reservoirs. They have bottoms of clay and margins of peat, on which the leeches, considered by old writers to be viviparous until the phenomenon of the cocoon was observed, deposit their cocoons from July onward. The time between the deposition of the ova and hatching is estimated at from twenty-five to forty days, and then begins that long warfare against the musk-rat, water-shrew and water-rat, their chief enemies, that apparently play havoc with them, since, notwithstanding the immense numbers bred, immense numbers are imported. Their food is at first the microscopic organisms found in the water, and later, when the mouths develop, the larvæ of insects. Not till they are full grown are they fed regularly, by the suspension every six months in the water of linen bags of fresh blood. Digestion is with them so slow that even this periodic feeding is, according to some authorities, more than enough, and in the English trade they are much preferred unfed. The age at which they come to us is variously stated at from twelve months to three years, between which times it may be taken broadly they are at their liveliest. They are best kept in vessels of earth or glass, half full of water, with the addition of a rusty nail or a few pebbles, as an assistance to shedding the coat, and tightly covered with linen gauze to prevent them from straying. Loose turf or wet moss is also employed in an arrangement known as the French domestic march, more especially for transportation.



LAND LEECHES. (A) EYES; (B) TEETH.

There are nearly five hundred thousand leeches annually imported into England alone, of the majority of which the career and application remain something of a mystery. The loss by death can scarcely be more than ten per cent., and though in an average assembly there will probably not be one present who has ever experienced a leech's bite, they are certainly all used, and used medicinally. Numbers of them go to the hospitals, but even there their employment is so small that in all London it is doubtful whether that will account for more than a tenth of the importation. Dr. Hare, in a recent lecture entitled "Good Remedies out of Fashion," publishes some interesting statistics which place in the clearest light the modern disuse of the leech. At St. George's Hospital in 1832, the numbers reached 21,800; 19,600 in 1842; 4,050 in 1852; and in 1882, 754. At University College Hospital they were 8,000 in 1852, and 400 in 1882. At St. Thomas's Hospital in 1842, 21,000; 1852, 12,000; and 1882, 800. At St. Bartholomew's in 1832, no fewer than 97,000 were prescribed; in 1842, 48,100; and 1882 (with a somewhat larger number of beds), only 1,700. And all this, adds Dr. Hare, notwithstanding that the population of London has enormously augmented, that the beds in the hospitals have been very largely increased in number, and that the general business of the chemist has greatly extended. In addition to these statistics we have been furnished by one of the London firms we have referred to with the numbers that in the last forty years have passed through their hands. They are as follows: in 1842, 795,000; in 1852, 290,000; in 1862, 275,000; in 1872, 157,000; in 1882, 191,000; and in 1883, 172,000. From these figures it will be seen that, outside of the hospital, there is a vast quantity unaccounted for. They must be lying away among the herbalists, apothecaries, chemists, and surgeons of the country towns, in use among the poor; for the well-to-do, whose tastes are consulted, will no longer tolerate them.

There is probably no one enthusiastic enough over an ancient system to advocate a recurrence to the old, indiscriminate blood-letting; but there are certainly many medical men, and those not altogether of the old school, who are inclined to look with more favor upon bleeding in some of its forms than has of late been usual, and who find in it one of the most potent means of combating some of the most serious conditions met with in their daily practice. There are many now living, as we have said, who can remember when it was common for them to be bled year after year to considerable amounts; and not only did no harm follow, but after the blood-lettings they declare that they would feel better, be stronger, and work better than before. It is not safe, therefore, remarks Dr. Hare, to rush to the conclusion that the disuse of bleeding in its various forms has been the result of philosophically observed and well-ascertained proofs of its injuriousness. The change of practice is to be attributed to causes far less creditable—to that oscillation from one extreme to the other, which is to be observed in medicine as in all other professions. And now there are signs of the return of the balance, in an increased sale of the leech and in its more frequent application in daily practice to cases of pneumonia, pleurisy, and that general plethoric condition for which, among the overfed classes, the doctors, while fully recognizing its existence, have not yet designed a comprehensive title. Perhaps, too, in these days of hard-worked schoolchildren and consequent cerebral affections, we may see the leech more confidently prescribed in place of that eternal bromide of potassium with which the sleepless and head-bound undergraduate is so familiar about the time of his tripos.

The use of the leech is much more common abroad than with us, and more especially in France and Spain, where the climate lends itself more to the application. The foreign apothecary keeps a larger quantity in stock, and few of them are without their four or five hundred where our countrymen limit themselves to five-and-twenty. Leeches were already going out of fashion when, in 1870, blood-letting received a severe shock from the death of Count Cavour, whose end was hastened by its injudicious use; but his death threw additional discredit on the practice in Europe, and since that year the sale has declined more rapidly than in the twenty previous. Poultices and fomentations have taken their place, because they are generally found sufficient, and are certainly in every respect handier; but we imagine with the result that nowadays the patient is longer under the doctor's hands than he used to be. We have been told, not, as may be guessed, by a member of the profession, that the greater popularity of the lotion over the leech is to a certain extent due to the fact that the smaller practitioners have found they can make more out of the former than the latter; but as on inquiry it appears that those against whom this charge (if it be a charge) is brought, as a rule, dispense their own medicines, and can make as much if they please out of leeches as out of lotions, this explanation scarcely holds good. It is more likely that they find that the idea of bleeding and biting frightens their patients. Still it is true that in many cases—for instance, those of accident—the relief given by the leech is speedier than that afforded by the lotion; and we have ourselves seen a black eye visibly lose its suffused aspect under the leech's bite, and a knee swollen by a cricket-ball subside like the ocean after a storm. With a courageous patient, who is not particular as to the means so long as he arrives at the result, those instances are likely to be lively arguments; and more especially with men whose time is emphatically money, or with those who desire to cure their lameness quickly for another match, and find themselves tied to bed and the wet compress instead.

That every shepherd knows his sheep is accepted as a fact by even the most observant, to whom the different members of the flock look precisely alike; and as a fact we are also bound to accept the statement that among leeches there is individuality; even, as it was pointedly put to us, as great a distinction between many of them as between ourselves and the Claimant. To look at them as they lie in the shallow earthenware vessels, waving and diving, crawling and stretching, they look as much alike as no doubt we do to the superior beings who perhaps occasionally amuse themselves by watching our trivial antics from the fixed stars; but to the fine and penetrating eye, we are assured, and we believe, there is a mannerism and an air about each that, apart from the speckles on the belly, mark them out for notice and even affection. And that that mannerism and air spring, as all do, from certain internal qualities which are well capable of definition and of touch, is surely proved by the instance known to us of the old lady who for ten years kept a specimen in a bottle, and for ten years lavished on it all the care and caresses that with other old ladies are usually wasted on a parrot or a poodle. There was a history attached to this leech, the oldest of which there is any record, almost a romance, at which, during a long intercourse, we made many efforts to arrive; but a certain marked tendency to tearfulness and choke on bringing the subject uppermost, even in the most delicate fashion, effectually deterred us from learning the truth, nor shall we now ever learn it. But on two several occasions were we furnished with an explanation of this leech phantasy—one from the mouth of a friend, and one from the mouth of a foe—which explanations still stand astride in our mind, planted like a colossus on a double basis; one, that the parasite had, in an hour of supreme physical danger, with noble self-denial (in company with others who did not survive) gorged himself on her person, and so saved her life; the other, that, rashly applied at the very moment when more blood was wanted than could be spared, he had drunk at the fountain-head of her late husband's existence, and, being the last straw that broke the good man's back, had killed him. In either case, both friend and foe agreed, she kept and fed him out of gratitude.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

An exploring expedition to Alaska, provided by the New York *Times*, left the United States in June, under the leadership of Lieutenant Frederick Schwatka, who has won renown as an arctic traveler. The object of this expedition is the exploration of the almost unknown St. Elias Alps, stretching for nearly three hundred miles in Southern Alaska and terminated at its northern end by Mount St. Elias, the highest peak of the North American continent. It is hoped to make the ascent of this peak, and of others in its neighborhood, but the mere strife for glory in such an achievement will be subordinated to more practical work. Lieutenant Schwatka is accompanied by Professor William Libbey, Jr., Professor of Physical Geography in Princeton College, who was a pupil of the great Guyot, and has had much experience in mountain climbing, hypsometry and allied studies. All departments of scientific investigation will be kept in view, but the vast glaciers of the region will receive especial attention. Such economic matters as timber, agriculture, furs, etc., will also be examined in the wooded region at the foot of the range, and the full record and results of the research will be published. The expedition hopes to return safely before Winter begins.

Chalk has hitherto been believed to be a deep-sea formation only, made up of fine mud at great depths. Recent observations by Mr. J. Walther, however, show an exception to this in certain chalk-secreting seaweeds of the Mediterranean, which must, of course, live in shallow water, where light may reach them. Certain species of *Lithothamnia* in the Gulf of Naples grow luxuriantly at a depth of one to three hundred feet below the surface. These seaweeds contain only six or seven per cent. of organic matter, nearly their entire substance consisting of mineral matter, chiefly carbonate of lime. They reach the size of one's fist, and do not change their form at death, owing to the small amount of decayable tissue, and living plants grow upon the crowns of their dead predecessors, so building up beds of layer upon layer. The organic structure of the lower layers disappears gradually, and what was at first a closely packed bed of plant-heads becomes a stratum of structureless chalk. This transformation is explained by the fact that the trifle of organic matter remaining after death and decay is slowly oxidized, producing carbonic matter, which had obliterated, by its dissolving action in the surrounding or percolating seawater, all evidences of structure.

A law has been passed by the New York Legislature for the regulation and control of the practice of veterinary medicine. The law requires the registration of all practitioners, with the evidence of proper qualifications afforded by a diploma from some legally incorporated college, or a certificate from an incorporated veterinary society. As New York was the first State to establish veterinary schools and a State Society, so she has been the first to recognize and protect this important profession, and to encourage its members to make themselves proficient.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

"**If** your father gives you five apples and your brother gives you three, how many have you?" *Johnnie:* "I guess enough for one day."

"**Step** this way, if you please, ladies," said the gracious floorwalker, as he led off with a majestic wave of his hand. "We are sorry," said a lady, "but we never learned to step that way."

Jones, who had been fishing all day and had caught two small fishes, was, on his return, thus accosted by Smith: "Well, what luck have you had?" "Oh, pretty fair!" said Jones. "I caught a hundred *or two*."

An old bachelor having fallen in love behaved in a ridiculous manner, but a lady excused his infatuation by saying: "It is with old bachelors as with old wood; it is hard to get them kindled, but when they do take flame, they burn prodigiously."

"**Who** is that man applauding so vociferously near the front?" asked a friend of a theatrical manager on the first production of a play in a provincial theatre. "That long-haired man with a light-colored coat?" "Yes." "He—he's the author of the play."

While escorting a lady to her home, a popular doctor attempted to relieve her cough and sore throat by giving her a cough lozenge. He told her to allow it to dissolve gradually in her mouth. No relief was experienced; and the doctor felt quite chagrined the next day when the lady sent him a coat-button, with a note saying that he must have given her the wrong kind of lozenge, and that he himself might need the one that she inclosed.

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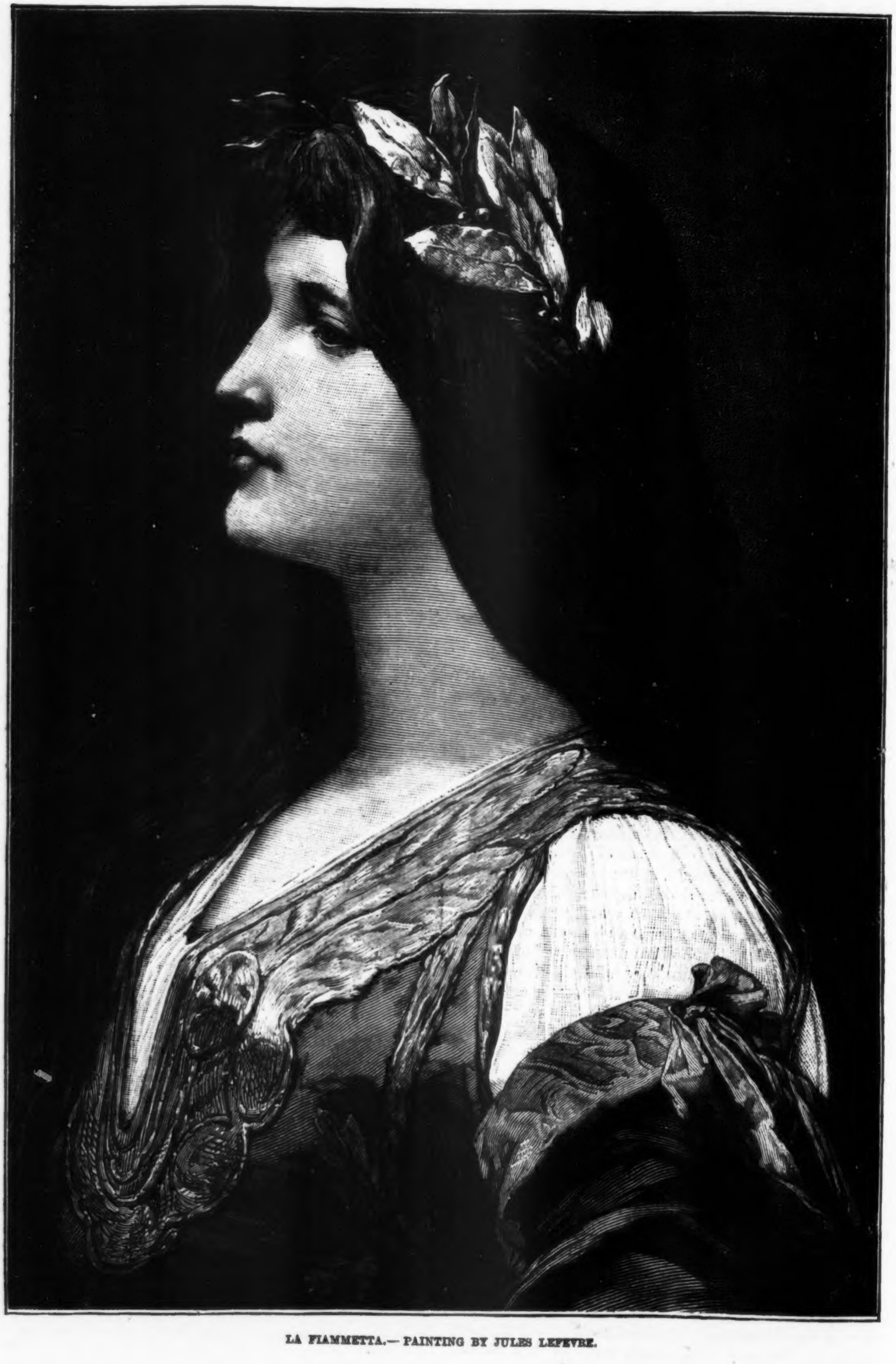

LA FIAMMETTA.— PAINTING BY JULES LEFEVRE.

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